



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A 839,567

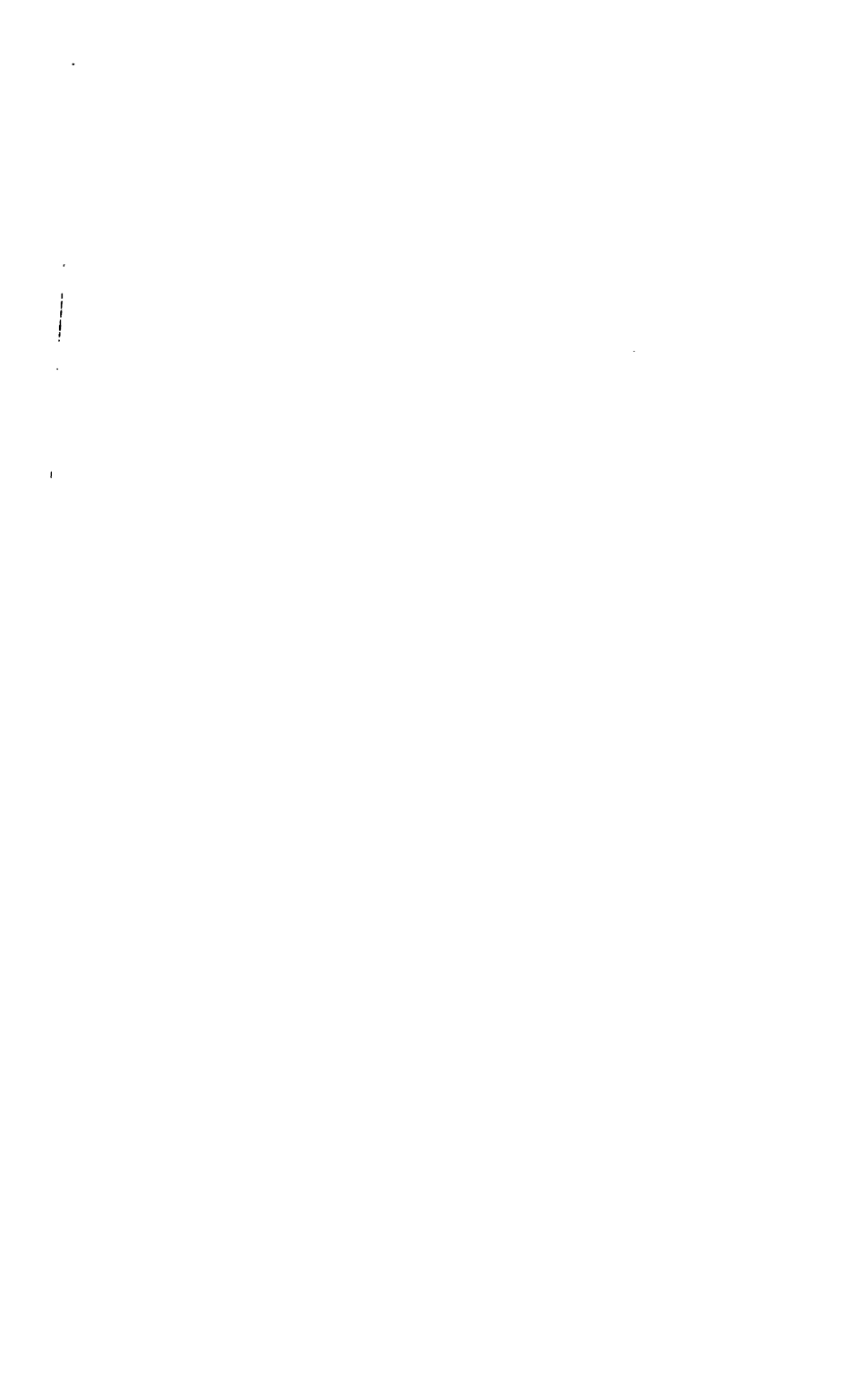
PROPERTY OF THE

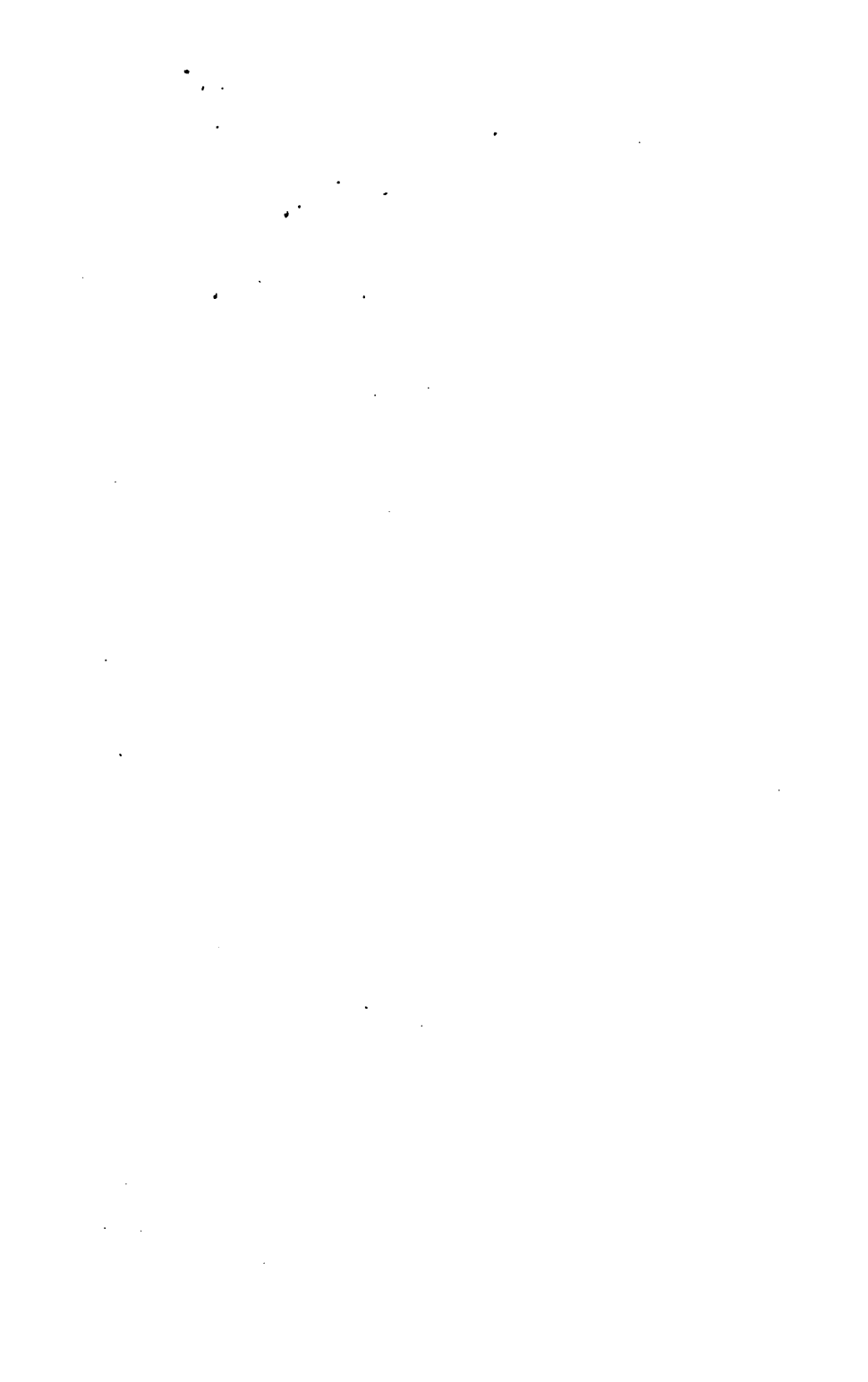
*University of
Michigan
Libraries*

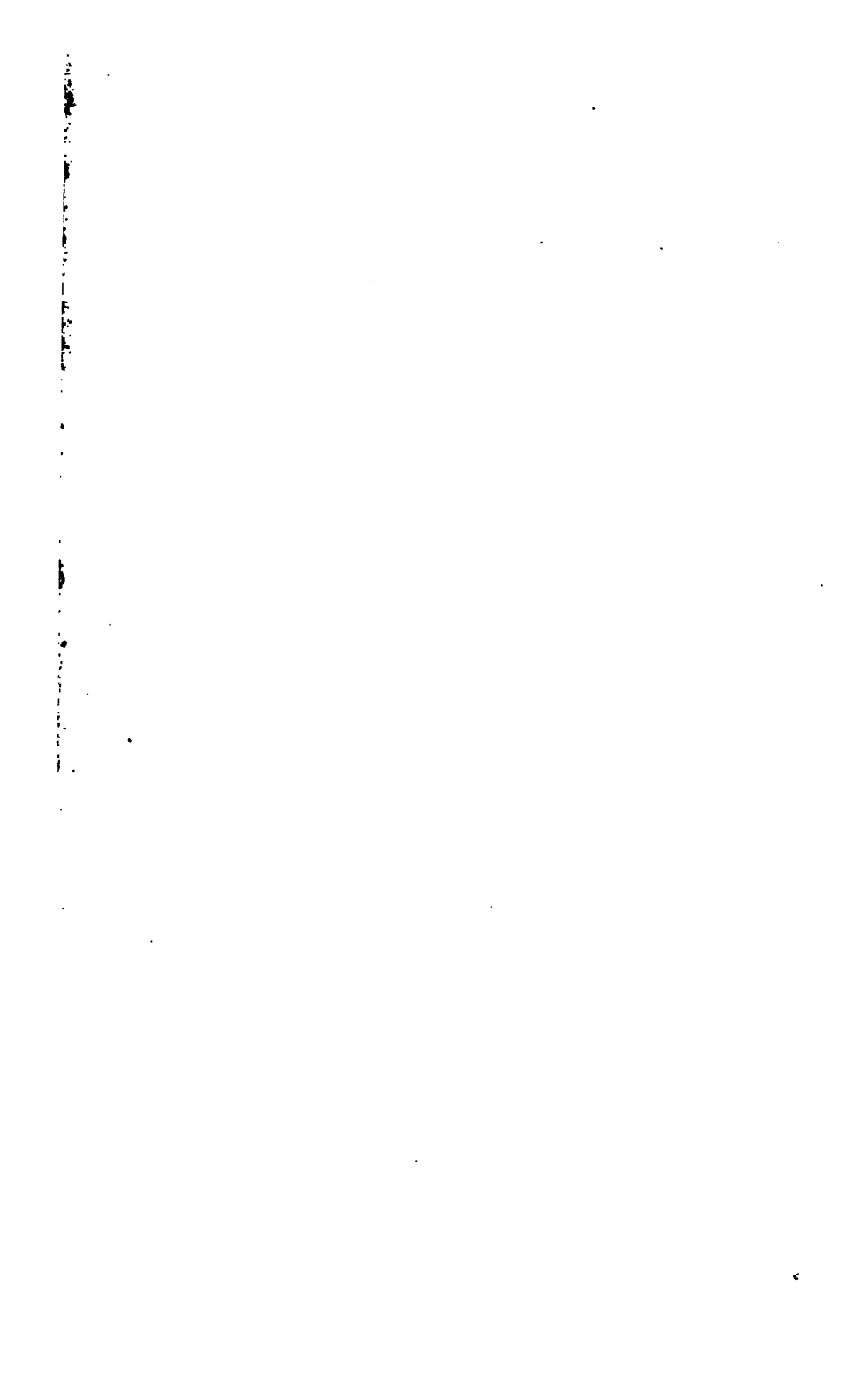
1817



ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS







LIFE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.

VOL. II.

[REDACTED]

•

•

•

•

•

•

•

•

•

•

•



JOHN BRANCOLOMBE IN ENGLAND.

Memor
THE LIFE

OF

JOHN RANDOLPH
OF ROANOKE.

BY

HUGH A. GARLAND.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK:
D. APPLETON & COMPANY, 200 BROADWAY.
PHILADELPHIA:
GEO. S. APPLETON, 164 CHESNUT-STREET.

M.DCCC.LI.

E
302
R2
G23
1831

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by
D. APPLETON & COMPANY,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New-York.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	PAGE.
CHAPTER I.	
Roanoake—Retirement	9
CHAPTER II.	
Ancestral pride—St. George—Madness	36
CHAPTER III.	
Military Campaign	44
CHAPTER IV.	
New England	49
CHAPTER V.	
Religion—1815	62
CHAPTER VI.	
Political Reflections—Congress—Bank Charter	70
CHAPTER VII.	
Religion—Home—Solitude	85
CHAPTER VIII.	
“Dying, Sir—Dying”	89
CHAPTER IX.	
Conversion	94

	PAGE
CHAPTER X.	
Idiosyncracies	104
CHAPTER XI.	
Congress—Political Parties	112
CHAPTER XII.	
Missouri Question	118
CHAPTER XIII.	
Compromise Bill smuggled through the House	127
CHAPTER XIV.	
"I now go for blood"—Madness	136
CHAPTER XV.	
Missouri Question—Act the Second	139
CHAPTER XVI.	
"Be not solitary ; be not idle"—His Will—Slaves	145
CHAPTER XVII.	
Log-book and Letters	152
CHAPTER XVIII.	
The Apportionment Bill	161
CHAPTER XIX.	
Pinckney, Marshall, Tazewell—Departure for Europe	169
CHAPTER XX.	
The Voyage	172
CHAPTER XXI.	
Incidents in England	185
CHAPTER XXII.	
Eighteenth Congress—Consolidation is the order of the day—"Speak a cheering word to the Greeks"	198

CONTENTS.		7
		PAGE
CHAPTER XXIII.		
Internal Improvements		201
CHAPTER XXIV.		
Supreme Court—Dull dinner—Huddlesford's Oak		209
CHAPTER XXV.		
Tariff—Prophecy—Lewis McLean		214
CHAPTER XXVI.		
Second Voyage to Europe		219
CHAPTER XXVII.		
Presidential Election		227
CHAPTER XXVIII.		
"Such constituents as man never had before, and never will have again"		238
CHAPTER XXIX.		
The Adams Administration		241
CHAPTER XXX.		
The Panama Mission—Bliffl and Black George		249
CHAPTER XXXI.		
Duel with Henry Clay		254
CHAPTER XXXII.		
Negro Slavery		261
CHAPTER XXXIII.		
Letters from Abroad		269
CHAPTER XXXIV.		
Ejection from the Senate		275
CHAPTER XXXV.		
Election to the House of Representatives		289

	PAGE
CHAPTER XXXVI.	
Leader of the Opposition—A wise and masterly inactivity . . .	298
CHAPTER XXXVII.	
Letters from Roanoke	307
CHAPTER XXXVIII.	
Presidential Election—Retirement from Congress	311
CHAPTER XXXIX.	
Elected to the Convention	321
CHAPTER XL.	
The Virginia Convention—Every change is not reform . . .	324
CHAPTER XLI.	
Mission to Russia	332
CHAPTER XLII.	
Opium Eater	343
CHAPTER XLIII.	
The Consummation	350
CHAPTER XLIV.	
"I have been sick all my life"—Death	364

CHAPTER I.

ROANOKE—RETIREMENT.

WE have now to view Mr. Randolph in a new aspect. After an active, uninterrupted, and eventful career of fourteen years in the public service, in one of the most remarkable epochs of human history, we have now to follow him into retirement. The triumph of his enemies at the recent election had no power to shake the firmness of his purpose, or to disturb the serenity of his mind. "It relieves me from an odious thralldom," says he, "and, I assure you, my dear sir, I have thought and yet think, much more of the charming Mrs. G. than of the election. The low and base arts to which my adversaries have resorted, have not raised them or sunk me in my own estimation."

At home he lived in the utmost seclusion and solitude. Up to 1810 he made Bizarre his principal place of residence. Here he enjoyed the best of female society, for which no man had a higher relish—found employment in the education of his young nephews, the future heirs of his name and fortune, and on whom he doted with the fondness of a father; and solace for his leisure hours in a large miscellaneous library, and the society and conversation of old neighbors and well-tried friends. In 1810 he removed to Roanoke, his estate in Charlotte county, on the Roanoke river, some thirty-five or forty miles south of Bizarre; "*a savage solitude*," says he, "*into which I have been driven to seek shelter*." Shortly before the recent election, on Sunday, March 21, 1813, the house at Bizarre took fire—the family were at church—very little saved. "I lost," says he, "a valuable collection of books. In it was a whole body of infidelity, the Encyclopedia of Diderot and D'Alembert, Voltaire's works,

seventy volumes, Rousseau, thirteen quartos, Hume, &c., &c." By this calamity, if calamity it may be called (some of his friends congratulated him on the event), he was deprived of the chief source of pleasure and amusement in his *comfortless home*. The only companion of his solitude was Theodore Bland Dudley, a young relation he had taken to live with him in 1800. He educated this young man with much care and at great expense. He manifested towards him the solicitude and affection of a fond father—his letters are models of parental instruction. Dudley had recently graduated in medicine at Philadelphia, and returned to console the solitary hours of his best and most constant friend. "Consider yourself," said Randolph to him, "as not less entitled to command here, than if you were the child of my loins, as you are the son of my affections." Apart from the society of this young man, which he valued above all price, his only real enjoyment was in the correspondence of some two or three of his most intimate friends, to whom he unbosomed himself with a fulness and a freedom that showed in a remarkable degree the strength and constancy of his attachment, and the unbounded confidence he had in the fidelity and integrity of those men. To none did he speak or write more unreservedly than to Dr. John Brockenbrough, the President of the Bank of Virginia. No wonder, for his *superior* is not to be found—a man of rare talents, varied learning, large experience in the business of life, refined manners, delicate sensibility, a perfect gentleman and a faithful friend. "Cherish the acquaintance of that man," he exhorts Dudley; "he is not as other men are." In writing to this gentleman he says: "Your two letters, the last of which I received this evening by my servant, have given me a degree of satisfaction that I find it difficult to express. Let me beg a continuance of these marks of your remembrance and friendship. At all times they would be highly acceptable; but in my present isolated state—a state of almost total dereliction—they are beyond price. I should have thanked you for your letter by the post, through the same channel, but I was induced from its contents to suppose that you would have left Richmond before my answer could reach it; and I wish that you had, because I *may* be debarred the pleasure of seeing you and Mrs. B. at my lonely and (as it will probably appear to you both) savage habitation. It is therefore that this letter is written. You will not wonder, when you

see how I live, at my reluctance to leave you, and I was going to say my other *friends* in Richmond. It is indeed a life of seclusion that I live here, unchequered by a single ray of enjoyment. I try to forget myself in books; but that 'pliability of man's spirit' which yields him up to the illusions of the ideal world, is gone from me for ever. The mind stiffened by age and habit refuses to change its career. It spurns the speculative notions which hard experience has exploded; it looks with contempt or pity, in sorrow or in anger, upon the visionary plans of the youthful and sanguine. My dear sir, 'there is another and a better world,' and to it alone can we look without a certainty of disappointment, for consolation, for mercy, for justice." On another occasion he says: "I passed but an indifferent night, occasioned, in a great measure, by the regret I feel at leaving such friends as yourself and Mrs. Brockenbrough, and at the prospect of passing my time in that utter solitude of my comfortless habitation, where I have prepared for myself, by my own folly, many causes of uneasiness. If I had followed old Polonius's advice, and been 'to mine own self true,' I might have escaped the lot which seems to be in reserve for me."

To another friend, Francis S. Key, of Washington City, he writes more cheerfully. His letters to that gentleman about this time were very frequent and copious; they show more fully the workings of his mind. We shall draw largely on the correspondence for the instruction of the reader.

In one of his letters he gives a description of his habitation, the log cabins, and the boundless primeval forest by which they were surrounded. In reply, Key says, "I could not help smiling at the painting you have given me of Roanoke—*laudat diversa sequentes*. To me it seemed just such a shelter as I should wish to creep under,

"A boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit
Might never reach me more."

In reference to the recent election he thus writes

ROANOKE, May 10, 1813.

DEAR FRANK :—For so, without ceremony, permit me to call you. Among the few causes that I find for regret at my dismissal from public life, there is none in comparison with the reflection that it has

separated me—perhaps for ever—from some who have a strong hold on my esteem and on my affections. It would indeed have been gratifying to me to see once more yourself, Mr. Meade, Ridgely, and some few others; and the thought that this may never be, is the only one that infuses any thing of bitterness into what may be termed my disappointment, if a man can be said to be disappointed when things happen according to his expectations; on every other account, I have cause of self-congratulation at being disenthralled from a servitude at once irksome and degrading. The grapes are *not* sour—you know the manner in which you always combated my wish to retire. Although I have not, like you, the spirit of a martyr, yet I could not but allow great force to your representations. To say the truth, a mere sense of duty alone might have been insufficient to restrain me from indulging the very strong inclination which I have felt for many years to return to private life. It is now gratified in a way that takes from me every shadow of blame. No man can reproach me with the desertion of my friends, or the abandonment of my post in a time of danger and of trial. “I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith.” I owe the public nothing; my friends, indeed, are entitled to every thing at my hands; but I have received my discharge, not indeed *honestam dimissionem*, but passable enough, as times go, when delicacy is not over fastidious. I am again free, as it respects the public at least, and have but one more victory to achieve, to be so in the true sense of the word. Like yourself and Mr. Meade, I cannot be contented with endeavoring to do good for goodness’ sake, or rather for the sake of the Author of all goodness. In spite of me, I cannot help feeling something very like contempt for my poor foolish fellow-mortals, and would often consign them to Bonaparte in this world, and the devil, his master, in the next; but these are but temporary fits of misanthropy, which soon give way to better and juster feelings.

When I came away I left at Crawford’s a number of books, letters, papers, &c., in (and out of) an open trunk; also a gun, flask, shot-belt, &c. Pray take them in charge for me, for although one-half of them are of no consequence, the *rest* are; and you may justly ask why I have been so careless respecting them?—because I am the most lazy and careless man on earth (La Bruyere’s absent man is nothing to me), and because I am in love. Pray give the letters special protection.

To the same.

ROANOKE, May 22, 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND —Your letter being addressed to Farmville, did not reach me until yesterday, when my nephew brought it up. *Charlotte Court House* is my post-office. By my last you will per-

ceive that I have anticipated your kind office in regard to my books and papers at Crawford's: pray give them protection "until the Chesapeake shall be fit for service." It is, I think, nearly eight years since I ventured to play upon those words in a report of the Secretary of the Navy. I have read your letter again and again, and cannot express to you how much pleasure the perusal has given me.

I had taken so strong a disgust against public business, conducted as it has been for years past, that I doubt my fitness for the situation from which I have been dismissed. The House of R was as odious to me as ever school-room was to a truant boy. To be under the dominion of such wretches as (with a few exceptions) composed the majority, was intolerably irksome to my feelings; and although my present situation is far from enviable, I feel the value of the exchange. To-day, for the first time, we have warm weather; and as I enjoy the breeze in my cool cabin, where there is scarce a fly to be seen, I think with loathing of that "compound of villanous smells" which at all times inhale through the H. of R., but which in a summer session are absolutely pestilential. Many of those, too, whose society lessened the labors of our vocation are gone; Bleecker, Elliott, Quincy, Baker, and (since) Bayard; so that I should find myself in Congress among enemies or strangers. Breckenridge, Stanford, and Ridgely, and Lloyd in the Senate, are left; and I am glad that they are not in a minority so forlorn as the last. They have my best wishes—all the aid that I shall ever give to the public cause. The great master of political philosophy has said that "mankind has no title to demand that we should serve them in spite of themselves." It is not upon this plea, however, that I shall stand aloof from the bedside of my delirious country. My course is run. I acquiesce in the decision that has been passed against me, and seek neither for appeal nor new trial.

I shall not go northward until towards the autumn, when I must visit Philadelphia. My late friend Clay's youngest son will return with me; and that journey over, I shall probably never cross James River again.

You are mistaken in supposing that "we Virginians like the war better the nearer it approaches us;" so far from it, there is a great change in the temper of this State, and even in this district, paradoxical as it may seem, against the war. More than half of those who voted against me, were persuaded that I was the *cause* of the war; that the Government wished for peace (*e. g.* the Russian Embassy), but that I thwarted them in every thing, and that without unanimity amongst ourselves, peace could not be obtained. If you are acquainted with Daschoff, tell him that the Russian mediation was (strange as it may appear) made the instrument of my ejection. It gave a temporary popularity to the ministry—the people believing

that peace was their object. Its effect on the elections generally has been very great. Some were made to believe that the British fleet in the Chesapeake was to aid my election.

My kinsman, Dudley—now M. D.—is with me, and his society serves to cheer the solitude in which I am plunged. He desires to be remembered to you. Present my best love to Mrs. Key and the little folks. When you see the family at Blenheim, present me to them—also to Mr. Stone—and believe me, always, dear sir, and most affectionately,

Yours

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

To the Same.

May 23d, 1813.

Your letter of the 14th was received to-day—many thanks for it. By the same mail, Mr. Quincy sent me a copy of his speech of the 30th of last month. It is a composition of much ability and depth of thought; but it indicates a spirit and a temper to the North which is more a subject of regret than of surprise. The grievances of Lord North's administration were but as a feather in the scale, when compared with those inflicted by Jefferson and Madison.

I fervently hope that we may meet again. I do not wish you so ill as to see you banished to this Sinope; and yet to see you here would give me exceeding great pleasure. Every blessing attend you.

Francis Scott Key, Esq.

John Randolph to Dr. John Brockenbrough.

ROANOKE, June 2d, 1813.

I did not receive your letter of the 26th until last evening, and then I was obliged for it to my good old neighbor, Colonel Morton, who never omits an occasion of doing a favor, however small. The gentleman by whom you wrote is very shy of me; nor can I blame him for it. No man likes to feel the embarrassment which a consciousness of having done wrong to another is sure to inspire, and which the sight of the object towards whom the wrong has been done never fails to excite, in the most lively and painful degree.

My neighbor, Colonel C——k, who goes down to Petersburg and Richmond to-morrow, enables me (after a fashion) to answer your question, "How and where I shall pass the summer months?" To which I can only reply—as *it pleases God!* If I go to any watering-place, it will be to our hot springs, for the purpose of stewing the rheumatism out of my carcase, if it be practicable.

It would have been peculiarly gratifying to me to have been with you when Leigh, Garnett, W. Meade, and, I must add, M——, were in Richmond. If we exclude every "party-man, and man of ambition," from our church, I fear we shall have as thin a congregation as Dean Swift had, when he addressed his clerk, "Dearly beloved Roger!" What I like M—— for, is neither his courtesy, nor his intelligence, but a certain warm-heartedness, which is now-a-days the rarest of human qualities. His manner I think peculiarly unfortunate. There is an ostentation of ornament (which school-boys lay aside when they reach the senior class), and a labored infelicity of expression, that is hateful to one's feelings. We are in terror for the speaker. But this fault he has already in some degree corrected; and by the time he is as old as you or I, it will have worn off. I was greatly revolted by it on our first acquaintance, and even now, am occasionally offended; but the zeal with which he devotes himself to the service of his friends and of his country, makes amends for all. It is sometimes a bustling activity, of little import to its *object*, but which is to be valued in reference to its motive.

I am not surprised at what you tell me of our friend. We live in fearful times, and it is a perilous adventure that he is about to undertake. In a few years more, those of us who are alive will have to move off to *Kaintuck*, or the *Massissippi*, where corn can be had for sixpence a bushel, and pork for a penny a pound. I do not wonder at the rage for emigration. What do the bulk of the people get here, that they cannot have for one-fifth of the labor in the western country? Surely that must be the Yahoo's paradise, where he can get dead drunk for the hundredth part of a dollar.

What you tell me of Milnor is quite unexpected. He was one of the last men whom I should have expected to take orders; not so much on account of his quitting a lucrative profession, as from his fondness for gay life. I am not sure that it is the safest path. The responsibility is awful—it is tremendous.

Thanks for your intelligence respecting my poor sister. If human skill could save her, Dr. Robinson would do it; but there is nothing left, except to smooth her path to that dwelling whither we must all soon follow her. I can give Mrs. B. no comfort on the subject of her son. For my part, it requires an effort to take an interest in any thing; and it seems to me strange that there should be found inducements strong enough to carry on the business of the world. I believe you have given the true solution of this problem, by way of corollary from another, when you pronounce that free-will and necessity are much the same. I used formerly to puzzle myself, as abler men have puzzled others, by speculations on this opprobrium of philosophy. If you have not untied the Gordian knot, you have cut it, which is the approved *methodus medendi* of this disease.

Write to me when you can do no better. Worse you cannot do for yourself, nor better for me. You can't imagine what an epoch in my present life a letter from you constitutes. If I did not know that you could find nothing here beyond the satisfaction of mere animal necessity, I should entreat Mrs. B. and yourself to visit my solitary habitation. May every blessing attend you both.

Yours, unchangeably,

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

John Randolph to Francis S. Key.

ROANOKE, July 17th, 1813

DEAR FRANK,—I rode twenty miles this morning, in the hope of receiving letters from some of those few persons who honor me with their regard. Nor have I been disappointed. Your letter, and one from Dr. B., had arrived a few moments before me. I received the pamphlets through friend Stanford, who has too much on his hands to think of me every post; and I am not at all obliged to the gentleman who detained them on their passage, and who annotated one of them, I suppose for my edification. It is certainly not all *emendation*, for this critical labor.

I heartily wish that I were qualified in any shape to advise you on the subject of a new calling in life. Were I Premier, I should certainly translate you to the see of Canterbury; and if I were not too conscious of my utter incompetency, I should like to take a professorship in some college where you were principal; for, like you, "*my occupation* (tobacco-making) *is also gone.*" Some sort of employment is absolutely necessary to keep me from expiring with ennui. I "see no reviews," nor any thing else of that description. My time passes in uniform monotony. For weeks together I never see a new face; and, to tell you the truth, I am so much of Captain Gulliver's way of thinking respecting my fellow-Yahoos, (a few excepted, whose souls must have transmigrated from the generous Houyhnhnms.) that I have as much of their company as is agreeable to me, and I suspect that they are pretty much of my opinion; that I am not only ennuyé myself, but the cause of ennui in others. In fact, this business of living is, like Mr. Barlow's reclamations on the French Government, *dull work*; and I possess so little of pagan philosophy, or of Christian patience, as frequently to be driven to the brink of despair. "The uses of this world have long seemed to me stale, flat, and unprofitable;" but I have worried along, like a worn-out horse in a mail coach, by dint of habit and whipcord, and shall at last die in the traces, running the same dull stage, day after day.

When you see Ridgely, commend me to him and his amiable wife. I am really glad to hear that he is quietly at home, instead of scampering along the bay shore, or inditing dispatches. Our upper country has slid down upon the lower. Nearly half our people are below the falls. Both my brothers are gone; but I must refer you to a late letter to Stanford, for the state of affairs hereabouts. Henry Tucker is in Richmond; Beverly at Norfolk; whence, if he return, he will win his life with the odds against him.

I am much pleased with Mr. Gaston's speech on Webster's motion. Chief Justice Marshall had taught me to think highly of his abilities; and my expectations, although raised, have not been disappointed.

I have seen the scotched *tail* of Mr. Secretary M——'s report to his master, which drags its wounded length along most awkwardly. I should like to hear what Mons. Serrurier would say. Mr. Russell and the Duke of Bassano are, it seems, confronted across the Atlantic. I should be glad to have his Imperial and Royal Majesty's Envoy called into court, and examined touching Mr. M——'s declaration. * * *

Nicholson has luckily shifted his quarters, from an exposed to a very safe position, where he may reflect undisturbed on the train of measures which have issued in the present unparalleled state of things. With me, he condemned them at the beginning, but gradually coincided with the views of the administration. He may live to see the time when he will wish that he had steadily opposed himself to them. I would not give the reflection that, under every circumstance of discouragement, I never faltered or wavered in my opposition to them, to be president for life. Nearly eight years ago the *real views and true character* of the Executive were disclosed to me, and I made up my mind as to the course which my duty called upon me to follow. I predicted the result which has ensued. The length of time and vast efforts which were required to hunt me down, convince me that the cordial co-operation of a few friends would have saved the Republic. Sallust, I think, says, speaking of the exploits of Rome, 'Egregiam virtutem paucorum civium cuncta pativisse;' and if those who ought to have put their shoulders to the work, had not made a vain parade of disinterestedness in returning to private life, all might have been saved. But the delicacy and timidity of some, and the versatility of others, insured the triumph of the court and the ruin of the country. I know not how I got upon this subject. It is a most unprofitable one.

Farewell, my good friend, and believe me, in truth

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

Have you met with a queer book,* by a Mr. James Fishback, of Lexington, Kentucky? He very politely sent me a copy, and accompanied it with a letter, in which, like the rest of his brethren, he flatters himself that his book will be generally read, and (of course) productive of great benefit. It is a most curious work for a lawyer (a Kentucky lawyer I mean), for such it seems he is, and brother-in-law to Mr. Pope, late of the Senate. I have dipped into it here and there, and whatever may be the skill displayed in its execution, the object I think is a good one. The man has thought much—but I doubt if clearly. Like many other writers in the same walk of composition, he appears not always to affix a precise meaning to his terms.

Sunday. Post in—not a line or newspaper from Washington.

Francis S. Key to J. Randolph.

GEORGETOWN, August 30, 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND— * * * As you appeared to be tired of the country, I thought it likely you would have begun before now your journey to Cambridge, and hoped to have seen you as you passed. I have less regard for those Eastern people now than I used to have, and should care less about seeing them or their country. I cannot help suspecting them of selfish views, and that, if they can collect strength enough, they will separate. Their policy has certainly been a crooked one. The Quarterly Reviewers say well that the expedient of driving the administration into the war for the purpose of making them unpopular was "dangerous and doubtful." They might have added that it was dishonest. Certainly, the sort of opposition they are making now is one from which nothing good can be expected.

There was old ———, the other day, while I was at Fredericks-town, travelling out of his road, and giving up his passage in the stage, and then travelling post to overtake it, and all to eat a dinner given by some of Mr. ———'s tools, apparently to him, but in fact to give eclat to his "distinguished young friend," and help on his intrigues. I believe this old man is honest, but can he be so vain as to run panting after praise in this way? or is he told and does he believe that people are to be driven from their opinions and made to fall into the ranks behind him and Mr. ——— and his Boston party, whenever he chooses to show himself?

I suppose Stanford told you that I was half inclined to turn politician. I did feel something like it—but the fit is over. I shall, I hope, stay quietly here, and mind my business as long as it lasts. I

* The title of the work is "The Philosophy of the Human Mind in respect to Religion."

have troubled myself enough with thinking what I should do—so I shall try to prepare myself for whatever may appear plainly to be my duty. That I must make some change, if the war lasts much longer (as I think it will), is very probable; but whether it shall be for a station civil, military, or clerical, I will not yet determine. To be serious, I believe that a man who does not follow his own inclinations, and choose his own ways, but is willing to do whatever may be appointed for him, will have his path of life chosen for him and shown to him, and I trust this is not enthusiasm.

Our friend Ridgely has really turned politician. He is a candidate for the Maryland Legislature, and it is thought will be elected. I hardly know whether to wish he may succeed or not. He has some good, and, indeed, most excellent qualities for such a place, but he wants others, and will have few, if any, worthy of his confidence, to join him in a stand against the folly and wickedness of both parties. His situation will be peculiarly difficult and disagreeable, requiring great prudence and self-command. I know some of the men he will have to deal with, who are as cunning as he is unsuspecting.

Lloyd was here the other day. I was sorry I was out of town, as I should have liked to have seen him. He told Mrs. Key he believed you had given him up, and complained that you never wrote to him. She told him you almost always inquired of him in your letters to me, and mentioned what you said in your last about your observation in Congress, at which he laughed. I make great allowances for Lloyd's wrongheadedness. The federalists flattered and supported him—he was moderating in his opinions, but did not abandon his party—he still called himself a democrat—this affronted them, and at the next session they all voted against him. This conduct was calculated to convince him that their former support was an artifice, that they wished to dupe him, and expected their favors had bought him off from his party. At the same time the federal newspapers opened their abuse upon him, which was gross, false, and abominable.

Now, when all this is considered, I think he cannot yet be thought incorrigible. He has had no chance of judging coolly and dispassionately. I am convinced, though (N.'s) influence with him is great, it would never (but for these things) have been sufficient to keep him among the supporters of such a party. A man could not long be so blind to his own interest, and that of the country, but by his passions and prejudices being continually excited.

Randolph to Key.

ROANOKE, Sept. 12, 1813

DEAR FRANK—I had almost begun to fear that you had forgotten me, but this morning's mail brought me yours of the 30th of August.

Our post-office establishment is under shameful mismanagement. To-day I received a letter from Boston, post-marked Aug. 22d, and last week I got one from the same place marked Aug. 23d. I still keep up an intercourse, you see, with the head-quarters of good principles—for although I do not dabble in politics, “I have more regard for these Eastern people *now* than I used to have.” Of the policy of driving the administration into war, I have the same opinion that you quote from the *Quarterly Review*. It was a crooked scheme, and has met its merited fate. But, my dear friend, great allowance is to be made for men under the *regime* of Clay, Grundy & Co.; and besides a few individuals only are answerable for the consequences of this tortuous policy. The great bulk of the Eastern States are guiltless of the sin. When I consider how much more these people have borne from the pettifoggers of the West, than they would submit to from Lord North; and reflect that there is no common tie of interest or of feeling between them and their upstart oppressors, I cannot pronounce them (in this instance at least) to be selfish. Indeed, I should not like them less if they were so—I am becoming selfish myself (when too late), and bitterly regret that I did not practise upon this principle many years ago. On this scheme I have abandoned politics for ever—and for the same reason should be sorry to see you, or our noble, spirited friend, Sterritt Ridgely, engaged in their pursuit. I have more faith in free will than you seem to express—for I believe we have it all in our power to choose wisely if we would. As to Ridgely, he is utterly unfit for public life. Do you ask why? You have partly answered the question. He is too honest, too unsuspicious, too deficient in *cunning*. I would as soon recommend such a man to a hazard-table and a gang of sharpers, as to a seat in any deliberative assembly in America.

Our quondam friend Lloyd—for “quondam friends are no rarity with me”—I made this answer at the ordinary at our court, to a gentleman who had returned from Rappahannock, and told me that he had seen some of my quondam friends. It was casually uttered, but I soon saw how deep it was felt by a person at table, whom I had not before observed. To return to Lloyd. He cannot, with any show of justice, complain of “my giving *him* up.” The saddle is on the other horse. He is a spoiled child of fortune, and testy old bachelors make a poor hand of humoring spoiled children. Lloyd required to be flattered, and I would not perform the service. I would hold no man's regard by a base tenure. I see that Ridgely stands committed to abide the issue of an election. I am sorry for it for his own sake, and yet more on account of Mrs. R. Electioneering is upon no very pleasant footing any where; but with you, when the “*base proletarian rout*” are admitted to vote, it must be peculiarly irksome and repugnant to the feelings of a gentleman.

I am highly pleased with the XIVth number of the Quarterly Review, particularly the article on the subject of the poor laws; and that on the literature of France during the past century. Alas! for Walter Scott! These learned reviewers cannot prevail upon me to "revive the opinion" which the first reading (or attempt at reading) Rokeby produced. It is beneath criticism.

My will, but *not* my poverty, consents to my eastern tour. Our blessed rulers have nearly ruined me, and should the war be protracted much longer, I must go into some business, if there be any for which I am fit. My body is wholly worn out, and the intellectual part much shattered. Were I to follow the dictates of prudence, I should convert my estate into money, and move northwardly. Whether I shall have firmness and vigor enough to execute such a scheme, remains to be seen. My bodily infirmities are great and rapidly increasing, so that it will be impossible for me to sustain existence here when deprived of field exercises. I write now under the pressure of severe headache. You are not my physician, yet I cannot omit telling you that I am afflicted with a strange anomalous disease. It is of the heart; the most violent palpitations, succeeded by a total suspension of its functions for some seconds: and then, after several sudden spasmodic actions, the pulse becomes very slow, languid, and weak. When the fit is on, it may be seen through my dress across the room. It was this demon that put it out of my head to suggest to you the practical wisdom of damping the opposition to the government at this time. Of the print in question, I think nearly as you do; but it has done a deal of good with some mischief, and perhaps in the attempt to do more. How was the last administration overthrown, do you suppose? By rejecting proffered service from any quarter? Had the Aurora no agency, think you, in the work? "Homo sum;" man must work with mortal means. Not choosing to use such, I am idle. When administration call to their aid the refuse of New England in the persons of the _____ and opposition reject the aid, or stand aloof from such high-minded, honorable men as S_____, K_____, G_____, Q_____, L_____, O_____, L_____, P_____, what can be expected but defeat? It is as if in the Southern States the assistance of the whites should be rejected against an adversary that embodied the negroes on his side. Be assured that nothing can be done with effect, without union among the parts, however heterogeneous, that compose the opposition. They have time enough to differ among themselves after they shall have put down the common foe; and if they must quarrel, I would advise them to adjourn the debate to that distant day.

I wish I could say something of my future movements. I look forward without hope. Clouds and darkness hang upon my prospects; and should my feeble frame hang together a few years longer,

the time may arrive when my best-friends, as well as myself, may pray that a close be put to the same.

My best respects and regards to Mrs. Key, and love to the young folks. I fear I shall live to see you a grandfather. Farewell.

J. R. OF ROANOKE.

To the same.

ROANOKE, Sept. 26, 1813.

DEAR FRANK.—You owe the trouble of this letter to another which I threw upon your shoulders some time ago. As the shooting season approaches, I am reminded of my favorite gun, &c., in Georgetown. 'Tis true I have a couple of very capital pieces here, but neither of them as light and handy as that I left at Cranford's, and I fear it may be injured or destroyed by *rust—verbum sat*.

We have to-day the account of Perry's success on Lake Erie, which will add another year to the life of the war. Have you seen Woodfall's Junius? The private correspondence has raised the character of this mysterious being very much in my estimation: If you will pardon the *apparent* vanity of the declaration, it has reminded me frequently of myself. I hope he will never be discovered. I feel persuaded that he was an honest man and a sincere patriot, which heretofore I was inclined to doubt. We have been flooded. This river has not been so high since August, 1795. A vast deal of corn is destroyed. I fear I have lost 500 barrels, and eighty odd stacks of oats.

In tenderness to you, I have said nothing of Rokeby. Alas! "good Earl *Walter dead and gone!*" God bless you!

J. R.

Best love to Mrs. Key, and Ridgley, when you see him.

John Randolph to Dr. John Brockenbrough

ROANOKE, Oct. 4, 1813

MY DEAR FRIEND:—By this time I trust you have returned to Richmond for the winter. It has been a grievous separation from you that I have endured for the last two months. In this period I have experienced some heavy afflictions, of which no doubt common fame has apprised you, and others that she knows not of. Let us not talk, and, if possible, not think of them. I hope that Mrs. B. has derived every possible advantage from her late excursion. Assure her from me, that she has no friend who is more sincerely interested in her temporal and eternal happiness than myself. Absorbed as I may be supposed to be with my own misfortunes, I live only for

my friends. They are few, but they are precious beyond all human estimation. Write to me I beg of you; the very sight of your handwriting gives a new impulse to my jaded spirits. I would write, but I cannot. I sometimes selfishly wish that you could conceive of my feelings. It is not the least painful of my thoughts that I am perpetually destined to be away from the sympathy of my friends, whilst I am deprived of every thing but affection towards them.

Yours truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

Mr. Randolph filed away his letters with great care. He indorsed on them the name of the author, the date, the time it was received and answered; and if the letter contained any subject of special interest, it was in like manner noted. On the following letter was indorsed "*Party Spirit*;" the words were underscored, and in addition was the figure of a hand, with the index finger pointing to them.

F. S. Key to John Randolph.

GEORGETOWN, Oct. 5, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR:—I was thinking of your gun a few days before I received your letter, and determined to rub off some of your rust, and try if I could kill Mrs. Key a bird or two. She has just given me another son, and of course deserves this piece of courtesy. As to amusement in shooting, I have lost it all, though once as ardent a sportsman as yourself. I am pleased to find that you are anticipating such pleasures, as I therefore hope that the complaint you mentioned in your former letter has left you. Exercise will no doubt tend to relieve you.

I have never read the private correspondence of Junius. I have a late edition, and will see if it contains it. I was always against Junius, having sided with Dr. Johnson and his opponents. There was, I know, great prejudice, and perhaps nothing else in this, but since the prejudice has worn away I have had no time to read so long a book. The article you speak of in the *Quarterly Review* (on the Poor Laws) I admire, and assent to more cordially than any thing on the subject I ever saw. It excited my interest greatly. What sound and able men are engaged in that work! I know none who are offering so much good to their country and the world, and I will not suffer myself to believe that it is thrown away. As to their rivals, the *Edinburgh Reviews*, I believe we should differ in opinion. I consider them as masked infidels and Jacobins; and if I had time,

and it was worth while, I think I could prove it upon them. I would refer to the review of the life of Dr. Beatty, and of Coëlebs, and a few others, to prove that either knowingly, or ignorantly (I have hardly charity enough to believe the latter), they have misrepresented and attacked Christianity. Were you not pleased with the spirited defence against them which the Quarterly reviewers have made for Montgomery? As to Walter Scott, I have always thought he was sinking in every successive work. He is sometimes himself again in "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake;" but when I read these, and thought of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," it always seemed to me that "hushed was the harp—the minstrel gone." I believe I am singular in this preference, and it may be that I was so "spell-bound" by "the witch notes" of the first, that I could never listen to the others. But does it not appear that to produce one transcendently fine epic poem is as much as has ever fallen to the life of one man? There seems to be a law of the Muses for it. I was always provoked with him for writing more than his first. The top of Parnassus is a point, and there he was, and should have been content. There was no room to saunter about on it; if he moved, he must descend; and so it has turned out, and he is now (as the Edinburgh reviewers say of poor Montgomery) "wandering about on the lower slopes" of it.

I have not seen nor heard of Ridgley since his political campaign commenced. It closed yesterday, and we have not yet heard how he has fared. There is a report in town of the federalists having succeeded in Frederick, which I expected would be the case from P——'s having had the folly and meanness to go all over the county making speeches. Ridgley's election is more doubtful, as the administration are very strong in his county. If he is elected, you will write to him, but don't discourage him too much. If he can command his temper, and be tolerably prudent, I think he may do some good. If cunning is necessary, he is indeed in a desperate case. I cannot think that the duty of an honest man when he consents to become a politician, is so difficult and hopeless as you seem to consider it. He will often, it is true, be wrong, but this may enable him to correct his errors. He will often have to submit to disappointments, but they may make him better and wiser. If he pursues his course conscientiously, guarding against his own ambition, and exercising patience and forbearance towards others, he will generally succeed better than the most artful intriguer; and the worst that can happen is, that in bad and distempered times he may be released from his obligations. [Meant to be a picture of Randolph himself.—*Editor*.] Nor even then is there an end of his usefulness; for, besides many things that he may yet do for the common good, the public disorder may pass away, and when the people are

sobered by suffering, they will remember who would have saved them from it; and his consequence and ability to serve them will be incalculably increased, and their confidence in him unbounded. "*Egregia virtus paucorum.*" I have forgotten your quotation from Sallust—you can supply it. It struck me forcibly, and I believe it admirably suited to these times; and that if this "*egregia virtus*" can be found among even a few of our politicians, who can be pressed and kept in the public service, we may be safe.

The opposition making to the administration may succeed (though I do not think it can); but if it did I should hope but little from it; and that, because it is the opposition of a party. If it is the honestest party, it would be beaten again immediately; for of two contending factions, the worst must be, generally, successful. This is just as plain to me as that of two gamblers; he who cheats most will commonly win the game. We should therefore, I think, burn the cards, or give up the game of party, and then, I believe, the knaves might be made the losers. "Keep up party and party spirit" should be (if they have any sense) the first and great commandment of the administration to its followers. Let P—— & Co. keep up a constant volley of the most irritating provocations against every one who does not belong to their party, and the weakest friend of the administration will fall into the ranks against them, and follow wherever they are ordered.

Suppose some ruinous and abominable measure, such as a French alliance, is proposed by the government; will the scolding of the federalists in Congress gain any of the well-meaning but mistaken and prejudiced friends of the administration, and induce them to oppose it? Will not such persons, on the contrary, be driven to consider it a party question, and the clamor and opposition of these persons, as a matter of course? Will men listen to reasonings against it, judge of it impartially, and see its enormity, who are blinded by party spirit? But let such men as Cheves or Lowndes, men who are not party men, or who will leave their party when they think them wrong; let them try if conciliation, and a plain and temperate exposure of the measure will not be effectual; and it is certainly reasonable to expect it would. I am, besides, inclined to think that the worst men of a party will be uppermost in it; and if so, there would, perhaps, be no great gain from a change. If every man would set himself to work to abate, as far as possible, this party spirit; if the people could be once brought to require from every candidate a solemn declaration, that he would act constitutionally according to his own judgment, upon every measure proposed, without considering what party advocated or opposed it (and I cannot think that such a ground would be unpopular), its effects would be, at least, greatly diminished. This course might not, it is possible, succeed in ordi-

nary times, and when this spirit is so universally diffused and inflamed; but we are approaching to extraordinary times, when serious national affliction will appease this spirit, and give the people leisure and temper to reflect. Something too might then be done towards promoting a reformation of habits and morals, without which nothing of any lasting advantage can be expected. Could such an administration as this preserve its power, if party spirit was even considerably lessened? And is this too much to expect? If so, there is nothing, I think, to be done but to submit to the punishment that Providence will bring upon us, and to hope that that will cure us. I am, you will think, full of this subject.

Farewell. Yours,

F. S. KEY

Randolph to Key.

ROANOKE, October 17, 1813.

DEAR FRANK—Never was letter more welcome than that which I just now received from you, and which I must thank you for on the day set apart for letter-writing in the city of O., or defer it for another week. Alas! so far from taking the field against the poor partridges, I can hardly hobble about my own cabin. It pleased God on Tuesday last to deprive me of the use of my limbs. This visitation was attended with acute pain, reminding me most forcibly of my situation at your uncle's nearly six years ago.

By the papers, I see that our friend Ridgely has not succeeded in his election. I am gratified, however, to find that he was at the head of the ticket on which his name stood. Lloyd, I perceive, has carried his point in Talbot. I have a great mind to publish your letter. If any thing could do good, that, I am certain, would open the eyes of many, as many, at least, as would read it. But I have no faith, and cannot be saved. I look to the sands of Brandenburgh and the mountains of Bohemia with a *faint* hope of deliverance. You can expect nothing but groans and sighs from a poor devil, racked by rheumatism and tortured by a thousand plagues. I can barely summon heart enough to congratulate you and Mrs. K. (to whom give my best love) on the late happy event in your family. I shall be proud if my gun can furnish a piece of game for her. When I get better you shall hear from me at full. When you see Ridgely present me most affectionately to him and his truly excellent wife. I cannot be *glad* of his defeat, since it seems that the complexion of your legislature depended upon success there or in some county on the eastern shore; but I am convinced that it is best for him and his; and I am inclined to think no worse for the country. How can a foolish spendthrift young man be prevented from ruining himself? How can you appoint a guardian to a people bent on self-destruction? The state

of society is radically vicious. It is there, if at all, that the remedy should be applied.

I will give you an instance. One of my overseers had acted in the most scandalous and indeed dishonest manner. Of course he had to decamp. Two gentlemen, in the most friendly manner, cautioned me against a contest at law with *an overseer*. No matter what the merits of the case, the employer must be cast. If I had been in Turkey, and this fellow a Janizary, they could not have thought the case more desperate, *and I know that they were right*.

We agree entirely in opinion respecting the Review, and nearly so on the subject of the rival journal. I wish I could get them more regularly, for in my condition any thing of that kind is a treasure. Under any other circumstances I should be ashamed of returning you this meagre epistle, in reply to your rich and copious letter.

Yours entirely,
JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

Key to Randolyh.

GEORGETOWN, November 27, 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND—* * * I have heard indirectly that you are still sick. I hope this attack will not be such an one as you had at my uncle's. Pain and sickness are sad companions any where, but particularly in the country. It is hard to feel them and think them the trifles that (compared to other things) they certainly are. He alone who sends them can give us *strength and faith* to bear them as we ought. I wish you every relief, but above all, *this*. Let me hear from you as often as you can. Your letters may be short, but I shall not find them "meagre." * * * Maryland is in great agitation about the Alleghany election. The returned members will take their seats, and when they have elected the Governor and Council, then their right to their seats will be tried. This piece of jockeyship will degrade and ruin the party for ever. Perhaps it is well it should be so; the more each party disgraces itself the better.

I agree exactly with you, that "the state of society is radically vicious," and that it is there that the remedy is to be applied. Put down party spirit; stop the corruption of party elections; legislate not for the next election, but for the next century; build Lancaster schools in every hundred, and repair our ruined churches; let every country gentleman of worth become a justice of the peace, and show his neighbors what a blessing a benevolent, religious man is; and let the retired patriot, who can do nothing else, give his country his prayers, and often in his meditations "think on her who thinks not

for herself"—"egregia virtus paucorum," &c. I often think of your apt quotation. I believe, nay, I am sure, that such a course, if honestly attempted, would succeed and save us. God bless you.

Your friend,

F. S. KEY.

Randolph to Key.

RICHMOND, Dec. 15, 1813.

DEAR FRANK:—I thank you very sincerely for your kind letter, which has been forwarded to me at this place (where I have been upwards of a month), and also for your remembrance of my request about the pamphlets, which I received yesterday. I wish, if any opportunity offers (I mean a good one), you would send me "War in Disguise;" it is bound up with the "Dangers of the Country," and some other pamphlets; and I pray you take care of my favorite fowl-piece. My fears are not from the *use* of it, but from *rust*.

You see what great objects fill my mind when the day "is big with the fate" of the whole race of man. For my part, my fears of the power and arts of France, almost overpower the exercise of my judgment. I can see no cause why the world should not be punished now as in the days of Cæsar or Nebuchadnezzar; nor why Bonaparte may not be as good an instrument as either of those tyrants. Endeavoring to turn away my mind from such contemplations, I *try* to submit myself to him whose chastisement is love.

"Put down party spirit!" Put a little *fresh salt* on the sparrow's tail, and you will infallibly catch him. You will put down party spirit when you put down whisky-drinking, and that will be when the Greek calends come. I agree with you perfectly on the subject of the poor, unoffending Canadians. To us they are innocent; and in the eye of Heaven we must appear like so many descendants of Cain, seeking to imbrue our hands in our brothers' blood! Suppose England to lose Canada, she gets in exchange for it our whole navigation. We were her great and only commercial rival. We possessed a tonnage, six years ago, greater than that of Great Britain at the accession of the present king. Greater than any other nation, except our parent state, ever owned. Our ships are short-lived, our seamen must have employment; all the foreign seamen, and many of the native, will seek the Russian, or some other neutral service. We may establish manufactures; but what of that? Those of England want no vent here. Moreover, she well knows that although peace may be restored, it will be a peace of double duties and restrictions, a "war in disguise." In short, I can see no motive in a wise English administration for putting an end to the war. My only trust is in their folly. Lord Castlereagh is not much better than his countryman, with the last syllable of his name, whom you met in the street.

Peace or war, the ruin of this country is inevitable ; *we* cannot have manufactures on a great scale. Already our specie is drawn off to pay for domestic manufactures from the middle and eastern States. All the loans, &c., are spent in New-York ; and whilst she and Pennsylvania and New England are thriving in the most wonderful manner, with us the straw (near market) of a crop of wheat is worth more than the grain ; and we are feeding our horses and oxen with superfine flour, although the crop of Indian corn is superabundant—the flour being the cheaper of the two.

I heard of our friend, Sterrett Ridgley, by a gentleman who saw him at the races. I cannot regret that he is not compelled to mingle in the throng at Annapolis. Sallust, in that quotation of mine to which you so frequently refer, speaking of the exploits of the Roman people (surpassed by the Greeks in eloquence and learning, and by the Gauls in military prowess), declares it to be his opinion, after long and attentive study and observations, that “*Egregiam virtutem paucorum civium cuncta pativisse.*” He goes on to add (I wish I had the book before me), “*Sed post quam luxu atque desidio civitas corrupta est, rursus Respublica magnitudine sua, vitia sustentabat.*” In like manner, we have seen modern France, by the very force of magnitude and number, support the unutterable vices of her rulers, and bear down all before her. As we cannot be saved by the extraordinary virtue of a few, so neither can we rely upon the height of our power to sustain the incapacity and corruption of our rulers, and of the great mass of our people.

As to Lancaster schools, I am for the *thing*, the *substance*, but not the name. It is stolen by a fellow whom I detest. I hope you have abolished his cruel and stupid punishments in your Georgetown Institution. An article in the Quarterly Review (I think No. XI.), satisfied me that Lancaster was an impostor, and a hard-hearted wretch. There is a late review on “National Education” (in No. XV. I believe), which pleased me very much. My best wishes attend all who are dear to you. I hear that your poor protégée, Miss A. B., has sealed her final ruin.

Adieu, and believe me, always, most cordially, yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1813. Wednesday.

P. S. Have you read Lord Byron's *Giaour*? I have been delighted with it. He is a poet, as was emphatically said of our P. Henry, “*He is an orator !*” I have also been much pleased with Horace in London, and the Intercepted Twopenny Post.

Key to Randolph.

GEORGETOWN, January 20, 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— * * * I have no news that I think would interest you. Cheves is said to have been made Speaker, against the wishes of the administration party, who were very active for Grundy. I cannot help thinking his election a favorable circumstance.

I can hear nothing of the book you mention (English) from any one but Swift, who says he heard it spoken of in New-York as an ingenious performance. I would read it, and give you my opinion of it, if I came across it, provided it was not too long. I don't believe there are any new objections to be discovered to the truth of Christianity, though there may be some art in presenting old ones in a new dress. My faith has been greatly confirmed by the infidel writers I have read; and I think such would be the effect upon any one who has examined the evidences. Our Church recommends their perusal to students of divinity, which shows she is not afraid of them. Men may argue ingeniously against our faith—as indeed they may against any thing—but what can they say in defence of their own? I would carry the war into their own territories. I would ask them what they believed. If they said they believed anything, I think that thing might be shown to be more full of difficulties, and liable to infinitely greater objections than the system they opposed, and they more credulous and unreasonable for believing it. If they said they believed nothing, you could not, to be sure, have any thing further to say to them. In that case they would be insane, or, at best, illy qualified to teach others what they ought to believe or disbelieve.

I can never doubt (for we have the word of God for it, and it is so plainly a consequence of his goodness) that all who inquire, with that sincerity and earnestness which so awful a subject requires, will find the truth—"Seek, and ye shall find." Did you ever read "Grotius de Veritate?" I should like to see an infidel attempt an answer to that book. * * *

Randolph to Key.

RICHMOND, February 17, 1814.

DEAR FRANK:—You plead want of time, and I may, with equal truth declare, that I have nothing worth twelve and half cents—which, I believe, is the postage from here to the city of O. Indeed I have been living myself in "a world without souls," until my heart is "as dry as a chip," and as cold as a dog's nose." Do not suppose, however, that the *Jew book* has made any impression upon me; as I cannot see how the human mind, unassisted by the light of Christi-

anity, can stop half-way at deism, instead of travelling the whole length to which fair deduction would lead it, to frozen, cheerless atheism; so it appears to me most wonderful, that any man, believing in the *Old Testament*, can reject the *New*; and it is perhaps not the least conclusive of the proofs of the authenticity of the latter, that the Jews, admitting as it were the premises, should blindly reject the inevitable conclusion.

Have you read the work of Paley, reviewed in a late *Edinburgh*? "The Lord deliver me from Archdeacon Paley!" I am persuaded that, with the best intentions, this man has done infinite—rather great mischief to the cause he espouses. You are rich in having Swift and Meade with you. I am glad that the Colonel (what is his Christian name?) has escaped the recoil of our own measures. Bid him and W—— accept my best wishes. Poor W——! what a situation his imprudence has reduced him to! I have thought a hundred times of the meeting and parting, when he returns to his prison-house, between him and his family; and I bless God that I have been the probable means of saving Charles and Mrs. Ridgely from a like pang. Why do you say nothing of Charles Sterrett Ridgely? It is the more necessary, since he has given up writing to me. My warmest wishes attend him and all at Oakland! Remember me, also, to Blenheim and the Woodyard.

We are all in a bustle here with the news from Europe. For my part, I hope that Blunderbuss Castlereagh may succeed in preventing a peace "which shall confirm to the French Empire an extent of territory France under her kings never knew." If they permit him to retain the low countries and Piedmont, they will act like the sapient commissioner appointed to examine the vaults of the Parliament House, on the alarm of the gunpowder-plot, who reported, "that he had discovered seventy-five barrels of gunpowder concealed under faggots; that he had caused fifty to be removed, and *hoped the other twenty-five would do no harm.*"

I see the Federal Republican, on the authority of the *Evening Post*, has accused me of being "an obvious imitator of Lord Chatham." Let them bepraise their favorites as much as they please, and at my expense, too, provided they do not class me with the servile herd of imitators whom I despise and shun. No man is more sensible than I am of the distance between myself and Lord Chatham; but I would scorn to imitate even him. My powers, such as they are, have not been improved by culture. The first time that I ever dreamed of speaking in public, was on the eve of my election in March, 1799, when I opposed myself (fearful odds!) to Patrick Henry. My manner is spontaneous, flowing, like my matter, from the impulse of the moment; and when I do not feel strongly, I cannot speak to any purpose. These fits are independent of my volition. The best

speech that I ever made, was about the third or fourth, on the subject of the Connecticut Reserve, 1800. During the last four or five years, I have perceived a sensible decline in my powers—which I estimate with as much impartiality as you would; in a word, as if they had belonged to another. I am not better persuaded of the loss of my grinders, or of the wrinkles in my face—and care as much for the one as the other. Any other man but yourself (or perhaps Meade) would take this long paragraph as proof that I am insincere, or self-deceived. To tell you the truth, I am sensible of the gross injustice that has been done me in the paragraph in question. I had as lief be accused of any crime, not forbidden by the decalogue, as of *imitation*. If these critics choose to say that I have neglected, or thrown away, or buried my talent, I will acquiesce in the censure; but amongst the herd of imitators I will not be ranked, because I feel that I could not descend to imitate any human being. But I have long ago learned—

Malignum spurnere vulgus.

Best wishes to Mrs. Key and the little ones. If Meade be with you, I salute him.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

Francis Scott Key, Esq.

I have been delighted with the Posthumus Works of Burke—the father of political wisdom—and have revelled in literary sweets: Horace in London; Rejected Addresses; Twopenny-post Bag; The Giaour, and the critique upon it in the Edinburgh Review. Many articles in that journal, and in the Quarterly, have amused and instructed me. I know you do not like the Scotch fraternity of critics; neither do I; but *fas est ab hoste docere*. What a picture of French society does the review of Grimm unfold! There are some deep reflections in that article, which I suppose comes from the pen of Dugald Stewart. It is eminently favorable to the cause of morality.

Our great folks at Cr. treat us little folks in Virginia very much as great folks are wont to treat little ones, viz., with sovereign neglect.

Randolph to Key.

RICHMOND, March 2, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter found me in bed, harassed and afflicted with gouty affection of the alimentary canal. It was, I believe, the best medicine that could have been administered to me, but, aided by an anniversary discourse, which Joe Lewis was considerate enough to send me, and which came also in the nick of time, the effect was wonderful. I am half disposed to be angry with you for passing

over the said discourse as if it never had existed, and especially for leaving me to the charity of Joe Lewis, but for whose contribution I might have been deprived of the pleasure of seeing it at all ; for you need not flatter yourself that the newspapers generally will republish it. Now, by way of penance for this misplaced modesty, I do enjoin upon you to thank the aforesaid Joe in my name for his most obliging attention ; one that has given me a pleasure that I shall not offend you in attempting to express.

You are right, my friend, but who will follow you ? Who will abandon the *expedient* to adopt the counsels of self-denial, of mortification, of duty ? For my part, much as I abhor the factious motive and manner of the opposition prints, and many of its leaders, if I could find as many men of my way of thinking as drubbed the French at Agincourt, I would throw off the yoke, or perish in the attempt.

Louisiana is not my country. I respect as much the opinions of the people of London as of the Western States. After these avowals you will *not* "be glad" I fear "to see my *nil admirari*." My father left, for some reason of his own, this old family adage, and adopted *vari quæ gentiat* for his motto. But although I have returned to the old family maxim, I cannot shake off the habit which I acquired during thirty years' practice of speaking my mind *sometimes*. Nevertheless, I am persuaded that if we could all read your discourse, it would produce a most happy and beneficial effect on all ranks of the people. But the people will not hear, cannot read, and if they could, cannot understand, until the paroxysm of drunkenness is over. Wanting your faith I cannot repress *my* forebodings. They weigh me down and immerse body and soul. I never stood more in need of your society. In this world without souls every body is taken up with "the one thing needful"—what that is you must not consult St. Paul but the Jewish doctors, to discover.

I was struck with the review of Grimm, and with the hypothesis of the reviewer, on the tendency of a certain state of society to deaden the feelings, ossify the heart, and sharpen the sense of ridicule. Yes, in spite of its being *French verse*, I was pleased with the tribute of Voltaire to the power of that God, whom he never knew. I have been looking over the four first numbers of the Edinburgh Review, and was struck with the change of principle.

In answer to the foregoing letter Mr. Key writes :

"I have not yet seen the Giaour, but have looked over the Bride of Abydos. It has some fine passages in it, but it is too full of those crooked-named out-of-the-way East Indian things. I have long ago, however, resolved that there shall be no such poet as Wal-

ter Scott as long as he lives, and I can admire nobody that pretends to rival him.

"I should like to have the first numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*. I remember very well the great and shameful change of principle it has undergone. It is to be regretted that it is so popular a work in this country. How came the re-publishers by their recommendations of it? I see you are among them—with some good company, and some rather bad. Is it not desirable that there should be a good *American Literary Review*? One inculcating the sound principles of the quarterly reviewers, and exposing our book-makers, would perhaps improve both our taste and habits. Have you seen an article in Bronson's select reviews on American song-writing? I do not know who the author is, but I think he could conduct such a work with much spirit. I have seldom, I think, seen a better piece of criticism."

In reply, Randolph says :

"I *do* think a review on the plan you mention would be highly beneficial, and if I was fit for any thing I should like to engage in a work of the sort. But fourteen years of congressional life have rendered me good for nothing. It may be an excuse for idleness, for this devil attacks me in every shape. But it seems to me, to work any material change in the state of things, we must begin (as some logicians lay their premises) a great way off. I mean with the children; the old folks have taken their *ply*, and will neither bend nor break.

"How came the *Edinburgh Review* by my recommendation? Because the re-publishers applied for it by letter; and when I gave it I had not gotten sight of the cloven foot; I had seen, however, some puerile abuse of myself in that journal; but this and much more would have been amply atoned for by very many masterly articles, if they had not betrayed a want of reverence for religion, and a hankering after France. Nevertheless, some of the late numbers in a great measure redeem their former sins. The truth is that men of different principles, political as well as religious, write for that journal, and it may be always quoted against itself. There are some noble specimens of the art of criticism in the two last numbers that I have seen.

"I cannot yield the precedence of Lord Byron to Walter Scott. I admit your objection to the 'crooked-named out-of-the-way Turkish things.' But this must be pardoned in a traveller, who has explored the woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep, and swam across the Hellespont. No poet in our language (the exception is unnecessary), Shakspeare and Milton apart, has the same power over my feelings as Byron. He is, like Scott, *careless*, and indulges himself in great

license; but he does not, like your favorite, write by the piece. I am persuaded that his fragments are thrown out by the true spirit of inspiration, and that he never goads his pen to work. When you have read the *Giaour*, the first, I think, of his poems, I am persuaded that you will change your opinion of this singular author, and yet more singular man. His feelings are too strong to endure the privation of religious sentiment. His time is not yet come, but he cannot continue to exist in the chill and gloom of skepticism.

"Meade is daily expected here. There is a general wish that he should preach the first sermon in the Monumental Church.

"What an occasion for a man who would not sink under it! He might do a great deal of good were he to yield to the desire of the congregation, and establish himself amongst them; but where is the field in which he would not do good?

"I have not seen the article you mention in *Bronson's Select Review*. In its new form I think that a respectable and useful publication. To be sure, it is made of scissors; but it is so far beyond the *Port-Folio* as to be comparatively good. The last is the most contemptible thing that ever imposed on the public in the shape of a magazine—and that is going very far. When your letter and W——'s *P. S.* arrived, I was in all the horrors of what is vulgarly called *Blue Devils*; nor am I yet wholly recovered. I could not, however, resist the inclination to make my acknowledgments for your kindness."

Randolph to Key.

RICHMOND, May 7th, 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Mr. Meade tells me that he expects to see you in a few days. I cannot let him depart without some token of my remembrance. He goes away early on Monday morning, so that, to guard against failure, I write to-day. He has made an engagement to preach in Hanover, thirty-five miles off, on Monday evening. No man can respect or admire his zeal in the sacred cause to which he has devoted himself, more than I do—but I fear he will wear himself out, and that the sum of his usefulness will, on the whole, be diminished, unless he will consent to spare himself. His health and strength are evidently impaired since I saw him last. I fear for his breast. I must refer you to him for what occurs here, except the eagerness of all classes and ranks of people to hear him. No man can be more generally revered than he is.

As to the review, I am out of the question on that and every other subject requiring any species of exertion. I said truly when I told you that congressional life had destroyed me—*fruges consumere*—this is all that I am fit for; and such is my infirmity of

body that I make a very poor hand even at that—notwithstanding I am one of those who (as the French say) *sum nè pour la digestion*.

Since the hot weather set in, I have been in a state of collapse, and am as feeble as an infant—with all this I am tortured with rheumatism, or gout, a wretched cripple, and my mind is yet more weak and diseased than my body. I hardly know myself, so irresolute and timid have I become. In short, I hope that there is not another creature in the world as unhappy as myself. This I can say to *you*. To the world I endeavor to put on a different countenance, and hold a bolder language; but it is sheer hypocrisy, assumed to guard against the *pity* of mankind.

Mr. Meade will preach to-morrow in the new church. He is anxious on account of a silly piece, which that prince of coxcombs ——— has stuck into his paper. He has had no time for preparation on so useful a subject, and is uneasy that the public expectation has been led to it. Indeed who could treat it as it deserves? certainly no man whom I ever heard. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Key and all friends, amongst whom I must particularly mention West and Sterrett Ridgely.

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

I left the letter open that I might say a word about my friend's discourse. He explained in a few satisfactory and appropriate words why he should not touch upon a subject which many of his hearers had been led to expect he would treat (the burning of the theatre on whose site the new church was erected), and then gave us a most excellent sermon on the pleasure of the true Christian's life. A prayer which he introduced into this discourse, that the heart, *even if it were but one*, of the unconverted might be touched, was most affecting.

He preaches this afternoon at the Capitol, on the subject of the Bible Societies.

Sunday, 2 o'clock, P. M.



CHAPTER II.

ANCESTRAL PRIDE—ST. GEORGE—MADNESS.

JOHN RANDOLPH had a morbid sensibility on the subject of his family and his property. He belonged to one of the oldest, most numerous, and wealthy families in Virginia—he cherished his family pride, and

valued hereditary fortune far beyond its pecuniary worth. A money-loving, or a money-making spirit constituted no part of his character. His feelings and opinions on these subjects were purely English; the proud, yet munificent and accomplished Baron of some time-honored castle with its thousand acres, and its villages of grateful and happy tenants, handed down from sire to son, with all the associations of pride and affection clustering around its walls and its forests, constituted his *beau idéal* (not without reason) of the perfect gentleman. Such, in no small degree, were the characters that composed the old Virginia aristocracy. Randolph loved their memory—formed himself on their model—despised the law that sapped the foundation of their greatness—and still hoped to preserve, in his own name and family, some specimen that might be worthy of a comparison with those *noble* men of the olden time.

He cherished the memory of his father with an increasing fondness to the day of his death. He always kept his father's miniature hung up before him in his chamber, or about his person, when long abroad from home. Last November, when on his way to Richmond, where he expected to be detained a few weeks only, he wrote back to Dudley, "be so *good* as to send me my father's picture and three lockets—they are in my writing-table drawer." He was now the only son, St. George and Tudor the sons of Richard, the only other descendants of that father whose memory he dwelt on so fondly. His had been an "unprosperous life," and was now, as he thought, rapidly drawing to a close. St. George was deaf and dumb—"the most pitiable of the step-sons of nature." Tudor was all that was left, the pride and hope of the family. These subjects caused him unceasing anxiety. The intensity of his feelings cannot be understood, nor justly appreciated by the *novi homines* of modern times. They amounted almost to a monomania—they furnish a solution of many of the apparent inconsistencies of his after life, and was the immediate cause of a rupture between himself and his step-father, whom, up to a very recent period, he had loved and venerated with the affection and pride of a son. The efforts of mutual friends to heal this unfortunate breach between father and son, was the principal cause of his long delay in Richmond during the past winter and spring. Writing to Dudley in January, he says, "I have been detained here by a very unpleasant piece of business"—and again in February, "I

have been, indeed, very much disturbed of late, by an occurrence as unexpected as it is distressing; and, perhaps, I tinge other objects with the hue of the medium through which I observe them."

The first cause of this misunderstanding with his step-father is very characteristic of the man, and illustrates the feeling of family pride that burned so intensely in his breast. The subject of conversation was the passing of the Banister estate from an infant of that family, to a brother of the half blood of the Shippen family. Mr. Randolph said that occurrence gave rise to the alteration of the law of descents, and placed it on its present footing: he also expressed in strong terms his disapprobation of the justice or policy of such a law. Judge Tucker replied: "Why, Jack, you ought not to be against that law, for you know if you were to die without issue, you would wish your half brothers to have your estate." "I'll be damned, sir, if I do know it," said Randolph, in great excitement; and from that day ceased with his good and venerable step-father all friendly intercourse. This occasion gave rise to many cruel and unjust suspicions. Once brought to suspect a selfish motive in him he had so much venerated, he began to look back with a jealous eye on all his past transactions, and "trifles light as air" became "confirmations strong as holy writ."

In 1810-11 he called in an attorney and proposed instituting suit. He stated that Judge Tucker had never, in fact, settled his accounts as his guardian—that he had taken the accounts stated upon trust—that Judge Tucker had contrived, fraudulently he thought, to appropriate to himself certain slaves, which had been given to his mother by her father, Colonel Bland, upon her marriage with his father, John Randolph the elder, which his father had held thenceforth till the day of his death, and which were mentioned as a part of his estate. He stated all the circumstances of the case; and admitted that the question of his father's right to the slaves depended on the construction and effect of the statute of Virginia of 1758, making parole gifts of slaves void. He stated the facts and the law on which he rested his claim to the slaves with as much precision as counsel could have stated them in a bill in Chancery; he was perfectly acquainted with the statute on the subject, and the decisions of the Court of Appeals upon it. His counsel dissuaded him from his purpose of bringing suit; but he often afterwards recurred to the subject,

and never seems to have been wholly reconciled. The old man, however, was unconscious of having given him any cause of offence. He sent a mutual friend to see Mr. Randolph soon after his arrival in Richmond: "Do me the favor," says he, "to go and see Mr. Randolph, and ask him if he ever received a letter from me on the subject of the misunderstanding between himself and his brother Beverly, and whether he ever answered it? Then ask him what has alienated him from one, whom for more than thirty years he has known as a father?"

Randolph replied to the messenger, after a frown, that he had received the letter alluded to, and had not answered it; and after a long pause said he had imposed it as a law on himself on this subject, not to converse about it.

The cause of this alienation of mind we have seen. His morbid sensibility on these subjects was now in a new and unexpected form to be sorely tried; his family pride to be deeply mortified, and his fond hopes of its future continuance and of its future distinction to be blasted forever.

He thus writes to Mr. Key:

ROANOKE, June 3, 1814.

DEAR FRANK—My departure from Richmond was as sudden as the occasion was mournful and distressing. My eldest nephew, St. George, in consequence of an unsuccessful attachment to Miss ———, the daughter of a worthy neighbor of his mother, had become unsettled in his intellects, and on my arrival at Farmville I found him a frantic maniac. I have brought him up here, and Dr. Dudley, a friend and treasure to me above all price, assists me in the management of him. We have no hopes of his restoration.

I would congratulate you on the late most important occurrences in Europe; but I cannot write. Let me hear from you, I pray. Commend me to Mrs. Key, and West, and Ridgely, and all who care to inquire after me.

Yours ever,

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

Randolph to Key.

ROANOKE, July 14, 1814.

DEAR FRANK—I have but half a sheet of paper left, and it is too late to send to the Court House (thirteen miles) for more. But with this half sheet and half a drop of ink diluted to a penful, I hope to make out something like a letter.

It is not the young man you saw in Georgetown, just before the declaration of war, whose unhappy condition I described; *he* is yet at Cambridge: the patient is his elder brother, just entering his twenty-third year, and has been deaf and dumb from his cradle.

This is the principal cause of his present situation: He has made several attempts to marry, and brooding over the cause of his failure has reduced him to his present state. He has become manageable with little trouble. His memory for words, persons, and events is unimpaired, but he cannot *combine*. He has dwelt a great deal on the terrors of future punishment also, and often mentioned the devil, but that was subsequent to his total derangement. His mind runs on it only as on other subjects of primary interest.

I saw some account of your campaigns in the newspapers. Wadsworth's letter is a curiosity—an honest account from a military commander. Your labors, my good friend, are drawing to a close. Rely upon it, we have peace forthwith. The points in "contestation," our rulers say, are removed by the peace in Europe, and will not be "touched" (another favorite phrase) in the treaty of peace. They might as well say they were removed by our declaration of war, if they were *neutral* rights, for that they contended for. Poor devils, what a figure they do cut! Yet they will look as consequential as ever, and even carry the people with them.

Have you read the Corsair? or have you lost all relish for such productions? I think his lordship is falling into the errors ascribed by him to Walter Scott. There is, however, some exquisite poetry. I have been trying to forget my wretched situation in the perusal of Burke. I have read his matchless diatribe on the attack of D. of B. and L. of L.—his letters on the regicide peace, and indeed the whole of the fifth volume, New-York edition. How much it is to be regretted that he did not live to publish his abridgment of English History. I have also run over the Reflections, and the Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs. O that he could have seen this day! You say nothing of Bonaparte. How I long for half an hour's chat with you on the subject of these late surprising and providential events.

Present me affectionately to Mrs. Key and your little one, and remember me kindly to West and Ridgely, when you see them. If Lord Byron's Ode to Bonaparte is in Georgetown, pray send me a copy by post. Dudley returns your greeting. He is to me a treasure above all price. Exclusive of his excellent temper, alacrity, and intelligence, he is a most skilful physician. I should sink without his support. I thank God that he has raised up to me such an help.

Adieu, my dear sir. I am in truth, yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

I came down here yesterday with my poor nephew, who seems incurably alienated from his mother. I shall return in a few days.

Randolph to Brockenbrough.

ROANOKE, July 15, 1814.

I had begun to fear that my long visitation of last winter and spring, had put you so much out of the habit of writing to me, that you would never resume it. But your letter of the 6th (just received) encourages me to hope that I shall hear from you as formerly. It was a sensible relief to me. But I will say nothing about my situation.

Poor St. George continues quite irrational. He is however very little mischievous, and governed pretty easily. His memory of persons, things, words, and events, is not at all impaired; but he has no power of combination, and is entirely incoherent. His going to the Springs is out of the question, and mine, I fear, equally so, although my rheumatism requires the warm bath. By this time you are on your way thither. Except that it is too *cold*, the weather could not have been finer.

What a climate we live under!

As to peace, I have not a doubt that we shall have it forthwith. Our folks are prepared to say that the pacification of Europe has swept away the *matters in contestation*, as M——, the Secretary of State, has it. All that we see in the Government prints is to reconcile us the better to the terms which they must receive from the enemy. From the time of his flight from Egypt, my opinion of the character of Bonaparte has never changed, except for the worse. I have considered him from that date a coward, and ascribed his success to the deity he worships, Fortune. His insolence and rashness have met their just reward. Had he found an efficient government in France, on his abandonment of his brave companions in arms in Egypt, and returned to Paris, he would have been cashiered for ruining the best appointed armament that ever left an European port. But all was confusion and anarchy at Paris, and instead of a coup de fusil, he was rewarded with a sceptre. He succeeded in throwing the blame of Aboukir on poor Brueys. He could safely talk of "his orders to the Admiral," after L'Orient had blown up. His Russian and German campaign is another such commentary on his character; it is all of a piece.

If the allies adhere to their treaty of Chaumont, the peace of Europe will be preserved; but in France, I think, the seeds of disorder must abound. Instead of the triple aristocracy of the Noblesse, the Church, and the Parliaments, I see nothing but janissaries, and a divan of ruffians—Algiers on a great scale. Moral causes I see none; and I am well persuaded that these are not created in a day. Matters of inveterate opinion, when once rooted up, are *dead*, never to revive; *other* opinions must succeed them. But I am prosing—

uttering a string of common-place that every one can write, and no one can deny. But you brought it on yourself. You expected that I would say something, and I resolved to try. I can bear witness to the fact of Mrs. Brockenbrough's prediction respecting Bonaparte's retirement. I wish I were permitted to name five ladies who should constitute the Cabinet of this country; our affairs would be conducted in another guess manner. This reminds me of Mrs. G., of whom I have at last heard. Mr. G. wrote me late in February, from London. They were going to Bath, and "if circumstances on the continent would permit, meant to take a tour through France." How well-timed their trip to Europe has been.

I am here completely *hors du monde*. My neighbor, —, with whom I have made a violent effort to establish an intercourse, has been here *twice, by invitation*—W. Leigh, as often, on his way to court; and on Saturday, I was agreeably surprised, by stumbling on Frank Gilmer, who was wandering to and fro in the woods, seeking my cabin. He left on Tuesday for his brother's in Henry. Except my standing dish, you have my whole society for *nine weeks*. On the terms by which I hold it, life is a curse, from which I would willingly escape, *if I knew where to fly*. I have lost my relish for reading; indeed, I could not devour even the Corsair with the zest that Lord Byron's pen generally inspires. It is very inferior to the Giaour, or the Bride. The character of Conrad is unnatural. Blessed with his mistress, he had no motive for desperation.

My plantation affairs, always irksome, are now revolting. I have lost three-fourths of the finest and largest crop I ever had.

My best respects and regard to Mrs. B.

I am, as ever, yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

Dr. Dudley is (as you may suppose) a treasure to me above all price. Without him, what should I do? He desires his respects to you both.

As to an English Constitution for France, they will have one when they all speak the English language, and not before. Have you read Morris's oration on the 29th of June? His description of Bonaparte, "taking money for his crown," is very fine. It is a picture. I see him. There are some cuts in the same page that our fulminating statesmen will not like.

Sunday the 17th.—I am compelled to be at Prince Edward Court to-morrow, and the weather is so intolerably hot, that I shall go a part of the way this afternoon, and put my letter in the Farmville post-office, whence it will go direct to Richmond, instead of waiting five days on the road. Our crops, lately drowned, are now burning up. I begin to feel the effects of the fresh in my *health* as well as my purse. Dudley and myself both have experienced the ill

consequences of our daily visits to the low grounds. The negroes, however, continue healthy. Out of more than two hundred, not a patient since I came home.

Who is it that says "il-y-a tant de plaisir à bavarder avec un ami!" Perhaps you will reply that the pleasure is not so great *entre bavardé*.

Randolph to Key.

ROANOKE, July 31, 1814.

Affliction has assailed me in a new shape. My younger nephew whom you saw in G. Town two years ago has fallen, I fear, into a confirmed pulmonary consumption. He was the pride, the sole hope of our family. How shall I announce to his wretched mother that the last stay of her widowed life is falling? Give me some comfort, my good friend, I beseech you. He is now travelling by slow journeys home. What a scene awaits him there! His birth-place in ashes, his mother worn to a skeleton with disease and grief, his brother cut off from all that distinguishes man to his advantage from the brute beast. I do assure you that my own reason has staggered under this cruel blow. I know, or rather have a confused conception of what I ought to do, and sometimes strive, not altogether ineffectually I hope, to do it; but again all is chaos and misery. My faculties are benumbed; I feel suffocated; let me hear from you, I pray.

Yours, in truth,

J. R.

St. George, my elder nephew, is calm and governable, but entirely irrational. Commend me to Mrs. Key, and to Ridgely and West. Since writing the above my whole crop (tobacco and corn) is destroyed by a fresh, the greatest that has been known within twenty years. I fear a famine next summer; for this country, if we had the means of buying, is out of the way of a supply, except by distant land-carriage, and the harvests of Rappahannock, &c., cannot be brought up to Richmond by water. The poor slaves I fear will suffer dreadfully.

Randolph to Brockenbrough.

ROANOKE, Aug. 1, 1814.

You find in me, I fear, not merely an unprofitable but a troublesome correspondent; all my conversation is on paper. I have no one to converse with, for I have hardly seen Dudley since my return from Farmville, and I try to forget myself, or to obtain some relief from my own thoughts, by pouring them out on one who has heretofore lent to me perhaps too partial an ear. I have lived to feel that there are "many

the most that would be death. These dangers that terrify the imagination in the world, and sometimes drive them to eternal ruin, are not the most terrible. There are other dangers that induce to contemplate, without being able to prevent, the calamities which await this unhappy country—famine and all its concomitant horrors of distress and misery. To aid in the future, a late requisition of militia in Nevada carries disease and grief into the bosoms of many families in this country, and to have a just conception of the scene, it is necessary to be at the spot. This is our court day, when the counsels are to report themselves, and I purposely abstain from the sight of wretchedness that I cannot resist. I have indeed enough of it at home. The river did not swell in the rise until last night at sunset. It has, after two or four hours, just retired within its banks. The run is tremendous. The granary of this part of the State is tilted of its stores. Where then are the former furnishings of the great support of life to look for a supply? With a family of more than two hundred mouths looking up to me for food, I feel an awful change of my hands. It is easy to rid myself of the burden if I could shut my heart to the cry of humanity and the voice of duty. But in these poor slaves I have found my best and most faithful friends, and I feel that it would be more difficult to abandon them to the cruel fate to which our laws would consign them, than to suffer with them.

Among other of his tracts, I have been reading to-day *France as the Policy of the Allies*. If the book is within your reach, may you give it a perusal. It has a strong bearing on the present circumstances of France. A thousand conceptions have arisen in my mind on that subject and on the actual condition of our country, which I regret it has not been in my power to commit to paper; but these bubbles of the imagination have vanished. I could not embody them in the happy moment of projection. You see that I speak the language of an adept, although hardly out of my noviceate.

...

CHAPTER III.

MILITARY CAMPAIGN.

Some time in the month of July, 1814, Cochrane made his appearance in the Chesapeake. This appearance of a formidable enemy within their own borders, spread consternation among the unprotected people along the shores. Many depredations and outrages were

committed at Hampton, Havre de Grace, and other exposed places. Finally an army was landed and marched across the country towards Washington City. They were met by a body of raw militia and a few marines, at Bladensburg, where was fought, or rather was run, the celebrated races of Bladensburg. Washington fell into the hands of the enemy, and the archives and public buildings were destroyed. On the news of this disaster, Randolph hastened to the scene of action, prepared, if occasion required, to lend his aid in defending the shores of Virginia.

The following letter, addressed to Dr. Dudley, will show how the military spirit had come over him :

CAMP FAIRFIELD, September 2, 1814.

MY DEAR THEODORE—You may be surprised at not hearing from me. But, first, I lost my horses ; secondly, I got a violent bilious complaint, not cholera, but cousin-german to it ; thirdly, I heard the news of Washington, and, without delay, proceeded hither. I am now under orders to proceed to the brick house, forty-two miles on York road, just below the confluence of Pamunkey and Mattaponi. Should you come down, report yourself to the surgeon-general, Dr. Jones, of Nottoway. But first come to camp, and see Watkins Leigh, the governor's aid.

But his military career was very brief. Finding that the enemy meditated an attack on Baltimore, and that all danger of an immediate invasion of the shores of Virginia had passed by, he hastened back to Richmond. On the 8th of September, he writes to Mr. Key from that city :

"I have been here ten days, including four spent in reconnoitering the lower country between York and James River, from the confluence of Mattaponi and Pamunkey to the mouth of Chickahomany. You will readily conceive my anxiety on the subject of my friends at Blenheim, the Woodyard, and Alexandria. Thank God ! Georgetown is safe. I was in terror for you and yours. Pray, let me hear from you. Tell me something of Sterrett Ridgely, and remember me to him and all who care to remember me. I have witnessed a sad spectacle in my late ride ; but I do not wish to depress your spirits. Dudley is at home with St. George. Poor Tudor is ill, very ill, at Mr. Morris's, near New-York.

Mr. Randolph remained in Richmond about a month. Hearing still more unfavorable tidings of his nephew, he set out about the 9th of October on a journey to Morrisania, the family residence of

Gouverneur Morris, Esq., near the city of New-York. On the 13th, he writes from Baltimore to Dudley :

"I have been detained here since Monday, by the consequences of an accident that befel me at Port Conway (opposite Port Royal), on Monday morning. At three o'clock, I was roused to set out in the stage. Mistaking, in the dark, a very steep staircase for a passage, at the end of which I expected to find the descent,—walking boldly on, I fell from the top to the bottom, and was taken up senseless. My left shoulder and elbow were severely hurt; also the right ankle. My hat saved my head, which was bruised, but not cut. Nevertheless, I persevered, got to Georgetown, and the next day came to this place, where I have been compelled to remain in great pain."

October 23d, 1814, he writes from Morrisania :

"After various accidents, one of which had nearly put an end to my unprosperous life, and confined me nearly a week on the road, I reached this place yesterday. Tudor is better; I have hopes of him, if we can get him to Virginia in his present plight."

November 17th, he again writes to Dr. Dudley :

"On returning from Morrisania, on Sunday, the 24th of October, the driver overturned me in Cortlandt-street, by driving over a pile of stones, &c., before a new house, unfinished, which nuisance extended more than half way across a narrow street. I am very seriously injured. The patella is, in itself, unhurt; but the ligaments are very much wrenched, so that a tight bandage alone enables me to hobble from one room to another with the help of a stick. I hope to be able to bear the motion of a carriage by the last of this week. I shall then go to Philadelphia, and hope to see you by the 1st of next month; assuredly (God willing) before Christmas. I am a poor miserable cripple, and you are my only support."

He arrived in Philadelphia about the first of December, and remained in that city the greater part of the winter, the weather being too inclement for him to travel. His time was most agreeably spent in the society of some of his old and most valued friends. Mrs. Clay, the widow of his late much lamented friend, Joseph Clay; Dr. Chapman, Mr. Parish, and others. The son of Mr. Clay, who bore his name, John Randolph Clay, he took to Virginia with him, defrayed the expenses of his education for a number of years, and watched over him with the care and anxiety of a father.

On his arrival in Richmond, he thus writes to Mr. Key :

RICHMOND, March 9, 1815.

DEAR FRANK :—I have lately got out of the habit of writing to my friends, even to you—you to whom I am so much indebted.

Such is the consequence of that state of mind under which I have unhappily labored for a long, long time past—the victim of ennui, indolence, and despair. I am not even as thankful as I ought to be for the great blessing lately vouchsafed us, at the moment when the wits of our rulers had become inextricably puzzled, and all their expedients to raise men or money had failed. Well, here is a peace at last; and a peace, if I may judge of the stagnation here, very like a war: but this topic has become stale and threadbare.

I found my poor boy here worse than I left him four months before, and daily declining. I must try to send him to the Mediterranean coast of Europe, although with little hope. Sometimes I think he had better give up his innocent life in the arms of his poor mother, instead of perishing (as I fear will be his lot should he cross the Atlantic) among strangers in a foreign land! Yet, again, what boots it *where* we die.

What are you going to do—have you given up the editorial scheme? Do you really think that the mere restoration of peace has anticipated all your schemes to be of service to this poor country? Are the present men and measures riveted upon the nation, at least for our lifetime? I think so, and therefore I wish to keep out of the vortex “betwixt vexed Scylla and the hoarse Calabrian shore;” not to tread that “huge Serbonian bog, where armies whole (of politicians) have sunk.”

Do not think this a *nolo episcopari*, because of a certain letter that you may have seen. Times have changed since that letter was written, and *nos mutamus in illis*. If I can compass it, I will go with my poor sick boy, and sit by him and *comfort* him as well as I can.

On his return home, Mr. Randolph was urged by his old friends to become a candidate for Congress in the approaching elections; they assailed him on all hands, entreated him, followed him with solicitations that brooked no denial. Many who had deserted him on a former occasion wished for an opportunity to retrieve themselves, and to show their high appreciation of a man whom, in the hour of excitement and party blindness, they had been induced to abandon. The communication of the determination of his friends to support him at the ensuing election brought out a swarm of detractors, whom he was urged to answer. He steadily refused. “It is too late,” says he, “in the day to vindicate my public character before a people whom I represented fourteen years, and whom, if they do not now know me, never will. I therefore abstain from all places of public resort, as well from inclination as principle.” He entered the field

with his old competitor, Mr. Epps, and was triumphantly elected. Writing to Mr. Key on the 25th of April, he says: "You will have heard of my re-election; an event which has given me no pleasure, except so far as it has been gratifying to my friends. It is a station as unfit for me as I am for it. For a long time my mind has refused to travel in that track. I cannot force myself to think on the subject of my public affairs. I am engrossed by reflections of a very different, and far more important nature. I am 'a stricken deer,' and feel disposed to 'leave the hind.' The hand of calamity has pressed sorely upon me; I do not repine at it. On the contrary, I return thanks for the (apparent) evil as well as good, which He who knows what is best for me has appointed for my portion in this life. May it have the effect of drawing me close unto Him, without whose gracious mercy I feel that I am a lost, undone creature."

Mr. Key expressed himself sincerely gratified at the triumph of his friend: "Such an one," says he, "has not to my knowledge ever fallen to the lot of any man. It does equal honor to the electors and the elected." Mr. Key delicately suggested to him that there is a virtue, the most difficult, but the most noble, which he was now called upon to practise; it was to show the meekness and moderation of true magnanimity after so signal a victory. "Excuse me," says he, "for thinking of reminding you of this. It springs from a heart, among whose warmest wishes it is, that you should exhibit every grace and dignity of which this poor frail nature of ours is capable."

Randolph, in reply, says: "You will have perceived I hope, my good friend, from my letter by Dr. —, that I have felt no disposition to indulge in an unbecoming triumph on the event of the late election in this district. I do assure you with the utmost sincerity, that, so far as I am personally concerned, I cannot but regret the partiality of my friends, who insisted on holding me up on this occasion. I am engrossed by sentiments of a far different character, and I look forward to the future in this world, to say nothing of the next, with anticipations that forbid any idle expression of exultation. On the contrary, my sensations are such as become a dependent creature, whose only hope for salvation rests upon the free grace of Him to whom we must look for peace in this world, as well as in the world to come. I cannot give expression to the feelings which fill my

mind, and by which it is overcome ; I struggle even with the difficulty of repressing them on occasions, and before persons, where the only effect would be to cover me with ridicule."



CHAPTER IV.

NEW ENGLAND.

THE subjects of difficulty between the United States and Great Britain affected the interests of the New England States more than any other section of the Union. It was their seamen that were captured, their carrying trade that was interdicted by maritime adjudications, their shipping and commerce that were crippled and destroyed by the orders in council. The Southern States, being wholly given to planting and other agricultural pursuits, were only affected by the temporary suspension of a market for the sale of their products. Both, however, united in their petitions and remonstrances to Congress, and in demands for a redress of their grievances. But when the measures adopted for this purpose began to operate, it was found by the New England States that the remedy was more burthensome and destructive than the evils complained of. An American seaman was occasionally captured, but as a compensation hundreds of British sailors fled to our more lucrative and agreeable service. Much too frequently, it is true, an American vessel and her cargo were condemned by a British court of admiralty, yet many escaped and pursued a successful and profitable voyage ; but the embargo drove every seaman from the service, and by one fell blow put an end to all commerce. Before this fatal expedient there was hazard in every enterprise, but there was hope to cheer on the adventurers ; now even hope was extinguished, and the means of winning a precarious subsistence from the perilous deep were wrested from them. These were the feelings and opinions in New England. Massachusetts interposed her authority ; pronounced the law unconstitutional and oppressive, and declared, that unless some speedy remedy were applied, necessity, the law of self-preservation that rises above all other law, would impel her to some ulterior and more decisive course. To the

honor of Mr. Jefferson be it said, he yielded to the necessity of the case, and consented to a repeal of the embargo laws. Up to this period there was nothing but what was highly creditable to both parties. But Mr. Jefferson had gone into retirement, and other councils ruled the destiny of the nation. Measure after measure was adopted, embarrassing and ruinous to the interests of New England, until finally the whole nation was plunged in war. All its armies and military resources were transported to the frontiers of Canada, and pledged to a war of aggression and conquest, while the Atlantic borders were left exposed to the ravages of the enemy. Napoleon had been conquered by the frosts of Russia, and was an exile on the shores of Elba. England had redoubled her energies and made the war a vindictive punishment of the people for the sins of their government—rapine, brutality, and murder followed in the train of her armies, and their approach was more to be dreaded by the helpless and the innocent, than the invasion of the traitorous Arnold. In this state of affairs Massachusetts again interposed; but times had changed; the country was involved in war, and whether right or wrong, she required all good citizens to help to bring it to a successful end. New England at this crisis was charged—at least Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut were charged—with the design of seeking a separate peace with Great Britain, and placing themselves in a position of neutrality during the further progress of the war, if indeed they did not cherish the ulterior purpose of a complete and final separation from the other States of the Union.

Whether this accusation be true or not, forms no part of our inquiry. We would fain hope—indeed we have good reason to believe that it was untrue—and that it formed a part of those party tactics which are too often resorted to to bring odium on political opponents, by misrepresenting their designs and their motives. The accusation, however, was made at the time by the minority of the Massachusetts Legislature that opposed the election of delegates to the Hartford Convention.

At this dark and melancholy period, when a vindictive foreign war was ravaging our coasts, and disrapture and civil war were threatened within, Mr. Randolph was called upon to interpose his good offices in behalf of his country. He was told that his voice would be heard in New England, and that his admonitions would

receive their just consideration. He did not hesitate to give them—in the midst of pain, disease, domestic affliction, and mental suffering, he addressed to the people of New England, through one of her distinguished Senators, the following letter. Let it be read with attention; it does honor to the head and to the heart of the man that penned it. The reader cannot fail to be animated by the patriotism that glowed in his bosom, and to be cheered by the high appreciation he placed on the value of the Union, not as an end to be maintained at all hazards, but as a means to secure the peace and the happiness of the whole country. Let it not be said, after a perusal of this letter, that Mr. Randolph entertained unfounded and unreasonable prejudices against the people of New England. He cherished no such feelings. When New England became the advocate of a system of protection that proved to be as ruinous to the interests of his people as the embargo had been to them, he did not complain and declare in his peculiar and emphatic way, that nothing manufactured north of Mason and Dixon's line should ever enter into his house; but he never ceased to cherish towards the people of New England the profoundest sentiments of respect and regard.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 15, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—You will doubtless be surprised, but (I trust) not offended at the receipt of this letter. Of the motives which dictate it I shall forbear to speak: let them be gathered from its context. But should you ascribe my selection of you as the object of its address to any other cause than respect for your character and confidence in your love of country, you will have done much injustice to me; but more to yourself.

At Washington, I learned the result of the dispatches brought by the John Adams (a name of evil omen), and there rumors were afloat, which have since gathered strength, of a disposition in Massachusetts, and indeed throughout New England, to follow the example of Nantucket, and declare for a neutrality in the present contest with Great Britain. I will not believe it. What! Boston, the cradle of American independence, to whose aid Virginia stepped forth unsolicited, when the whole vengeance of the British ministry was wreaked on that devoted town. Boston! now to desert us, in our utmost need, to give up her old ally to ravage, at the price of her own impunity from the common enemy?—I cannot, will not believe it. The men, if any such there be among you, who venture to insinuate such an intent by the darkest inuendo, do they claim to be the disciples of Washington? They are of the school of Arnold. I

am not insensible to the vexations and oppressions, with which you have been harassed, with little intermission, since the memorable embargo of 1807. These I am disposed, as you well know, neither to excuse, nor to extenuate. Perhaps I may be reminded of an authority, to which I always delight to refer, "*Segnius irritant animos, &c.*," but let me tell such gentlemen, that our sufferings under political quacks of our own calling in, are not matter of *hearsay*. It is true they are considered by the unhappy, misguided patient, as evidence of the potency and consequently (according to his system of logic) of the efficacy of the medicine, as well as the inveteracy of the disease. It is not less true that this last has become, from preposterous treatment, in the highest degree alarming. The patient himself begins to suspect something of the sort, and the doctors trembling, each for his own character, are quarrelling and calling hard names among themselves. But they have reduced us to such a condition, that nothing short of the knife will now do. "We must fight, Mr. Speaker!" said Patrick Henry in 1775, when his sagacious mind saw there was nothing else left for us but manly resistance or slavish submission; and his tongue dared to utter what his heart suggested. How much greater the necessity now, when our country is regarded not as a property to be recovered, and therefore spared, so far as is compatible with the end in view; but as an object of vengeance, of desolation.

You know my sentiments of the men at the head of our affairs, and of the general course of administration during the last eight years. You know also that the relation, in which I stand towards them, is one of my own deliberate choice; sanctioned not more by my judgment than by my feelings. You, who have seen men (in the ranks, when I commanded in chief in the House of Representatives, and others, at that time too green to be on the political muster roll—whose names had never been pronounced out of their own parish) raised to the highest offices; you who are thoroughly acquainted with the whole progress of my separation from the party with which I was once connected in conduct, do not require to be told, that "there was a time in which I stood in such favor in the closet, that there must have been something extravagantly unreasonable in my wishes, if they might not ALL have been gratified." But I must acknowledge that you have seen instances of apostasy among your quondam political associates, as well as my own, that might almost justify a suspicion, that I too, tired of holding out, may wish to make my peace with the administration, by adding one more item "to the long catalogue of venality from Esau to the present day." Should such a shade of suspicion pass across your mind, I can readily excuse it, in consideration of the common frailty of our nature, from which I claim no peculiar exemption, and the transcendent wickedness of the

times we live in; but you will have given me credit for a talent which I do not possess. I am master of no such ambidexterity; and were I to attempt this game, which it is only for adepts (not novices) to play! I am thoroughly conscious, that like other bungling rogues, I should at once expose my knavery and miss my object—not that our political church refuses to open her arms to the vilest of heretics and sinners who can seal their abjuration of their old faith by the prosecution of the brethren with whom they held and professed it: but I know that my nerves are of too weak a fibre to hear the question ordinary and extraordinary from our political inquisitors. I can sustain with composure and even with indifference the rancorous hatred of the numerous enemies, whom it has been my lot to make in the course of my unprosperous life—but I have not yet steeled myself to endure the contemptuous pity of those noble and high-minded men, whom I glory to call my friends, and I am on too bad terms with the world, to encounter my own self-disrespect.

You may however very naturally ask, why I have chosen you for the object of this address? Why I have not rather selected some one of those political friends, whom I have yet found “faithful among the faithless,” as the vehicle of my opinions? It is because the avenue to the public ear is shut against me in Virginia, and I have been flattered to believe that the sound of my voice may reach New England. Nay, that it would be heard there, not without attention and respect. With us the press is under a virtual *imprimatur*, and it would be more easy, at this time, to force into circulation the treasury notes, than opinions militating against the administration, through the press in Virginia. We were indeed beginning to open our eyes in spite of the opiate with which we were drugged by the newspapers, and the busy hum of the insects that bask in the sunshine of court patronage, when certain events occurred, the most favorable that could have happened for our rulers; whose “luck,” verifying the proverb, is in the inverse ratio of their wisdom; or, perhaps I ought to say, who have the cunning to take advantage of glaring acts of indiscretion, in their adversaries at home and abroad, as these may affect the public mind; and such have never failed to come to their relief, when otherwise their case would have been hopeless. I give you the most serious assurance, that nothing less than the shameful conduct of the enemy and the complexion of certain occurrences to the eastward could have sustained Mr. Madison after the disgraceful affair at Washington. The public indignation would have overwhelmed, in one common ruin, himself and his hireling newspapers. The artillery of the press, so long the instrument of our subjugation, would, as at Paris, have been turned against the destroyer of his country: when we are told that old England says he “shall,” and New England that he “must,” retire from office, as the

price of peace with the one, and of union with the other, we have too much English blood in our veins to submit to this dictation, or to any thing in the form of a threat. Neither of these people know any thing of us. The ignorance of her foreign agents, not only of the country to which they are sent, but even of their own, has exposed England to general derision. She will learn, when it is too late, that we are a high-minded people, attached to our liberty and our country, because it is free, in a degree inferior to no people under the sun. She will discover that "our trade would have been worth more than our spoil," and that she has made deadly enemies of a whole people, who, in spite of her and of the world, of the sneers of her sophists, or of the force of her arms, are destined to become, within the present session, a mighty nation. It belongs to New England to say, whether she will constitute a portion, an important and highly respectable portion of this nation, or whether she will dwindle into that state of insignificant, nominal independence, which is the precarious curse of the minor kingdoms of Europe. A separation made in the fulness of time, the effect of amicable arrangements, may prove mutually beneficial to both parties: such would have been the effect of American independence, if the British ministry could have listened to any suggestion but that of their own impotent rage: but a settled hostility embittered by the keenest recollections, must be the result of a disunion between you and us, under the present circumstances. I have sometimes wished that Mr. Madison (who endeavored to thwart the wise and benevolent policy of General Washington "to regard the English like other nations, as enemies in war, in peace friends,") had succeeded in embroiling us with the Court of St. James, twenty years sooner. We should in that case, have had the father of his country to conduct the war and to make the peace; and that peace would have endured beyond the lifetime of the authors of their country's calamity and disgrace. But I must leave past recollections. The present and the immediate future claim our attention.

It may be said, that in time of peace, the people of every portion of our confederacy find themselves too happy to think of division; that the sufferings of a war, like this, are requisite, to rouse them to the necessary exertion: war is incident to all governments; and wars I very much fear will be wickedly declared, and weakly waged, even by the New England confederacy, as they have been by every government (not even excepting the Roman republic), of which we have any knowledge; and it does appear to me no slight presumption that the evil has not yet reached the point of amputation, when peace alone will render us the happiest (as we are the freest) people under the sun; at least too happy to think of dissolving the Union, which, as it carried us through the war of our revolution, will, I

trust, bear us triumphant through that in which we have been plunged, by the incapacity and corruption of men, neither willing to maintain the relations of peace, nor able to conduct the operations of war. Should I, unhappily, be mistaken in this expectation, let us see what are to be the consequences of the separation, not to us, but to yourselves. An exclusion of your tonnage and manufactures from our ports and harbors. It will be our policy to encourage our own, or even those of Europe in preference to yours; a policy more obvious than that which induced us of the South, to consent to discriminating duties in favor of American tonnage, in the infancy of this government. It is unnecessary to say, to you, that I embrace the duties on imports, as well as the tonnage duty, when I allude to the encouragement of American shipping. It will always be our policy to prevent your obtaining a naval superiority, and consequently to cut you off entirely from our carrying trade. The same plain interest will cause us to prefer any manufactures to your own. The intercourse with the rest of the world, that exchanges our surplus for theirs, will be the nursery of our seamen. In the middle States you will find rivals, not very heartily indisposed to shut out the competition of your shipping. In the same section of country and in the boundless West, you will find jealous competitors of your mechanics—you will be left to settle, as you can, with England, the question of boundary on the side of New Brunswick, and unless you can bring New-York to a state of utter blindness, as to her own interests, that great, thriving, and most populous member of the southern confederacy will present a hostile frontier to the only States of the union of Hartford, that can be estimated as of any efficiency. Should that respectable city be chosen as the seat of the Eastern Congress, that body will sit within two days' march of the most populous county of New-York (Duchess), of itself almost equal to some of the New England States. I speak not in derision, but in soberness and sadness of heart. Rather let me say, that like a thoroughbred diplomatist, I try to suppress every thing like feeling, and treat this question as a dry matter of calculation; well knowing, at the same time, that in this, as in every question of vital interest, "our passions instruct our reason." The same high authority has told us that jacobinism is of no country, that it is a sect found in all. Now, as our jacobins in Virginia would be very glad to hear of the bombardment of Boston, so, I very much fear, your jacobins would not be very sorry to hear of a servile insurrection in Virginia. But such I trust is the general feeling in neither country, otherwise I should at once agree that union, like the marriages of Mezentius, was the worst that could befall us. For, with every other man of common sense, I have always regarded union as the means of liberty and safety; in other words of happiness, and not as an end, to which

these are to be sacrificed. Neither, at the same time, are means so precious, so efficient (in proper hands) of these desirable objects, to be thrown, rashly aside, because, in the hands of bad men, they have been made the instrument almost of our undoing.

You in New England (it is unnecessary I hope to specify when I *do not* address myself personally to yourself) are very wide of the mark, if you suppose we to the south do not suffer at least as much as yourselves, from the incapacity of our rulers to conduct the defence of the country. Do you ask why we do not change those rulers? I reply, because we are a people, like your own Connecticut, of steady habits. Our confidence once given is not hastily withdrawn. Let those who will, abuse the fickleness of the people; I shall say such is not the character of the people of Virginia. They may be deceived, but they are honest. Taking advantage of their honest prejudices, the growth of our revolution, fostered not more by Mr. Jefferson than by the injuries and (what is harder to be borne) the insults of the British ministry since the peace of 1783, a combination of artful men, has, with the aid of the press, and the possession of the machinery of government (a powerful engine in any hands) led them to the brink of ruin. I can never bring myself to believe, that the whole mass of the landed proprietors in any country, but especially such a country as Virginia, can seriously plot its ruin. Our government is in the hands of the landed proprietors only. The very men of whom you complain, have left nothing undone that *they* dared to do, in order to destroy it. Foreign influence is unknown among us. What we feel of it is through the medium of the General Government, which acted on, itself, by foreign renegades, serves as a conductor, between them and us, of this pernicious influence. I know of no foreigner who has been, or is, in any respectable office in the gift of the people, or in the government of Virginia. No member of either House of Congress, no leading member of our Assembly, no judge of our Supreme Courts: of the newspapers printed in the State, as far as my knowledge extends, without discrimination of party, they are conducted by native Virginians. Like yourselves, we are an unmixed people. I know the prejudice that exists against us, nor do I wonder at it, considering the gross ignorance on the subject that prevails north of Maryland, and even in many parts of that neighboring State.

What member of the confederacy has sacrificed more on the altar of public good than Virginia? Whence did the General Government derive its lands beyond the Ohio, then and now almost the only source of revenue? From our grant,—a grant so curiously worded, and by our present Palinurus too, as to except ourselves, by its limitations, from the common benefit.

By its conditions it was forbidden ground to us, and thereby the

foundation was laid of incurable animosity and division between the States on each side of that great natural boundary, the river Ohio. Not only their masters, but the very slaves themselves, for whose benefit this regulation was made, were sacrificed by it. Dispersion is to them a bettering of their present condition, and of their chance for emancipation. It is only when this can be done without danger and without ruinous individual loss that it will be done at all. But what is common sense to a political Quixote?

That country was ours by a double title, by charter and by conquest. George Rogers Clark, the American Hannibal, at the head of the State troops, by the reduction of Post Vincennes, obtained the lakes for our northern boundary at the peace of Paris. The march of that great man and his brave companions in arms across the drowned lands of the Wabash, does not shrink from a comparison with the passage of the Thrasimene marsh. Without meaning any thing like an invidious distinction, I have not heard of any cession from Massachusetts of her vast wilds; and Connecticut has had the address, out of our grant to the *firm*, to obtain, on her own private account, some millions of acres: whilst we, yes we, I blush to say it, have descended to beg for a pittance, out of the property once our own, for the brave men by whose valor it had been won, and whom heedless profusion had disabled us to recompense. We met the just *faté* of the prodigal. We were spurned from the door, where once we were master, with derision and scorn; and yet we hear of undue Virginian influence. This fund yielded the Government, when I had connection with it, from half a million to eight hundred thousand dollars, annually. It would have preserved us from the imposition of State taxes, founded schools, built bridges and made roads and canals throughout Virginia. It was squandered away in a single donative at the instance of Mr. Madison. For the sake of concord with our neighbors, by the same generous but misguided policy, we ceded to Pennsylvania Fort Pitt, a most important commercial and military position, and a vast domain around it, as much Virginia as the city of Richmond and the county of Henrico. To Kentucky, the eldest daughter of the Union, the Virginia of the west, we have yielded on a question of boundary, from a similar consideration. Actuated by the same magnanimous spirit at the instance of other States (with the exception of New-York, North Carolina, and Rhode Island), we accepted, in 1783, the present Constitution. It was repugnant to our judgment, and fraught, as we feared, with danger to our liberties. The awful voice of our ablest and soundest statesmen, of Patrick Henry, and of George Mason, never before or since disregarded, warned us of the consequences. Neither was their counsel entirely unheeded, for it led to important subsequent amendments of that instrument. I have always believed this

disinterested spirit, so often manifested by us, to be one of the chief causes of the influence which we have exercised over the other States. Eight States having made that Constitution their own, we submitted to the yoke for the sake of union. Our attachment to the Union is not an empty profession. It is demonstrated by our practice at home. No sooner was the Convention of 1788 dissolved, than the feuds of federalism and anti-federalism disappeared. I speak of their effects on our councils. For the sake of union, we submitted to the lowest state of degradation; the administration of John Adams. The name of this man calls up contempt and derision, wheresoever it is pronounced. To the fantastic vanity of this political Malvolio may be distinctly traced our present unhappy condition. I will not be so ungenerous as to remind you that this personage (of whom and his addresses, and his answers, I defy you to think without a bitter smile) was not a Virginian, but I must in justice to ourselves, insist in making him a set-off against Mr. Madison. They are of such equal weight, that the trembling balance reminds us of that passage of Pope, where Jove "weighs the beau's wits against the lady's hair."

"The doubtful beam long nods from side to side,
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside."

Intoxicated not more by the fulsome adulation with which he was plied, than by the fumes of his own vanity, this poor old gentleman saw a visionary coronet suspended over his brow, and an air-drawn sceptre "the handle towards his hand," which attempting to clutch, he lost his balance, and disappeared never to rise again. He it was, who "enacting" Nat. Lee's Alexander, raved about the people of Virginia as "a faction to be humbled in dust and ashes," when the sackcloth already was prepared for his own back.

But I am spinning out this letter to too great a length. What is your object—PEACE? Can this be attained on any terms, whilst England sees a prospect of disuniting that confederacy, which has already given so deep a blow to her maritime pride, and threatens at no very distant day to dispute with her the empire of the ocean? The wound which our gallant tars have inflicted on her tenderest point, has maddened her to rage. Cursed as we are with a weak and wicked administration, she can no longer despise us. Already she begins to hate us; and she seeks to glut a revenge as impotent as it is-rancorous, by inroads that would have disgraced the buccaneers, and bulletins that would only not disgrace the sovereign of Elba. She already is compelled to confess in her heart, what her lips deny, that if English bull-dogs and game-cocks degenerate on our soil, English MEN do not:—and should (which God forbid) our brethren of the East desert us in this contest for all that is precious to man, we will maintain it, so long as our proud and insulting foe shall refuse to accede to equitable terms of peace. The Government will then pass

into proper hands—the talents of the country will be called forth, and the schemes of moon-struck philosophers and their disciples pass away and “leave not a rack behind.”

You know how steady and persevering I endeavored, for eight years, to counteract the artful and insidious plans of our rulers to embroil us with the country of our ancestors, and the odium which I have thereby drawn upon myself. Believing it to be my duty to soften, as much as possible, the asperities which subsisted between the two countries, and which were leading to a ruinous war, I put to hazard, nay, exposed to almost certain destruction, an influence such as no man, perhaps, in this country, at the same age, had ever before attained. (The popularity that dreads exposure is too delicate for public service. It is a bastard species: the true sort will stand the hardest frosts. Is it my fault (as Mr. Burke complained of the crowned heads of Europe) that England will no longer suffer me to find palliatives for her conduct? No man admired more than I did her magnanimous stand against the tyrant, before whom all the rest of Christendom at one time bowed: No man, not even her own Wilberforce and Perceval, put up more sincere prayers for her deliverance. In the remotest isle of Australasia, my sympathy would have been enlisted, in such a contest, for the descendants of Alfred and Bacon, and Shakspeare, and Milton, and Locke, on whom I love to look back as my illustrious countrymen—in any contest I should have taken side with liberty; but on this depended (as I believed and do still believe) all that made my own country dear in my sight. It is past—and unmindful of the mercy of that protecting Providence which has carried her through the valley of the shadow of death, England “feels power and forgets right.” I am not one of the whining set of people who cry out against mine adversary for the force of his blow. England has, unquestionably, as good a right to conquer us, as we have to conquer Canada; the same right that we have to conquer England, and with about as good prospect of success. But let not her orators declaim against the enormity of French principles, when she permits herself to arm and discipline our slaves, and to lead them into the field against their masters, in the hope of exciting by the example a general insurrection, and thus render Virginia another St. Domingo. And does she talk of jacobinism! What is this but jacobinism? and of the vilest stamp? Is this the country that has abolished the slave trade? that has made that infamous, inhuman traffic a felony? that feeds with the bread of life all who hunger after it, and even those who, but for her, would never have known their perishing condition? Drunk with the cup of the abominations of Moloch, they have been roused from the sleep of death, like some benighted traveller perishing in the snows, and warmed into life by the beams of the only true religion. Is this the country of Wilber-

force and Howard? It is;—but, like my own, my native land, it has fallen into the hands of evil men, who pour out its treasure and its blood at the shrine of their own guilty ambition. And this impious sacrifice they celebrate amidst the applauses of the deluded people, and even of the victims themselves.

There is a proneness in mankind to throw the blame of their sufferings on any one but themselves. In this manner, Virginia is regarded by some of her sister States; not adverting to the fact, that all (Connecticut and Delaware excepted) are responsible for the measures that have involved us in our present difficulties. Did we partition your State into those unequal and monstrous districts which have given birth to a new word in your language, of uncouth sound, calling up the most odious associations. Did we elect the jacobins whom you sent to both Houses of Congress—the Bidwells, and Gannetts, and Skinners,—to spur on the more moderate men from Virginia to excesses which they reluctantly gave into at the time, and have since been ashamed of? Who hurried the bill suspending the privilege of the writ of HABEAS CORPUS through a trembling servile Senate, in consequence, as he did not blush to state, of a *verbal* communication from the President? A Senator from Massachusetts, and professor in her venerable university. In short, have not your first statesmen (such I believe was the reputation of the gentleman in question at the time), your richest merchants, and the majority of your delegation in Congress vied in support of the men and the measures that have led to our present suffering and humiliated condition?

If you wished to separate yourselves from us, you had ample provocation in time of peace, in an embargo the most unconstitutional and oppressive; an engine of tyranny, fraud, and favoritism. Then was the time to resist (we did not desert England in a time of war), but you were then under the dominion of a faction among yourselves, yet a formidable minority, exhibiting no signs of diminution; and it is not the least of my apprehensions, from certain proceedings to the eastward, that they may be made the means of consigning you again, and for ever, to the same low, insolent domination. The reaction of your jacobins upon us (for although we have some in Virginia, they are few and insignificant) through the men at Washington, ("who must conciliate good republicans,") is dreadful. Pause, I beseech you, pause! You tread on the brink of destruction. Of all the Atlantic States you have the least cause to complain. Your manufactures, and the trade which the enemy has allowed you, have drained us of our last dollar. How then can we carry on the war? With men and steel—stout hearts, and willing hands—and these from the days of Darius and Xerxes, in defence of the household gods of freedom, have proved a match for gold. Can they not now encounter paper? We shall suffer much from this contest, it will cut deep;

but dismissing its authors from our confidence and councils for ever, (I speak of a few leaders and their immediate tools, not of the deluded, as well in as out of authority,) we shall pass, if it be the good pleasure of Him whose curses are tempered with mercies, through an agony and a bloody sweat, to peace and salvation; to that peace which is only to be found in a reconciliation with Him. "Atheists and madmen *have* been our lawgivers," and when I think on our past conduct I shudder at the chastisement that may await us. How has not Europe suffered for her sins! Will England not consider, that, like the man who but yesterday bestrode the narrow world, she is but an instrument in his hands, who breaketh the weapons of his chastisement, when the measure of his people's punishment is full?

When I exhort to further patience—to resort to constitutional means of redress only, I know that there is such a thing as tyranny as well as oppression; and that there is no government, however restricted in its power, that may not, by abuse, under pretext of exercise of its constitutional authority, drive its unhappy subjects to desperation. Our situation is indeed awful. The members of the Union in juxtaposition—held together by no common authority to which men can look up with confidence and respect. Smitten by the charms of Upper Canada, our President has abandoned the several States to shift for themselves as they can.—Congress is *felo de se*. In practice there is found little difference between a government of requisitions on the States, which these disregard, or a government of requisitions on the people, which the governors are afraid to make until the public faith is irretrievably ruined. Congress seemed barred by their own favorite act of limitations, from raising supplies; prescription runs against them. But let us not despair of the commonwealth. Some master-spirit may be kindled by the collision of the times, who will breathe his own soul into the councils and armies of the republic; and here indeed is our chiefest danger. The man who is credulous enough to believe that a constitution, with the skeleton of an establishment of 10,000 men, not 2,000 strong, (such was our army three years ago,) is the same as with an army of 60,000 men, may be a very amiable neighbor, but is utterly unfit for a statesman. Already our government is in fact changed. We are become a military people, of whom more than of any other it might have been said *fortunatos sua si bona norint*. If under such circumstances you ask me what you are to do, should a conscription of the model of Bonaparte be attempted? I will refer you to its reputed projector, Colonel Monroe. Ask him what he would have done, whilst governor of Virginia, and preparing to resist Federal usurpation, had such an attempt been made by Mr. Adams and his ministers; especially in 1800. He *can* give the answer.

But when you complain of the representation of three-fifths of

our slaves, I reply that it is one of the articles of that compact, which you submitted to us for acceptance, and to which we reluctantly acceded. Our Constitution is an affair of compromise between the States, and this is the master-key which unlocks all its difficulties. If any of the parties to the compact are dissatisfied with their share of influence, it is an affair of amicable discussion, in the mode pointed out by the constitution itself, but no cause for dissolving the confederacy. And when I read and hear the vile stuff against my country printed and uttered on this subject, by fire-brands, who ought to be quenched for ever, I would remind, not these editors of journals and declaimers at clubs, but their deluded followers, that every word of these libels on the planters of Virginia, is as applicable to the father of his country as to any one among us; that in the same sense we are "slaveholders," and "negro drivers," and "dealers in human flesh," (I must be pardoned for sulling a few of their rhetorical flowers,) so was *he*, and whilst they upbraid Virginia with her Jeffersons and her Madisons, they will not always remember to forget that to Virginia they were indebted for a Washington.

I am, with the highest respect and regard, dear sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

CHAPTER V.

RELIGION.

THE reader is already aware, from many expressions let fall from the pen of Mr. Randolph, that he is deeply engaged in the great subject of religion; his necessary duties give way, and are postponed to this all-engrossing question.

In childhood and early youth, he was trained by a devoted and pious mother, in the doctrines and the practices of the Christian church. The impressions of those early lessons, though a long time disregarded, were never entirely effaced from his memory; and the hallowed associations that clustered around the name of his adored and sainted mother, the fond remembrances of childhood and innocence, never failed to awaken the deepest emotions in his affectionate and sympathetic heart. Yet he lived for many years in open derision

and mockery of that religion whose holy and divine precepts he could not efface from his mind. Coming into life at an epoch when French philosophy had not only overturned the monarchies of Europe, but had undermined and destroyed the foundation of all morals and religion, his ardent soul, like thousands of the best spirits of the age, caught the contagion of its influence, threw off all religious restraint, as the highest proof of freedom, and became, if not a mocker, at least a cold despiser of the religion of humility and self-sacrifice. But the despotism under which France had been made to groan, in consequence of her atheistic madness; the desolation that had swept over Europe; the deep calamities brought on his own country by war and restrictions; the many misfortunes and afflictions that in thick succession had befallen himself and his ill-fated family; his entire separation from all political associations and party excitements, and the profound solitude, for the most part, in which he lived, all conspired to bring back his mind to its early associations. As "the stricken deer," to which he likened himself, faint, and panting in the hot chase, seeks the fresh fountains and cooling shades of its native valley, so he, faint and heart-stricken at the desolations of an irreligious age, and athirst for the pure waters of life, sought consolation in that religion which his mother, on bended knee, with his little hands in hers uplifted to heaven, had taught him in his infancy.

He read the Old and New Testament, with the aid of good commentators, with care and diligence. The best authors were at his command—"old standard authors" constituted his daily food, though sometimes, in humility, he would complain that they were "too solid for his weak stomach." It is a great mistake to take Mr. Randolph at his word, and suppose him to be an ignorant man. "I am an ignorant man, I am an ignorant man," is the mortifying yet too deeply conscious sentiment of every man of an all-grasping genius like his; but no man was more thoroughly imbued than he with the rich lore of old English learning, or more deeply penetrated with the manly and martyr-like spirit of that religion which triumphed over the faggot and the dungeon. Being a man of the highest order of poetic genius himself, he sought only the society of kindred spirits. Milton and Cowper, and the old English divines, now obsolete and forgotten, were his daily and nightly companions. He was also most fortunate in his living associates. No man had better or more faithful friends.

His country or age can furnish no nobler specimens of a high Christian virtue than the *three* friends with whom Mr. Randolph alone conversed on "free-will; fate and philosophy," and to whose opinions he bowed with the profoundest respect and reverence. The first to whom we allude is the present Bishop Meade, of Virginia, a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian. The reader is already aware of the high regard Mr. Randolph had for that pious and venerable man. The second person was the late Dr. Moses Hogue, president of Hampden Sydney College. Mr. Randolph, for many years, lived in the immediate neighborhood of the college; and the society of its venerable head, the chief ornament of the institution, was always sought by him with avidity. "I consider Dr. Hogue," says he, "as the ablest and most interesting speaker that I ever heard, in the pulpit or out of it; and the most perfect pattern of a Christian teacher that I ever saw. His life affords an example of the great truths of the doctrine that he dispenses to his flock; and if he has a fault (which, being mortal, I suppose he cannot be free from) I have never heard it pointed out." Nothing can be added to this picture. Francis Scott Key, Esq., late of Washington City, is the other person to whom we have made allusion. The reader has already perceived the great intimacy existing between these two friends. They were kindred spirits. "Frank Key," though an eminent and successful advocate, was a poet of a high order of genius. "The Star-spangled Banner," written while he was detained on board the British fleet, an anxious spectator of the bombardment of Fort M'Henry and the assault on Baltimore, thrills the heart of every American who hears its patriotic strains, and has become one of our most popular national songs. He was a pure spirit; the friend that knew him best and valued him most, thus speaks of him: "He perseveres in pressing on toward the goal, and his whole life is spent in endeavors to do good for his unhappy fellow-men. The result is that he enjoys a tranquillity of mind, a sunshine of the soul, that all the Alexanders of the earth can neither confer nor take away."

Dr. Brockenbrough had hitherto, for the most part, been in the same category with himself, somewhat skeptical; hence, in their relations, Randolph rather assumed the province of a teacher than scholar, on the subject of morals and religion. Writing to that gentleman from Buckingham Court House, the 29th May, 1815, he says:

"I got here to-day. To-morrow we are to begin our inquisition. [A contested election.] This business does not suit me at all. My thoughts are running in a far different channel. I never feel so free from uneasiness as when I am reading the Testament, or hearing some able preacher. This great concern presses me by day and by night, almost to the engrossing of my thoughts. It is first in my mind when I wake, and the last when I go to sleep. I think it becomes daily more clear to me. All other things are as nothing when put in comparison with it. You have had a great comfort in the presence of Mr. Meade. I, too, am not without some consolation; for I have received a letter from Frank Key, that I would not exchange for the largest bundle of bank notes that you ever signed. Hear him. 'I cannot describe to you the gratification your letter has given me. The sentiments they express, I thank God I am no stranger to; and they have been made to lead me, through much anxiety and distress, to a state of peace and happiness—as far above what I have deserved, as below what I yet hope, even in this life, to attain. May you soon, my friend, experience the most delightful of all sensations, that springs from a well grounded hope of reconciliation with God! You are in the right track. [God grant it may be so!] God is leading you. Your sentiments show the divinity that stirs within you. That we have ruined ourselves—that an everlasting life is before us—that we are about (how soon we know not) to enter upon it, under the sentence of Almighty condemnation—and that we can do nothing to save ourselves from this misery; these convictions are the genuine work of the Spirit; other foundation can no man lay! They lead us to a Saviour who gives us all we want—pardon, peace, and holiness. They do not bid us first to become righteous, and then come to him; but they bring us to him as we are—as sinners to be pardoned for our sins, and cleansed from all our iniquities. This is the true doctrine of our Church, and the plain meaning of the Gospel; and indeed it seems to me, notwithstanding some peculiarities (about which there has been much useless disputation), that in these essential points almost all sects agree.'"

Writing to Mr. Key himself, from the same place, two days after the above, he says :

"I cannot refrain from unburthening some of my thoughts to you. I carry your last letter (of the 11th) constantly in my pocket, reading it frequently, and praying God that your charitable anticipations respecting me may be realized. After all, is there not selfishness at the bottom of that yearning of my heart to believe? Can that faith, setting aside its imperfection, be acceptable in the sight of God, to

which the unhappy sinner is first moved by the sense of self-preservation?

"I am brought on here by this contested election; but my mind is not at all in the thing.

"Indeed I must tell you what gives me great uneasiness; that, instead of being stimulated to the discharge of my duties, I am daily becoming more indifferent to them, and, consequently, more negligent. I see many whose minds are apparently little occupied on the subject that employs me, with whom I think I should be glad to exchange conditions; for surely, when they discharge conscientiously their part in life, without the same high motive that I feel, how culpable am I, being negligent! For a long time the thoughts that now occupy me, came and went out of my mind. Sometimes they were banished by business; at others, by pleasure. But heavy afflictions fell upon me. They came more frequently, and staid longer—pressing upon me, until, at last, I never went asleep nor awoke but they were last and first in my recollection. Oftentimes have they awakened me, until, at length, I cannot, if I would, detach myself from them. Mixing in the business of the world I find highly injurious to me. I cannot repress the feelings which the conduct of our fellow-men too often excites; yet I hate nobody, and I have endeavored to forgive all who have done me an injury, as I have asked forgiveness of those whom I may have wronged, in thought or deed. If I could have my way, I would retire to some retreat, far from the strife of the world, and pass the remnant of my days in meditation and prayer; and yet this would be a life of ignoble security. But, my good friend, I am not qualified (as yet, at least,) to bear the heat of the battle. I seek for rest—for peace. I have read much of the New Testament lately. Some of the texts are full of consolation; others inspire dread. The Epistles of Paul I cannot, for the most part, comprehend; with the assistance of Mr. Locke's paraphrase, I hope to accomplish it. My good friend, you will bear with this egotism; for I seek from you instruction on a subject, in comparison with which all others sink into insignificance. I have had a strong desire to go to the Lord's Supper; but I was deterred by a sense of my unworthiness; and, only yesterday, reading the denunciation against those who received unworthily, I thought it would never be in my power to present myself at the altar. I was present when Mr. Hogue invited to the table, and I would have given all I was worth to have been able to approach it. There is no minister of our church in these parts. I therefore go to the Presbyterians, who are the most learned and regular; but having been born in the Church of England, I do not mean to renounce it. On the contrary, I feel a comfort in repeating the Liturgy, that I would not be deprived of for worlds. Is it not for the want of some such service that Socinian-

ism has crept into the eastern congregations? How could any Socinian repeat the Apostle's Creed, or read the Liturgy? I begin to think, with you, about those people. You remember the opinions you expressed to me last winter concerning them. Among the causes of uneasiness which have laid hold upon me lately, is a strong anxiety for the welfare of those whom I love, and whom I see walking in darkness. But there is one source of affliction, the last and deepest, which I must reserve till we meet, if I can prevail upon myself to communicate it even then. It was laid open by one of those wonderful coincidences, which men call chance, but which manifest the hand of God. It has lacerated my heart, and taken from it its last hope in this world. Ought I not to bless God for the evil (as it seems in my sight) as well as the good? Is it not the greatest of blessings, if it be made the means of drawing me unto him? Do I know what to ask at his hands? Is he not the judge of what is good for me? If it be his pleasure that I perish, am I not conscious that the sentence is just?

"Implicitly, then, will I throw myself upon his mercy; 'Not my will, but thine be done;' 'Lord be merciful to me a sinner;' 'Help, Lord, or I perish.' And now, my friend, if, after these glimpses of the light, I should shut mine eyes and harden my heart, which now is as melted wax; if I should be enticed back to the 'herd,' and lose all recollection of my wounds, how much deeper my guilt than his whose heart has never been touched by the sense of his perishing, undone condition. This has rushed upon my mind when I have thought of partaking of the Lord's supper. After binding myself by that sacred rite, should passion overcome me, should I be induced to forget in some unhappy hour that holy obligation; I shudder to think of it. There are two ways only which I am of opinion that I may be serviceable to mankind. One of these is teaching children; and I have some thoughts of establishing a school. Then, again, it comes into my head that I am borne away by a transient enthusiasm; or that I may be reduced to the condition of some unhappy fanatics who mistake the perversion of their intellects for the conversion of their hearts. Pray for me."

On another occasion, writing to Mr. Key, he says:

"I took up yesterday a work, which I never met with before, the 'Christian Observer.' In a critique of Scott, vol. XII., upon the Bishop of Lincoln's 'Refutation of Calvinism,' it is stated that no man is converted to the truth of Christianity without the self-experience of a miracle. Such is the substance. He must be sensible of the working of a miracle in his own person. Now, my good friend, I have never experienced any thing like this. I have been sensible, and am always, of the proneness to sin in my nature. I have grieved unfeignedly for my manifold transgressions. I have thrown myself

upon the mercy of my Redeemer, conscious of my own utter inability to conceive one good thought, or do one good act without his gracious aid. But I have felt nothing like what Scott requires. Indeed, my good friend, I sometimes dread that I am in a far worse condition than those who never heard the Word of God, or, who having heard, reject it—if any condition can be worse than the last. When I am with Mr. Hogue I am at ease. He makes every thing plain to me. But when I hear others I am disturbed. Indeed, my doubts and misgivings do not desert me always in his presence. I wish I could see you, and converse with you. To you I have no scruple in writing in this style; but to any other I feel repugnant to communicate. I fear that I mistake a sense of my sins for true repentance, and that I sometimes presume upon the mercy of God. Again, it appears incredible that one so contrite as I sometimes know myself to be, should be rejected entirely by infinite mercy. Write to me upon this topic—not my own state—but give me your ideas generally on salvation; or direct me to some publication that puts it in the clearest light. I have carefully read the gospels, but cannot always comprehend.”

Writing to Dr. Brockenbrough, from Roanoke, the 4th of July, 1815, he says:

“It was to me a subject of deep regret that I was obliged to leave town before Mr. Meade’s arrival. I promised myself much comfort and improvement from his conversation. My dear sir, there is, or there is not, another and a better world. If there is, as we all believe, what is it but madness to be absorbed in the cares of a clay-built hovel, held at will, unmindful of the rich inheritance of an imperishable palace, of which we are immortal heirs? We acknowledge these things with our lips, but not with our hearts; we lack faith.

“We would serve God provided we may serve mammon at the same time. For my part, could I be brought to believe that this life must be the end of my being, I should be disposed to get rid of it as an incumbrance. If what is to come be any thing like what is passed, it would be wise to abandon the hulk to the underwriters, the worms. I am more and more convinced that, with a few exceptions, this world of ours is a vast mad-house. The only men I ever knew well, ever approached closely, whom I did not discover to be unhappy, are sincere believers of the Gospel, and conform their lives, as far as the nature of man can permit, to its precepts. There are only *three* of them.” [Meade, Hogue, Key?] “And yet, ambition, and avarice, and pleasure, as it is called, have their temples crowded with votaries, whose own experience has proved to them the insufficiency and emptiness of their pursuits, and who obstinately turn away from

the only waters that can slake their dying thirst and heal their diseases.

"One word on the subject of your own state of mind. I am well acquainted with it—too well. Like you, I have not reached that lively faith which some more favored persons enjoy. But I am persuaded that it can and will be attained by all who are conscious of the depravity of our nature, of their own manifold departures from the laws of God, and sins against their own conscience; and who are sincerely desirous to accept of pardon on the terms held out in the Gospel. Without puzzling ourselves, therefore, with subtle disquisitions, let us ask, are we conscious of the necessity of pardon? are we willing to submit to the terms offered to us—to consider 'Christianity as a scheme imperfectly understood, planned by Infinite Wisdom, and canvassed by finite comprehensions'—to ask of our Heavenly Father that faith and that strength which by our own unassisted efforts we can never attain? To me it would be a stronger objection to Christianity did it contain nothing which baffled my comprehension, than its most difficult doctrines. What professor ever delivered a lecture that his scholars were not at a loss to comprehend some parts of it? But that is no objection to the doctrine. But the teacher here is God! I may deceive myself, but I hope that I have made some progress, so small indeed that I may be ashamed of it, in this necessary work, even since I saw you. I am no disciple of Calvin or Wesley, but I feel the necessity of a changed nature; of a new life; of an altered heart. I feel my stubborn and rebellious nature to be softened, and that it is essential to my comfort here, as well as to my future welfare, to cultivate and cherish feelings of good will towards all mankind; to strive against envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. I think I have succeeded in forgiving all my enemies. There is not a human being that I would hurt if it were in my power; not even Bonaparte."

Mr. Randolph was now destined to receive the severest stroke of misfortune that had befallen him since the death of his brother Richard. It seems that his ill-fated family were destined to fall one by one, and to leave him the sole and forlorn wreck of an ancient house, whose name and fortunes he had so fondly cherished. Tudor, *the last hope*, had been sent abroad this spring (1815) in search of health. He had scarcely reached Cheltenham, England, when he fell into the arms of death. In a letter from Dr. Brockenbrough, Mr. Randolph received the first tidings of this melancholy event. He was dumb—he opened not his mouth. "Your kind and considerate letter," says he, "contained the first intelligence of an event

which I have long expected, yet dreaded to hear. I can make no comment upon it. To attempt to describe the situation of my mind would be vain, even if it were practicable. May God bless you : to him alone I look for comfort on this side the grave; there alone, if at all, I shall find it."

Many said his mind was unsettled ; that this dark destiny drove reason from her throne, and made him mad. In the vulgar estimation of a cold and selfish world he was surely mad. The cries of a deep and earnest soul are a mockery to the vain and unfeeling multitude. David had many sons : Randolph this only hope, *the child of his affections*. Yet when Absalom was slain, "the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept ; and as he wept, thus he said, ' O my son Absalom—my son, my son Absalom ! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son ! '"



CHAPTER VI.

POLITICAL REFLECTIONS—CONGRESS—BANK CHARTER.

IN the midst of all his domestic afflictions, bodily ailments, and mental anxiety, Mr. Randolph never lost sight of public affairs. "As to politics," says he, "I am sick of them, and have resolved to wash my hands of them as soon as possible." The thought of mingling again in the strife of party politics was loathing to him ; but he could not banish from his mind the intimate knowledge of political events, their causes and consequences, which he possessed in so eminent a degree ; nor could he prevent the natural affinity for those great moral and political principles and agencies, which are for ever moving and moulding the social and political institutions of mankind. He was a statesman by nature—*nascitur non fit*—a born statesman. His observations, however trivial or brief, have a pith and meaning beyond the sagest reflections of most other men.

Many of his reflections rise to the dignity of political aphorisms, and are worthy to be ranked with the profound maxims of the great

master of political philosophy. Last May, after Bonaparte had escaped from Elba, marched in triumph to Paris, and driven the frightened Bourbon once more from his throne, Mr. Randolph thus discourses on the affairs of Europe:

“ On the late events in Europe, which baffle all calculation, I have looked with an eye not very different from yours.” [Addressed to Mr. Key.] “ The Bourbons refused to abolish the slave trade. Bonaparte, from temporal views, no doubt, has made it the first act after his restoration! Here is food for solemn meditation. The situation of England is, according to my conception of things, more awful than ever. A sated libertine at the head of the government; a profligate debauchee her prime minister. When I think on Wilberforce and his worthy compeers, I cannot despair. Ten such would have saved Sodom. But what a frightful mass of wickedness does that country, as well as our own, present! Both rescued, by the most providential interference of Heaven, from ruin. But what do we see? Humble and hearty thanks for unmerited mercy? Self-abasement, penitence for past offences, and earnest resolutions for future amendment, through divine assistance? I can recognize none of these. Even in myself how faint are these feelings, compared with my consciousness of their necessity! England, I sometimes think, stands on the verge of some mighty convulsion. The corruption of her government and her principal men, the discontents of her needy and profligate lower orders, the acts of her Cobbetts and Burdetts, all seem to threaten the overthrow of her establishment, in Church and State. Jacobinism has, I believe, a stronger hold in that country than in any other in Europe. But the foolishness of human wisdom, nothing daunted by repeated overthrows of all its speculations and the confusion of its plans, yet aspires to grasp and to control the designs of the Almighty.”

But the period had come for John Randolph to appear again on the public stage. The times had been truly eventful. The cycle of five and twenty years, in which the spirit of human liberty fought for her existence, had rolled round and come to a close. Born of the divine love shed forth in the gospel of Jesus Christ, bursting up in radiant majesty from the crumbling ruins of an effete feudalism, the cheerful voice of the Spirit of Liberty was first heard in the National Assembly of France, speaking in the accents of hope and of joy to the down-trodden millions of the earth. But, alas! in the wanton excess of an untried freedom, she quickly ran into a wild fanaticism, and swept the good as well as the evil into one common ruin. Seeking to break the oppressor's rod, and to tear down his tow-

ers and his dungeons of cruelty, she condemned time-honored virtue to the same indiscriminate death with hoary-headed vice, and pointed her finger of contempt and mockery at venerated wisdom no less than at cant and hypocrisy. This mad Spirit, lovely even in her madness, though mangled by the guillotine, and suffocated in the dungeons of the Conciergerie, rose triumphant, swept like an angel of destruction over the hills of Ardenne, the plains of Lombardy, and called down from the Pyramids of Egypt the witness of ages on the heroic deeds of her sons amid the desert sands of Africa. But wearied with excess, and hunted down, like Acteon, by the bloodhounds that had been nurtured in her own bosom, she at length fell beneath the iron heel of an imperial despotism, and was finally crushed and stifled in the blood of Waterloo. In the death agonies of Waterloo, freedom expired; a leaden peace was restored to Europe, and a new lease of thirty years for their dominions and their thrones, was vouchsafed to monarchs. Peace also, about the same time, was restored to our own borders, and with it came temptations to seduce the watchful guardian from his vigilant protection of the Constitution, and dangers more threatening than war to the liberties of the country. Pressed by a common necessity, bearing a heavy burthen of taxes, and confronting on every hand the external foes of their country, the mass of the people had but one object, were impelled by one sentiment—a speedy and successful termination of hostilities. That accomplished, each individual plunged into his own chosen field of enterprise, eagerly bent on his own aggrandizement, while the government was left, unrestrained and unobserved, to pursue its course in repairing the damages brought on the country by that most unprofitable of all work, the struggle to see how much harm each can do to the other. The obstructions of embargo and non-intercourse, followed by the destructive operations of a maritime war, had brought in their train a series of evil consequences. The republican party, as we already know, advocated those measures. Without stopping to inquire whether right or wrong, the task devolved on them, being still in the ascendent, to remedy the evils they must have foreseen and anticipated. “The embargo,” said Mr. Randolph long ago, “was the Iliad of all our woes.” The republicans were placed in a most difficult and critical position.

Those young and ardent spirits who urged on the war, and conducted

it to a successful termination, were well suited for a time of excitement and destruction; but when the period arrived for healing and building up, graver counsel would have been more desirable. It required the utmost prudence and delicacy to restore the Constitution to its normal state, and to adjust the various and conflicting interests of the country in the well-poised scale of a wise abstinence and justice. Unfortunately, the republican party adopted those measures of relief which were most fatal to their principles. They who had come into power on the overthrow of the doctrines of Hamilton, were now, under the plea of necessity, about to outstrip the great federal leader himself in the adoption and advocacy of those temporizing and unconstitutional expedients they had so loudly condemned. "Until the present session," says Mr. Randolph, "I had not a conception of the extent of the change wrought in the sentiments of the people of this country by the war. I now see men trained in the school of the opposition to the administration of John Adams, who, down to June, 1812, were stanch sticklers for the Constitution, abjure all their former principles, and declare for expediency against right." "We have been told, sir," said Mr. Randolph at a later period, "that the framers of the Constitution foresaw the rising sun of some new sects, which were to construe the powers of the government differently from their intention; and therefore the clause granting a general power to make all laws that might be necessary and proper to carry the granted powers into effect, was inserted in the Constitution. Yes, such a sect did arise some twenty years ago; and, unfortunately, I had the honor to be a member of that church. From the commencement of the government to this day, differences have arisen between the two great parties in this nation; one consisting of the disciples of Mr. Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury; and another party, who believed that in their construction of the Constitution, those to whom they opposed themselves exceeded the just limits of its legitimate authority; and I pray gentlemen to take into their most serious consideration the fact, that on this very question of construction, this sect, which the framers of the Constitution foresaw might arise, did arise in their might, and put down the construction of the Constitution according to the Hamiltonian version. But, did we at that day dream that a new sect would arise after them, which would as far transcend Alexander Hamilton and his dis-

ciples as they outwent Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and John Taylor, of Caroline? This is the deplorable fact. Such is now the actual state of things in this land; and it is not a subject so much of demonstration as it is self-evident; it speaks to the senses, so that every one may understand it."

The first of that series of measures which gave birth to this new sect of politicians, and brought about the state of things so much deplored by Mr. Randolph, was the Bank Charter, passed at this session of Congress.

The first incorporation of a bank, in 1791, was opposed by Thomas Jefferson and the republican party, as being an unwarranted assumption of power, nowhere granted in the Constitution. Consequently, when the charter of the old bank expired in 1811, they refused to renew it on the same ground. Henry Clay, then a senator from Kentucky, argued the question at great length: "This vagrant power," says he, "to erect a bank, after having wandered throughout the whole Constitution in quest of some congenial spot whereon to fasten, has been at length located, by the gentleman from Georgia, on that provision which authorizes Congress to lay and collect taxes. In 1791 the power is referred to one part of the instrument; in 1811, to another. Sometimes it is alleged to be deducible from the power to regulate commerce. Hard pressed here, it disappears, and shows itself under the grant to coin money. The sagacious Secretary of the Treasury, in 1791, pursued the wisest course. He has taken shelter behind general high-sounding and imposing terms. He has declared in the preamble to the act establishing the bank that it will be very *conducive* to the successful *conducting* of the national *finances*; will *tend* to give *facility* to the obtaining of loans; and will be productive of considerable advantage *to trade and industry* in general. No allusion is made to the collection of taxes. What is the nature of this government? It is emphatically federal, vested with an aggregate of specified powers for general purposes, conceded by existing sovereignties, who have themselves retained what is not so conceded. It is said that there are cases in which it must act on implied powers. This is not controverted, but the implication must be necessary, and obviously flow from the enumerated power with which it is allied. The power to charter companies is not specified in the grant, and, I contend, is of a nature

not transferable by mere implication. It is one of the most exalted attributes of sovereignty. In the exercise of this gigantic power, we have seen an East India Company created, which has carried dismay, desolation and death; throughout one of the largest portions of the habitable globe; a company which is, in itself, a sovereignty, which has subverted empires, and set up new dynasties, and has not only made war, but war against its legitimate sovereign! Under the influence of this power, we have seen arise a South Sea Company and a Mississippi Company, that distracted and convulsed all Europe, and menaced a total overthrow of all credit and confidence, and universal bankruptcy. Is it to be imagined that a power so vast would have been left by the wisdom of the Constitution to doubtful inference?"

Such was the forcible reasoning that induced the republicans in 1811 to refuse to recharter the bank or to incorporate another similar institution. They stood by the Constitution. But now, in 1816, every thing was changed; and what seemed unconstitutional before had become clearly necessary and proper, and therefore constitutional. Mr. Clay, who had become their leader and exponent, undertakes to justify his change of position: "The consideration," says he, "upon which I acted in 1811 was, that as the power to create a corporation, such as was proposed to be continued, was not specifically granted in the Constitution, and did not then appear to me to be necessary to carry into effect any of the powers which were specifically granted, Congress was not authorized to continue the bank. The Constitution contains powers delegated and prohibitory; powers expressed and constructive. It vests in Congress all powers *necessary* to give effect to the enumerated powers; all that may be necessary to put in motion and activity the machine of government which it constructs. The powers that may be so necessary are deducible by construction; they are not defined in the Constitution; they are, from their nature, undefinable. When the question is in relation to one of these powers, the point of inquiry should be, is its exertion necessary to carry into effect any of the enumerated powers and objects of the General Government? With regard to the *degree* of necessity, various rules have been at different times laid down; but, perhaps, at last, there is no other than a sound and honest judgment exercised, under the checks and control which belong to the Constitution and the people.

"The constructive powers being auxiliary to the specifically granted powers, and depending for their sanction and existence upon a necessity to give effect to the latter—which necessity is to be sought for and ascertained by a sound and honest discretion—it is manifest that this necessity may not be perceived, at one time, under one state of things, when it is perceived, at another time, under a different state of things. The Constitution, it is true, never changes; it is always the same; but the force of circumstances and the lights of experience may evolve, to the fallible persons charged with its administration, the fitness and necessity of a particular exercise of constructive power to-day, which they did not see at a former period." Mr. Clay then goes on to state facts which, in his judgment, rendered a bank in 1811 unnecessary. There were other means of conducting the fiscal affairs of the Government; "They," says he, "superseded the necessity of a national institution." But how stood the case in 1816, when he was called upon again to examine the power of the General Government to incorporate a national bank? A total change of circumstances was presented; events of the utmost magnitude had intervened. These events made a bank, in the opinion of Mr. Clay, necessary and proper, as an implied power, and therefore constitutional. But Mr. Clay does not do full justice to his position in 1811. He then declared that *the power to charter companies is not specified in the grant, and is of a nature not transferable by mere implication. It is one of the most exalted attributes of sovereignty.* It is inconceivable how a man, holding these opinions, could suffer any possible circumstances that might arise, to influence and change his position.

Yet Mr. Clay did shift his ground entirely, and contend, that although the power to charter companies was not specified in the grant, and was one of the most exalted attributes of sovereignty, still it was a constructive power necessary and proper to carry into effect those specifically granted, and therefore to be implied as a consequent and appendage to them. *The force of circumstances* may evolve to the fallible persons, charged with the administration of the government, the *fitness and necessity* of a particular exercise of *constructive power* to-day, which they did not see at a former period. And the *degree of necessity* which renders such *constructive power constitutional* is made to depend on the sound and honest judgment of those

in authority. Men who wish to exercise a doubtful power, not specified in the grant, may themselves create the circumstances that shall render its exercise, in their estimation, necessary and proper. Instead of looking to the charter to see whether the power is granted, they have only to consider the *force of circumstances* urging on them, and to consult their own judgments (fallible persons) as to the *degree of necessity* which justifies the assumption of an undelegated authority. This is a virtual surrender of the Constitution. By such a law of interpretation, the jurisdiction of the Federal Government is made unlimited, and, instead of possessing delegated, specifically defined, and limited powers, it becomes a magnificent, all-absorbing, all-governing empire, with unrestrained and unlimited authority.

But Mr. Clay did not stand alone in this abandonment of the Constitution. He was followed by a decided majority of the republican party in Congress, and by all the executive authorities, with the President at their head. At first, there were some constitutional scruples manifested by the members of the House of Representatives. Men could not be brought to believe the difficulties in question, if they existed at all, were such as to require the House to sacrifice principle at the shrine of necessity. On the 10th of January, 1814, Mr. Eppes, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported that the power to create corporations within the territorial limits of the States, without the consent of the States, is neither one of the powers delegated by the Constitution of the United States, or essentially necessary for carrying into effect any delegated power.

Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, moved that the Committee of the Whole be discharged from the consideration of this report, which was agreed to, and offered, as a substitute, a resolution that the Committee of Ways and Means be instructed to inquire into the expediency of establishing a national bank, *to be located in the District of Columbia*. In this way they thought to get around the constitutional question. But men soon came to see the alarming consequences of an interpretation which permitted Congress, in the District, to do the most unconstitutional acts, merely because they possessed exclusive jurisdiction.

At length, all these subterfuges were abandoned; and on the 8th of January, 1816, an ominous day for the bank, Mr. Calhoun reported "A bill to incorporate the subscribers to the Bank of the

United States." In his opening argument, he undertook to show the necessity that urged to the adoption of the measure now proposed. "We have," says he, "in lieu of gold and silver, a paper medium, unequally but generally depreciated, which affects the trade and industry of the nation; which paralyzes the national arm; which sullies the faith, both public and private, of the United States—a paper no longer resting on gold and silver as its basis. We have, indeed, laws regulating the currency of foreign coin, but they are, under present circumstances, a mockery of legislation, because there is no coin in circulation. The right of making money—an attribute of sovereign power, a sacred and important right—was exercised by two hundred and sixty banks, scattered over every part of the United States; not responsible to any power whatever for their issues of paper. The next and great inquiry was," he said, "how this evil was to be remedied? Restore," said he, "these institutions to their original use; cause them to give up this usurped power; cause them to return to their legitimate office of places of discount and deposit; let them be no longer mere paper machines; restore the state of things which existed anterior to 1813, which was consistent with the just policy and interests of the country; cause them to fulfil their contracts; to respect their broken faith; resolve that every where there shall be an uniform value to the national currency; your constitutional control will then prevail." A National Bank, he argued, was the specific to cure all these evils.

Mr. Randolph, who made his appearance in the House for the first time about the period that Mr. Calhoun introduced his bill, took occasion to say, that he had listened to the honorable gentleman with pleasure. He was glad to see a cause so important in hands so able. He promised the honorable gentleman, though he might not agree with his mode of remedying the evil, he would go with him in the application of any adequate remedy to an evil which he regarded as most enormous.

Mr. Randolph said he rose to ask two questions—one of the gentleman from South Carolina, and the other of the gentleman from Maryland:—first, how the paper to be created by this bank will correct the vitiated state of our currency? and, secondly, how bank notes can answer the purpose of a circulating medium better than treasury notes? Though no stickler for treasury notes, Mr. Ran-

dolph intimated his opinion that they were, in time of peace, a better substitute for gold and silver than any paper he had yet heard submitted. He added some incidental observations, and concluded by saying, that he was sorry to see the apathy, the listlessness on this subject; on a question, which, if it passed, would, perhaps, be the most important decided since the establishment of the Constitution; and that though he agreed fully as to the extent of the existing evil, the *remedy* had been totally mistaken.

During the progress of the bill through the House, a motion was made to strike out that part which authorizes the Government to subscribe a certain portion of the stock. Mr. Randolph said he should vote for this motion, because one of his chief objections (one of them, he repeated) was the concern which it was proposed to give to the United States in the bank. He referred to the sale, by the Secretary of the Treasury, some years ago, of the shares belonging to the Bank of the United States, and stated the reasons of his approving that step; but, he added, that it was a strong argument against the feature of the bank bill now under consideration, that whenever there should be in this country a necessitous and profligate administration of the Government, that bank stock would be laid hold of by the first Squanderfield at the head of the Treasury, as the means of filling its empty coffers. But, if there was no objection to this feature stronger than that it would afford provision for the first rainy day, it might not be considered so very important. He argued, however, that it was eternally true, that nothing but the precious metals, or paper bottomed on them, could answer as the currency of any nation or age, notwithstanding the fanciful theories that great payments could only be made by credits and paper. How, he asked on this point, were the mighty armies of the ancient world paid off? Certainly not in paper or bank credits. He expressed his fears, lest gentlemen had got some of their ideas on these subjects from the wretched pamphlets under which the British and American press had groaned, on the subject of a circulating medium. He said he had once himself turned projector, and sketched the plan of a bank, of which it was a feature, that the Government should have a concern in it; but he became convinced of the fallacy of his views—he found his project would not answer. His objections to the agency of the Government in a bank was, therefore, he said, of no recent date, but

one long formed—the objection was vital; that it would be an engine of irresistible power in the hands of any administration; that it would be in politics and finance, what the celebrated proposition of Archimedes was in physics—a place, the fulcrum; from which, at the will of the Executive, the whole nation could be hurled to destruction, or managed in any way, at his will and pleasure.

This bill, in the view of Mr. Randolph, presented two distinct questions: the one frigidly and rigorously a mere matter of calculation; the other, involving some very important political considerations.

In regard to the present depreciation of paper, he did not agree with those who thought the establishment of a National Bank would aid in the reformation of it. If he were to go into the causes which produced the present state of things, he said, he should never end. As to the share the banks themselves had in producing it, he regarded the dividends they had made since its commencement as conclusive proof.

“The present time, sir,” continued Mr. Randolph, “is, in my view, one of the most disastrous ever witnessed in the republic, and this bill proves it. The proposal to establish this great bank is but resorting to a crutch, and, so far as I understand it, it is a broken one; it will tend, instead of remedying the evil, to aggravate it. The evil of the times is a spirit engendered in this republic, fatal to republican principles—fatal to republican virtue: a spirit to live by any means but those of honest industry; a spirit of profusion: in other words, the spirit of Catiline himself—*alieni avidus sui profusus*—a spirit of expediency, not only in public but in private life: the system of Didler in the farce—living any way and well; wearing an expensive coat, and drinking the finest wines, at any body’s expense. This bank, I imagine, sir, (I am far from ascribing to the gentleman from South Carolina any such views,) is, to a certain extent, a modification of the same system. Connected, as it is to be, with the Government, whenever it goes into operation, a scene will be exhibited on the great theatre of the United States, at which I shudder. If we mean to transmit our institutions unimpaired to posterity; if some, now living, wish to continue to live under the same institutions by which they are now ruled—and with all its evils, real or imaginary, I presume no man will question that we live under the easiest government on the globe—we must put bounds to the spirit which seeks wealth by every path but the plain and regular path of honest industry and honest fame.

Let us not disguise the fact, sir, we think we are living in the better times of the Republic. We deceive ourselves; we are almost in

the days of Sylla and Marius : yes, we have almost got down to the time of Jugurtha. It is unpleasant to put one's self in array against a great leading interest in a community, be they a knot of land speculators, paper jobbers, or what not ; but, sir, every man you meet in this House or out of it, with some rare exceptions, which only serve to prove the rule, is either a stockholder, president, cashier, clerk, or doorkeeper, runner, engraver, paper-maker, or mechanic, in some way or other, to a bank. The gentleman from Pennsylvania may dismiss his fears for the banks, with their one hundred and seventy millions of paper, on eighty-two millions of capital. However great the evil of their conduct may be, who is to bell the cat ? who is to take the bull by the horns ? You might as well attack Gibraltar with a pocket pistol as to attempt to punish them. There are very few who dare speak truth to this mammoth. The banks are so linked together with the business of the world, that there are very few men exempt from their influence. The true secret is, the banks are creditors as well as debtors ; and if they were merely debtors to us for the paper in our pockets, they would soon, like Morris and Nicholson, go to jail (figuratively speaking) for having issued more paper than they were able to pay when presented to them. A man has their note for fifty dollars, perhaps, in his pocket, for which he wants fifty Spanish milled dollars ; but they have his note for five thousand in their possession, and laugh at his demand. We are tied hand and foot, sir, and bound to conciliate this great mammoth, which is set up to worship in this Christian land : we are bound to propitiate it. Thus whilst our government denounces hierarchy ; will permit no privileged order for conducting the services of the only true God ; whilst it denounces nobility—has a privileged order of new men grown up, the pressure of whose foot, sir, I feel at this moment on my neck. If any thing could reconcile me to this monstrous alliance between the bank and the government, if the object could be attained of compelling the banks to fulfil their engagements, I could almost find it in my heart to go with the gentleman in voting for it.

“ The stuff uttered on all hands, and absolutely got by rote by the haberdashers' boys behind the counters in the shops, that the paper now in circulation will buy any thing you want as well as gold and silver, is answered by saying that you want to buy silver with it. The present mode of banking, sir, goes to demoralize society ; it is as much swindling to issue notes with the intent not to pay, as it is burglary to break open a house. If they are unable to pay, the banks are bankrupts ; if able to pay and will not, they are fraudulent bankrupts. But a man might as well go to Constantinople to preach Christianity, as to get up here and preach against the banks. To pass this bill would be like getting rid of the rats by setting fire to the house. Whether any other remedy can be devised, I will not

now undertake to pronounce. The banks have lost all shame, and exemplify a beautiful and very just observation of one of the finest writers, that men banded together in a common cause, will collectively do that at which every individual of the combination would spurn. This observation has been applied to the enormities committed and connived at by the British East India Company; and will equally apply to the modern system of banking, and still more to the spirit of party.

"As to establishing this bank to prevent a variation in the rate of exchange of bank paper, you might as well expect it to prevent the variations of the wind; you might as well pass an act of Congress (for which, if it would be of any good, I should certainly vote) to prevent the northwest wind from blowing in our teeth as we go from the House to our lodgings.

"But, sir, I will conclude by pledging myself to agree to any adequate means to cure the great evil, that are consistent with the administration of the government, in such a manner as to conduce to the happiness of the people and the reformation of the public morals."

Mr. Randolph combated the bill in all its stages, moved amendments with a view of abridging and restraining the powers of the corporation, and, finally, on the 5th of April, 1816, when the bill was sent back from the Senate with sundry amendments for the concurrence of the House, he moved, for the purpose of destroying the bill, that the whole subject be indefinitely postponed; and supported his motion by adverting to the small number of members present, and the impropriety of passing, by a screwed up, strained, and costive majority, so important a measure, at the end of a session, when the members were worn down and exhausted by a daily and long attention to business; a measure which, in time of war, and of great public emergency, could not be forced through the House; a measure so deeply involving the future welfare, and which was to give a color and character to the future destiny of this country; a measure which, if it and another (the tariff) should pass into laws, the present session would be looked back to as the most disastrous since the commencement of the republic; and which, much as he deprecated war, he would prefer war itself to either of them. Mr. Randolph then proceeded to argue against the bill as unconstitutional, inexpedient, and dangerous. His constitutional objections, he said, were borne out by the decision of Congress in refusing to renew the charter of the old bank, which decision was grounded on the want of constitu-

tional power. He adverted, also, in support of his opinion, to the instructions from the legislatures of Virginia and Kentucky to their senators to vote against the old bank; which instructions were given on the ground of that institution being unconstitutional. "I declare to you, sir," said Mr. Randolph, "that I am the holder of no stock whatever, except live stock, and had determined never to own any—but, if this bill passes, I will not only be a stockholder to the utmost of my power, but will advise every man, over whom I have any influence, to do the same, because it is the creation of a great privileged order of the most hateful kind to my feelings, and because I would rather be the master than the slave. If I must have a master, let him be one with epaulettes—something that I can fear and respect, something that I can look up to—but not a master with a quill behind his ear."

After finally passing through both Houses, the bank bill was presented to Mr. Madison; he signed it, and it became a law. Mr. Madison, it is well known, was hitherto opposed to the incorporation of a National Bank on constitutional grounds. His Report in 1799–1800, to the Virginia legislature on the general powers of the Federal Government, is conclusive and unanswerable on that subject. But on the present occasion he waived the question of the constitutional authority of the legislature to establish an incorporated bank, as being precluded, in his judgment, by repeated recognitions, under varied circumstances, of the validity of such an institution in acts of the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the government, accompanied by indications, in different modes, of a concurrence of the general will of the nation.

Mr. Clay and his compeers surrendered the Constitution on the plea of necessity—the *force of circumstances*—Mr. Madison on the score of *precedent*—repeated recognitions of the validity of such an institution! Well might the patriot weep over this last, fatal act of a great and a good man! Well might he bemoan the imbecility of human nature, when he beheld the same hand that constructed the immortal argument by which the Constitution is made to rest on its true and lasting basis, in old age destroy the glorious work of its meridian power.

Randolph did not scruple to charge this act to the weakness of

old age. Some years after this event, and when the bank was in full career, fulfilling all his predictions, hear what he says :—

“ I am sorry to say, because I should be the last man in the world to disturb the repose of a venerable man, to whom I wish a quiet end of his honorable life, that all the difficulties under which we have labored, and now labor, on this subject (Tariff and Internal Improvement by the General Government), have grown out of a fatal admission, by one of the late Presidents of the United States, an admission which runs counter to the tenor of his whole political life, and is expressly contradicted by one of the most luminous and able state papers that ever was written, the offspring of his pen—an admission which gave a sanction to the principle, that this government had the power to charter the present colossal Bank of the United States. Sir,” said Mr. Randolph, “ that act, and one other, which I will not name, bring forcibly home to my mind a train of melancholy reflections on the miserable state of our mortal being.

‘ In life’s last scenes, what prodigies arise !
Fears of the brave and follies of the wise.
From Marlborough’s eyes the streams of dotage flow ;
And Swift expires a driv’ler and a show.’

“ Such is the state of the case, sir. It is miserable to think of it—and we have nothing left to us but to weep over it.”

And again, on the same occasion, in 1824—

“ But the gentleman from New-York, and some others who have spoken on this occasion, say, What ! shall we be startled by a shadow ? Shall we recoil from taking a power clearly within (what ?) our reach ? Shall we not clutch the sceptre—the air-drawn sceptre that invites our hand, because of the fears and alarms of the gentleman from Virginia ?

“ Sir, if I cannot give reason to the committee, they shall at least have authority. *Thomas Jefferson*, then in the vigor of his intellect, was one of the persons who denied the existence of such powers—*James Madison* was another. He, in that masterly and unrivalled report in the legislature of Virginia, which is worthy to be the textbook of every American statesman, has settled this question. For me to attempt to add any thing to the arguments of that paper, would be to attempt to gild refined gold—to paint the lily—to throw a perfume on the violet—to smooth the ice—or add another hue unto the rainbow—in every aspect of it, wasteful and ridiculous excess. Neither will I hold up my farthing rush-light to the blaze of that meridian sun. But, sir, I cannot but deplore—my heart aches when I think of it—that the hand which erected that monument of political wisdom, should have signed the act to incorporate the present Bank of the United States.”

CHAPTER VII.

HOME—SOLITUDE.

MR. RANDOLPH was not less strenuous in his opposition to the "revenue bill," or *tariff measure*, of this eventful session; but we pass that, for the present, until it comes up again in a more aggravated form. Death, it seems, had made his friends the chosen mark for his fatal weapons. Mrs. Judith Randolph died in March, at the house of her friend—a great and a good man—Dr. John H. Rice, of Richmond. She doubtless died of a broken heart. Bereft of every comfort, life had no charms for her, and she sought death as a blessing. Her friends and Mr. Randolph's friends followed her mortal remains in sad procession to Tuckahoe—the family seat of her ancestors—some miles above Richmond, on James River, where they rest in peace beneath the shadow of those venerable oaks that witnessed the sweet gambols of her joyous and innocent childhood.

No sooner was this sad bereavement communicated to Mr. Randolph, than he was called to the bedside of a dying friend—an old and tried friend—a companion who had stood by him through evil as well as good report, as he fought like a bold champion for the Constitution and the rights of the people. "Yesterday (April 11th) we buried poor Stanford. I staid by his bedside the night before he died. Jupiter was worn down by nursing him, and is still feeling the effects of it. He returned home on Sunday morning, and has been sick ever since. My own health is not much better, and my spirits worse. Poor Stanford! he is not the least regretted of those who have been taken from me within the past year."

In addition to his present family—Dr. Dudley and young Clay—Mr. Randolph took upon himself the charge and the responsibility of two other orphan boys. "I have just returned from Baltimore, where I went to meet the sons of my deceased friend Bryan, consigned to my care. They are fine boys, but have been much neglected. I propose to place them at Prince Edward College, under the care of Dr. Hogue, after they shall have undergone some preparatory tuition at Mr. Lacy's school."

These acts speak for themselves. By these, and such as these, that crowd his whole life, let him be judged. Here is one the world have agreed to condemn as a misanthrope—a hater of his fellow-man. It is certain he did not seek to be known of men. Few could understand ("My mother—she understood me!"), few could appreciate him.

While apparently absorbed in the business of legislation, *the great question* was still uppermost in his thoughts. Before leaving Washington for his solitary home, he sought an interview with his trusty friend, "Frank Key," and rode over to Georgetown (May 7th, 1816,) for that purpose. But failing to meet with him, he went into Semmes's Hotel, and wrote him the following letter :

"Hearing, at Davis's, yesterday, that you were seen in Georgetown the evening before, I came here in the expectation of the pleasure of seeing you; but my intelligence proved to be like the greater part that happens under that name in this poor, foolish world of ours. I had also another motive. I wished to give Wood an opportunity to finish the picture. I called last evening, but he was gone to Mt. Vernon. I shall drive by his apartment, and give him the last sitting this morning. It is a soothing reflection to me, that your children, long after I am dead and gone, may look upon their sometime father's friend, of whose features they will have perhaps retained some faint recollection. Let me remind you that, although I am childless, I cannot forego my claim to the return picture, on which I set a very high value.

"Your absence from home is a sore disappointment to me. I wanted to have talked with you, unreservedly, on subjects of the highest interest. I wanted your advice as a friend, on the course of my future life. Hitherto it has been almost without plan or system—the sport of what we call chance.

"About a year ago, I got a scheme into my head, which I have more than once hinted to you; but I fear my capacity to carry it into execution.

"There is, however, another cause of uneasiness, about which I could have wished to confer freely with you. It has cost me many a pang, within a few months past especially. In the most important of human concerns I have made no advancement; on the contrary (as is always the case when we do not advance), I have fallen back. My mind is filled with misgivings and doubts and perplexities that leave me no repose. Of the necessity for forgiveness I have the strongest conviction; but I cannot receive any assurance that it has been accorded to me. In short, I am in the worst conceivable situ-

ation as its respects my internal peace and future welfare. I want aid ; and the company and conversation of such a friend as yourself might assist in dispelling, for a time, at least, the gloom that depresses me. I have humbly sought comfort where alone it is effectually to be obtained, but without success. To you and Mr. Meade I can venture to write in this style, without disguising the secret workings of my heart. I wish I could always be in reach of you. The solitude of my own dwelling is appalling to me. Write to me, and direct to Richmond."

To this Mr. Key replied :

"As we could not confer upon the subjects you mention, we must postpone them till we meet again, or manage them in writing ; just as you please. In either way you will have much to excuse in me ; but I trust you will find within yourself a counsellor and comforter who will guide you 'into all peace.' Desperate indeed would be our case, if we had nothing better to lead us than our own wisdom and strength or the experience of our friends. If, notwithstanding all your doubts and misgivings, you are sincerely and earnestly desirous to know the truth, and resolved to obey it, cost what it may, you have the promise of God that it shall be revealed to you. If you are convinced you are a sinner, that Christ alone can save you from the sentence of condemnation incurred by your sins, and from the dominion of them ; if you make an entire and unconditional surrender of yourself to his service, renouncing that of the world and of yourself ; if you thus humbly and faithfully come to him, 'he will in no wise cast you out.'

"You can do much for the cause of religion, whatever plan of life you may adopt ; you can resolutely and thoroughly bear your testimony in its favor. You can adorn its doctrines, and so preach them most powerfully by a good life. You can be seen resisting and overcoming, in the strength of God, the powerful and uncommon temptations that oppose you ; and your light can, and, I trust, will shine far and brightly around you. Do not be disheartened by the difficulties you may feel ; they are experienced by all, and grace and strength to overcome them are offered to all. The change from darkness to light, from death to life, is the result of no single effort, but of constant and persevering, and, often, painful striving. How can it be otherwise when we think of what that change is ? It finds us 'dead in trespasses and sins,' 'having our conversation in the flesh,' 'fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind,' 'children of wrath,' 'without Christ,' 'strangers to the covenant of promise,' 'having no hope, and without God in the world ;' and it makes us 'nigh by the blood of Christ ;' 'no more foreigners and strangers, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God ;' 'justified by faith, and having peace with God, through our Lord Jesus

Christ.' May you experience this change, my dear friend, in all its blessedness."

Randolph thus replied :

" ROANOKE, June 16, 1816.

" Owing to the incorrigible negligence of the postmaster at Richmond, I did not get your letter of the 22d of last month until this morning. I had felt some surprise at not hearing from you, and the delay of your letter served but to enhance its value. I read it this morning in bed, and derived great consolation from the frame of mind to which it disposed me. My time has been a wretched one since I saw you—dreary and desponding. I heard Mr. Hogue yesterday; and during a short conversation, riding from church, he told me that he believed that there were times and seasons when all of us were overcome by such feelings in spite of our best efforts against them; efforts which, however, we ought by no means to relax, since they tended both to mitigate the degree and shorten the period of our sufferings. My own case (every body, no doubt, thinks the same) appears to be peculiarly miserable. To me the world is a vast desert, and there is no merit in renouncing it, since there is no difficulty. There never was a time when it was so utterly destitute of allurements for me. The difficulty with me is to find some motive to action—something to break the sluggish tenor of my life. I look back upon the havoc of the past year as upon a bloody field of battle, where my friends have perished. I look out towards the world, and find a wilderness, peopled indeed, but not with flesh and blood—with monsters tearing one another to pieces for money or power, or some other vile lust. Among them will be found, with here and there an exception, the professors of the religion of meekness and love, itself too often made the bone of contention and faction. Is it not strange that a being so situated should find difficulty in renouncing himself, the dominion of his own bad passions? To such an one another and a better world is a necessary refuge, and yet he cannot embrace it.

" My dear friend, it is very unreasonable that I should throw the burthen of my black and dismal thoughts upon you; but they so weigh me down that I cannot escape from them; and when I can speak without restraint, they will have vent."

Mr. Randolph spent the summer at home entirely alone. Dr. Dudley's health required a visit to the Virginia Springs, where he remained during the season. The boys were at school. With the exception of a short visit to Richmond, he did not leave his own plantation. His time was consumed in silence and in solitude. There can be no question that this entire abstinence from human society—the cheerful face of man and woman—the morning saluta-

tion and the evening converse with friends loving and beloved—had a pernicious influence on his health, his mind, and his temper.

No man enjoyed with a higher relish the intellectual and polished society of those friends, men and women, whom he had endeared to him by the strongest ties of affection, no man felt more keenly its absence. Yet it seems to have been his lot to live in solitude; so few understood him!

On the 25th of October he thus writes to Mr. Key:

"If your life is so unsatisfactory to you, what must that of others be to them? For my part, if there breathes a creature more empty of enjoyment than myself, I sincerely pity him. My opinions seem daily to become more unsettled, and the awful mystery which shrouds the future alone renders the present tolerable. The darkness of my hours, so far from having passed away, has thickened into the deepest gloom. I try not to think, by moulding my mind upon the thoughts of others; but to little purpose. Have you ever read Zimmerman on Solitude? I do not mean the popular cheap book under that title, but another, in which solitude is considered with respect to its dangerous *influence* upon the mind and the heart. I have been greatly pleased with it for a few hours. It is a mirror that reflects the deformity of the human mind to whomsoever will look into it.

"Dudley is with me. He returned about a month ago from our Springs, and I think he has benefited by the waters. He returns your salutation most cordially. We have been lounging a la Virginianne, at the house of a friend, about a day and a half's ride off. In a few days I shall return to the same neighborhood, not in pussuit of pleasure, but pursued by ennui."

—•••—

CHAPTER VIII.

DYING, SIR—DYING.

THE session of Congress which terminated the 4th of March, 1817, presents nothing of much public interest. The most remarkable act of the session is the compensation law, as it was called, by which members voted themselves a fixed salary for their services, instead of the usual per diem allowance.

Mr. Randolph's half brother, Henry St. George Tucker, was a

member of this Congress. On his way to Washington he was upset in the stage—had his shoulder dislocated, and in other respects was much injured. So soon as the news of this accident reached him, Mr. Randolph hastened to the bedside of his brother, and on his return to Washington wrote the following letter :

“ I have been very unwell since I left you, but not in consequence of my journey to your bedside. On the contrary I believe I am the better for it in every respect. A wide gulf has divided us, of time and place and circumstance. Our lot has been different, very different indeed. I am ‘ the last of the family ’—of my family at least—and I am content that in my person it should become extinct. In the rapid progress of time and of events, it will quickly disappear from the eye of observation, and whatsoever of applause or disgrace it may have acquired in the eyes of man, will weigh but little in the estimation of Him by whose doom the everlasting misery or happiness of our condition is to be irrevocably fixed. ‘ We are indeed clay in the potter’s hands.’ ”

Mr. Randolph’s health during this winter was wretched in the extreme ; more especially towards the close. The reader is already aware of his determination “ to wash his hands of politics ”—he had announced to his friends that he would not be a candidate again for Congress. On Saturday night, February 8th, he wrote to Dr. Dudley—

“ Your letter of the 2d was put into my hands this morning, just as I was about to make my last dying speech.” The next Tuesday he says—“ I scribbled a few lines to you on Saturday evening last, at which time I was laboring under the effects of fresh cold, taken in going to and coming from the House, where I delivered my valedictory. It was nearer being, than I then imagined, a valedictory to this world. That night, and the next day and night, I hung suspended between two worlds, and had a much nearer glimpse than I have ever yet taken of the other.

“ That I have written this letter with effort will be apparent from the face of it. I am not ashamed to confess that it has cost me some bitter tears—but they are not the tears of remorse. They flow from the workings of a heart known only to Him unto whom the prayers and the groans of the miserable ascend. I feel that in this world I am alone—that all my efforts (ill-judged and misdirected I am willing to allow they must have been) have proved abortive. What remains of my life must be spent in a cold and heartless intercourse with mankind, compared with which the solitude of Robinson Crusoe was bliss. I have no longer a friend. Do not take this unkindly, for it is not meant so. On this subject, as well as on some others, per-

haps, I have been an enthusiast—but I know neither how to conciliate the love nor to command the esteem of mankind; and like the officious ass in the fable, must bear the blows inflicted on my presumption. May God bless you, my brother. You have found the peace of this world. May you find that of the world to come, which passeth all understanding. If it be his good pleasure, we may meet again; if not in this life, in life everlasting, where all misunderstanding and misinterpretation shall be at an end; and the present delusions of self appear in their proper and vile deformity, and the busy cares and sorrows which now agitate and distress us seem more trivial than the tears of infancy—succeeded, not by transient, but everlasting sunshine of the heart. Amen, and so let it be.

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

Jan. 21, 1817. Tuesday.

Sunday morning.—I have been reading Lear these two days, and incline to prefer it to all Shakspeare's plays. In that and Timon only, it has been said, the bard was in earnest. Read both—the first especially.

Tuesday, Feb. 18th.—"I had hardly finished my last letter (Sunday the 16th) to you, when I was seized by spasms that threatened soon to terminate all my earthly cares; although the two nights since have been passed almost entirely without sleep, I am much better."

Sunday, February 23d.—"The worst night that I have had since my indisposition commenced. It was, I believe, a case of *croup*, combined with the affection of the liver and the lungs. Nor was it unlike tetanus, since the muscles of the neck and back were rigid, and the jaw locked. I never expected, when the clock struck two, to hear the bell again; fortunately, as I found myself going, I dispatched a servant (about one) to the apothecary for an ounce of laudanum. Some of this poured down my throat, through my teeth, restored me to something like life. I was quite delirious, but had method in my madness; for they tell me I ordered Juba to load my gun and to shoot the first "doctor" that should enter the room; adding, they are only mustard seed, and will serve just to sting him. Last night I was again very sick; but the anodyne relieved me. I am now persuaded that I might have saved myself a great deal of suffering by the moderate use of opium. This day week, when racked with cramps and spasms, my "doctors" (I had two) prescribed (or rather, administered) half a glass of Madeira. Half a drop of rain water would have been as efficient. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I attended the House; brought out the first day by the explosion of the motion to repeal the internal taxes; and the following days by some other circumstances that I will not now relate. Knocked up completely by the exertion, instead of recalling my physicians, I took my own case boldly in hand; took one and a half grains of calomel;

on Tuesday night and yesterday using mercurial friction. The liver is again performing its functions, and I am, this evening, decidedly better than I have been since the first attack, which I may date from my fall at Mr. T.'s, on Tuesday, the 21st of January. From that period, the operations of the liver have been irregular and disturbed. I conceive the lungs to be affected by sympathy, with the other viscus. I have taken from five to ten grains of the hypercarbonated natron every day, most generally five grains, in a tablespoonful of new milk, sometimes repeating the dose at night. My drink has been slippery elm tea and lemonade. Appetite for acids very strong. Severe pains in the fasciæ of the legs and the tendons, just above the outer ankle bone; also, knees, &c. I have taken, from the first, a pill of one and a half grains of calomel about two, sometimes three times a week; and several doses of Cheltenham salts. I have used the volatile liniment for my throat and limbs; also, gargles of sage tea, borax, &c.

Mrs. John M., Mrs. B., and Mrs. F. K., have been very kind in sending me jellies, lemons, &c., &c. Thomas M. N. has been extremely attentive and obliging. Mr. K. of New York, Mr. Chief Justice, Mr. H. of Maryland, Mr. M. of South Carolina, Mr. B. of Georgetown, (I need not name Frank Key,) M. (no longer Abbé) C. de S., and D., have been very kind in their attentions. Mr. M. sent me some *old*, choice Madeira, and his man cook to dress my rice (a mystery not understood any where on this side of Cape Fear river), sending also the rice to be dressed; and Mr. Chief Justice came to assist me in drawing up my will—which I had strangely and *criminally* neglected for some time past, and of which neglect I was more strangely admonished in a dream."

About this time, says Mr. Wm. H. Roane, who was a member of Congress from Virginia during the session of 1816-17, "I remember that one morning Mr. Lewis came into the House of Representatives and addressed Mr. Tyler and myself, who were the youngest members from Virginia, and said we must go to Georgetown to Mr. Randolph. We asked for what; he said that Mr. Randolph had told him that he was determined not to be buried as beau Dawson had been, at the public expense, and he had selected us young bloods to come to him and take charge of his funeral. We went over immediately. When we entered Mr. Randolph's apartments he was in his morning gown. He rose and shook us by the hand. On our inquiries after his health, he said, 'Dying! dying! dying! in a dreadful state.' He inquired what was going on in Congress. We told him that the galleries were filling with people of the District, and

that there was considerable excitement on the re-chartering of the batch of banks in the District. He then broke off and commenced upon another subject, and pronounced a glowing eulogium upon the character and talents of Patrick Henry. After sitting for some time, and nothing being said on the business on which we had been sent to him, we rose and took our leave. When we got to the door, I said, 'I wish, Mr. Randolph, you could be in the House to-day.' He shook his head—'Dying, sir, dying!' When we had got back to the House of Representatives, Mr. Lewis came in and asked how we had found Mr. Randolph. We laughed and said as well as usual—that we had spent a very pleasant morning with him, and been much amused by his conversation. Scarcely a moment after, Mr. Lewis exclaimed, 'There he is!' and there to be sure he was. He had catered by another door, having arrived at the Capitol almost as soon as we did. In a few moments he rose and commenced a speech, the first sentence of which I can repeat verbatim.—'Mr. Speaker,' said he, 'this is Shrove Tuesday. Many a gallant cock has died in the pit on this day, and I have come to die in the pit also.' He then went on with his speech, and after a short time turned and addressed the crowd of 'hungry expectants,' as he called them—tellers, clerks, and porters in the gallery."

Mr. Randolph left Washington the day after Mr. Monroe's inauguration. "No mitigation of my cruel symptoms took place until the third day of my journey, when I threw physic to the dogs, and instead of opium, tincture of columbo, hypercarbonate of soda, &c., &c., I drank, in defiance of my physician's prescription, copiously of cold spring water, and ate plentifully of ice. Since that change of regimen my strength has increased astonishingly, and I have even gained some flesh, or rather, skin. The first day, Wednesday the 5th, I could travel no farther than Alexandria. At Dumfries, where I lay, but slept not, on Thursday night, I had nearly given up the ghost. At a spring, five miles on this side, after crossing Chappawamsick, I took, upon an empty and sick stomach, upwards of a pint of living water, unmixed with Madeira, which I have not tasted since. It was the first thing that I had taken into my stomach since the first of February that did not produce nausea. It acted like a charm, and enabled me to get on to B.'s that night, where I procured ice. I also devoured with impunity a large pippin (forbidden fruit to me). Next day I

got to the Oaks, forty-two miles. Here I was more unwell than the night before. On Sunday morning I reached my friends, Messrs. A. & Co., to breakfast, at half past eight."

On the road between the Bolling Green and Fredericksburg, he came up with the stage with Mr. Roane and other members of Congress on their homeward journey. As he drew up his phaeton along side the stage, Mr. Roane called out, "How are you, Mr. Randolph?" "Dying, sir, dying!" and then dashed off and out travelled the stage.

He was, indeed, much nearer dying than his friends imagined. Shortly after his arrival in Richmond he was taken very ill, and lay for many weeks utterly prostrate and helpless at the house of Mr. Cunningham, in that city. In after years he often recurred to this period as the time of his greatest prostration. March 3d, 1824, he says, "You have no idea how very feeble I am. I crawled yesterday to P. Thompson's bookseller's shop, but could not get back afoot. The *vis vitæ* has not been lower with me since the spring of 1817. How well I recollect this very day of that year!"

CHAPTER IX.

CONVERSION.

For a long time the state of Mr. Randolph's health was such that he confined himself entirely at home, and even ceased correspondence with his friends, which at all times constituted his principal source of enjoyment. His first attempt was the following letter addressed to his friend Key:

ROANOKE, Feb. 9, 1818.

DEAR FRANK: A long while ago I wrote to you in reply to the only letter that I have received for many, many months. I know that you have something better to do than to be scribbling to me; but I beg you to take my case into your special consideration. I am as much out of the world as if I were in Kamtschatka or Juan Fernandez—without a single neighbor, confined by my infirmities often to the house, and disabled by them from attending to my affairs, which might give me amusement and employment at the same time.

The state of manners around me cannot be paralleled, I believe, on the face of the earth—all engaged with unremitting devotion in the worship of

“The least erected spirit
That fell from heaven.”

This pursuit I know to be general throughout the land, and, indeed, I fear throughout the world; but elsewhere it is tempered by the spirit of society, and even by a love of ostentation or of pleasure. Here it reigns undivided. There is no intercourse but of business; and a man who will ride more miles for a shilling than a post-boy, will hardly go one to visit a sick neighbor. * * * I am afraid you will consider the foregoing as no proof of what I am about to add; but let me assure you that there is nothing personal between these “poor rich men” and me; on the contrary, I feel toward them only pity and good will, and let no occasion pass without manifesting the latter disposition.

I think that the state of solitude and dereliction in which I am placed, has not been without some good effect in giving me better views than I have had of the most important of all subjects; and I would not exchange it, comfortless as it is, for the heartless intercourse of the world. I know that “if a man says he loves God, and hates his brother, he is a liar;” but I do not hate my brethren of the human family. I fear, however, that I cannot love them as I ought. But God, I hope and trust, will in his good time put better dispositions into my heart. There are few of them, I am persuaded, more undeserving of love than I am.

March 2. Every day brings with it new evidences of my weakness and utter inability, of myself, to do any good thing, or even to conceive a single good thought. With the unhappy father in the Gospel, I cry out, “Lord! I believe, help thou mine unbelief.” When I think of the goodness, and wisdom, and power of God, I seem, in my own eyes, a devil in all but strength. I say this to you, who will not ascribe it to affected humility. Sometimes I have better views, but again I am weighed down to the very earth, or lost in a labyrinth of doubts and perplexities. The hardness of my own heart grieves and astonishes me. Then, again, I settle down in a state of coldness and indifference, which is worse than all. But the quivering of our frail flesh, often the effect of physical causes, cannot detract from the mercy of our Creator, and to him I commit myself. “Thy will be done!”

M—— does not “give me all the news,” nor, indeed, any for a long time past. At the commencement of the session of Congress, he wrote pretty frequently, and through him I heard of you. It would delight me very much to spend a few weeks with you. I would even try to be an usher in your school. [Mr. Key was teaching his own

children.] At least, I could teach the younger children to read. Give my love to them all, and to their mother. I had a sister once, and I never think of her without being reminded of Mrs. Key.

I have not read Cunningham's poem. Is it the author of "The Velvet Cushion?" I have lately met with an entertaining work from the pen of an English Jacobin, Hazlitt's *Character of Shakspeare*; and have tried to read Coleridge's *Literary Life*. There are fine passages, but his mysticism is too deep for me. I have seen, too, a romance, called the *Life of Patrick Henry*—a wretched piece of fustian.

I have not turned entirely a savage, although a man of the woods, and almost wild. Bodily motion seems to be some relief to mental uneasiness, and I was delighted yesterday morning to hear that the snipes are come. On this subject of mental malady, it appears that madness is almost epidemic among us. Many cases have appeared in Petersburg and elsewhere. In this county we had a preacher of the Methodist sect (not itinerant), a man of excellent character and very good sense. He was generally esteemed, and although quite poor, by the aid of a notable wife lived neatly and comfortably. Last winter the clerk of our county died, and this preacher, by diligent canvass, got the place by one vote, in a court of more than twenty magistrates. From the time that he commenced his canvass his manners changed. A still further change was perceptible after he got the office; and a few weeks ago he got quite insane. His friends set off with him on a journey to Georgia. But the first night he gave them the slip, and is supposed to have drowned himself. I heard yesterday that a party were out seeking for him. He had taken laudanum for the purpose of suicide, but his stomach would not retain it. Some ascribe his malady to remorse, others to the effects of sudden prosperity. This county seems to labor under a judgment. It has been conspicuous for the order and morality of the inhabitants; and such is the general character, I hope, yet. But within two or three years past it has been the theatre of crimes of the deepest atrocity. Within a few months there have occurred two instances of depravity, the most shocking that can be conceived. But I am giving you a county history, instead of a letter. Farewell, my dear friend; while I have life I am yours.

RICHMOND, April 29, 1818.

DEAR FRANK—On my arrival here the day before yesterday, I found the picture and the picture-frame which poor L. left for me.

Wood has again failed, but not so entirely as at first. It is you in some of your humors, but neither your serious nor more cheerful face. It shall hang, however, near my bed, and I hope will prove a benefit as well as a pleasure to me. My love to Mrs. Key. I hope

she has presented you with a better likeness of yourself than any painter can draw. If I could envy you, I should covet one of your boys, and, perhaps, one of your girls too, if I were not so old.

I have "read Manfred," and was overpowered by the intense misery of the writer. Unless he shall seek refuge above, where alone it is to be found, it is to be feared madness, perhaps suicide, is his portion. It created in me the strongest interest for the unhappy author, and I actually projected writing him a letter, such a one as could have displeased no man, and might, perhaps, have done good. The air of presumption which such a step might carry with it made me drop the "notion."

I have long been satisfied in my own mind respecting the principles, political, moral, and religious, of the journal you mention. I suspect Franklin's were not very different. I am gratified, however, at this castigation of that caricature of a caricature, Phillips. He "out-Currans" Curran.

I do not take, but shall order the *Christian Observer*. I have seen many of the numbers, and found them admirable.

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well."

I regret the stifling of your poetical bantling. Can't you send me some of the "*disjecta membra*?" There is no need of a bottle of spirits of wine to preserve them in apothecary fashion. On reaching this place, I found my poor nephew, who has been a tenant of the mansion that inspired your muse. Sir P. Francis is not Junius, the reviewer to the contrary notwithstanding.

On his return from Richmond, Mr. Randolph sank down into the deepest melancholy; some even allege that it amounted to an aberration of mind—to positive delirium. The reader is aware that for years previous to this time, the deepest gloom, lasting many days in succession, overshadowed his mind, evincing the existence of some corroding care, for which he neither sought, nor would receive, any sympathy.

The subject of religion had become the all-absorbing theme of his meditations. God, freedom, and immortality; sin, death, and the grave; Christ, redemption, and free grace, are "high matters," well calculated, at any time, to disturb the strongest intellect.

But when we come to consider the solitude in which he lived, the emaciated condition of his delicate frame, worn down by long and torturing disease, the irritable state of his nervous system—"he was almost like a man without a skin"—the constant and sleepless excitement of his mental faculties and of his brilliant imagination induced by this morbid irritability; when we throw ourselves into his condi-

tion, and conceive of the crowd of burning thoughts that pressed upon his mind, pass in melancholy review the many friends that had been torn from him by the hand of death, the many who had forgotten him and forsaken him as a fallen man, no longer serviceable to them; call to remembrance that his own father's house was desolate, St. George in the mad-house, himself, like Logan, alone in his cabin, without a drop of his father's blood save that which coursed in his own well-nigh exhausted veins; and, above all, when we call to remembrance his first, his youthful, and his only love, which is said to have greatly revived in his mind at this time with the painful yet hallowed associations that clustered around its cherished memory, who can wonder that a man, with the temperament of John Randolph, under these circumstances should fling away all restraint, and should cry aloud in the anguish of his soul, and should so act and speak as to excite the astonishment of those around, and induce them to believe that he was a madman! In a similar situation David was a madman; Byron was a madman; Rousseau—all high-souled, deep-feeling men of genius, in the eye of the world were madmen.

Dr. Dudley says, that for many weeks his conduct towards himself, who was the only inmate of his household, had been marked by contumelious indignities, which required almost heroic patience to endure, even when aided by a warm and affectionate devotion, and an anxious wish to alleviate the agonies of such a mind. All hope of attaining this end, he says, finally failed, and he announced to Mr. Randolph his determination no longer to remain with him. Mr. Randolph then addressed him the following letter, so full of affection and tenderness, that it shows his best friends did not understand him, and that in his dark days of horror, when caprice and petulance marked his conduct, they did him a cruel injustice by supposing that the harsh expression or extravagant conduct, forced out by the anguish of his soul, was really intended as a premeditated injury to their feelings.

“August, 1818.

“I consider myself under obligations to you that I can never repay. I have considered you as a blessing sent to me by Providence, in my old age, to repay the desertion of my other friends and nearer connections. It is in your power (if you please) to repay me all the debt of gratitude that you insist upon being due to me; although I consider myself, in a pecuniary point of view, largely a gainer by

our connection. But if you are unwilling to do so, I must be content to give up my last stay upon earth; for I shall, in that case, send the boys to their parents. Without you, I cannot live here at all, and will not. What it is that has changed your manner towards me, I cannot discover. I have ascribed it to the disease (hypochondriasis) by which you are afflicted, and which affects the mind and temper, as well as the animal faculties. In your principles, I have as unbounded confidence as I have in those of any man on earth. Your disinterestedness, integrity, and truth, would extort my esteem and respect, even if I were disposed to withhold them. I love you as my own son—would to God you were! I see, I think, into your heart—mine is open before you, if you will look into it. Nothing could ever eradicate this affection, which surpasses that of any other person (as I believe) on earth. Your parents have other children—I have only you. But I see you wearing out your time and wasting away in this desert, where you have no society such as your time of life, habits, and taste require. I have looked at you often engaged in contributing to my advantage and comfort, with tears in my eyes, and thought I was selfish and cruel in sacrificing you to my interest. I am going from home; will you take care of my affairs until I return? I ask it as a favor. It is possible that we may not meet again; but, if I get more seriously sick at the springs than I am now, I will send for you, unless you will go with me to the White Sulphur Springs. Wherever I am, my heart will love you as long as it beats. From your boyhood I have not been lavish of reproof upon you. Recollect my past life."

Mr. Randolph set out on his journey to the Springs—spent some days in Lynchburg—went as far as Bottetourt County—ascended the Peaks of Otter, the highest point of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia—and then returned home to Roanoke. There seems to have been a total change in his mind about this time. From the deepest gloom and despondency, he seems to have attained clearness and satisfaction on the subject of religion. He said they wanted him to go to the Springs, but he had found a spring here, on this hill (Roanoke), more efficacious—a well—a fountain of living waters. He thus writes to Mr. Key:

ROANOKE, Sept. 7, 1818.

Congratulate me, dear Frank—wish me joy you need not; give it you cannot—I am at last reconciled to my God, and have assurance of his pardon, through faith in Christ, against which the very gates of hell cannot prevail. Fear hath been driven out by perfect love. I *now know* that *you know* how I feel; and within a month,

for the first time, I understand your feelings and character, and that of every *real* Christian. Love to Mrs. Key and your brood.

I am not now afraid of being "righteous overmuch," or of "Methodistical notions."

Thine, in Truth,
J. R. OF R.

Let Meade know the glad tidings, and let him, if he has kept it, read and preserve my letter to him from Richmond years ago.

He thus writes to Dr. Brockenbrough:

September 25.

MY GOOD FRIEND,—I am sorry that Quashee should intrude upon you unreasonably. The old man, I suppose, knows the pleasure I take in your letters, and therefore feels anxious to procure his master the gratification. I cannot, however, express sorrow—for I do not feel it—at the impression which you tell me my last letter made upon you. May it lead to the same happy consequences that I have experienced—which I now feel—in that sunshine of the heart, which the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, alone can bestow!

Your imputing such sentiments to a heated imagination does not surprise me, who have been bred in the school of Hobbs and Bayle, and Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, and Hume and Voltaire and Gibbon; who have cultivated the skeptical philosophy from my vain-glorious boyhood—I might almost say childhood—and who have felt all that unutterable disgust which hypocrisy and cant and fanaticism never fail to excite in men of education and refinement, superadded to our natural repugnance to Christianity. I am not, even now, insensible to this impression; but as the excesses of her friends (real or pretended) can never alienate the votary of liberty from a free form of government, and enlist him under the banners of despotism, so neither can the cant of fanaticism, or hypocrisy, or of both (for so far from being incompatible, they are generally found united in the same character—may God in his mercy preserve and defend us from both) disgust the pious with true religion.

Mine has been no sudden change of opinion. I can refer to a record, showing, on my part, a desire of more than nine years' standing, to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; although, for two-and-twenty years preceding, my feet had never crossed the threshold of the house of prayer. This desire I was restrained from indulging, by the fear of eating and drinking unrighteously. And although that fear hath been cast out by perfect love, I have never yet gone to the altar, neither have I been present at the performance of divine service, unless indeed I may so call my reading the liturgy of our church,

and some chapters of the Bible to my poor negroes on Sundays. Such passages as I think require it, and which I feel competent to explain, I comment upon—enforcing as far as possible, and dwelling upon, those texts especially that enjoin the indispensable accompaniment of a good life as the touchstone of the true faith. The Sermon from the Mount, and the Evangelists generally; the Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians, chap. vi.; the General Epistle of James, and the First Epistle of John; these are my chief texts.

The consummation of my *conversion*—I use the word in its strictest sense—is owing to a variety of causes, but chiefly to the conviction, unwillingly forced upon me, that the very few friends which an unprosperous life (the fruit of an ungovernable temper) had left me were daily losing their hold upon me, in a firmer grasp of ambition, avarice, or sensuality. I am not sure that, to complete the anti-climax, avarice should not have been last; for although, in some of its effects, debauchery be more disgusting than avarice, yet, as it regards the unhappy victim, this last is more to be dreaded. Dissipation, as well as power or prosperity, hardens the heart; but avarice deadens it to every feeling but the thirst for riches. Avarice alone could have produced the slave-trade; avarice alone can drive, as it does drive, this infernal traffic, and the wretched victims of it, like so many post-horses, whipped to death in a mail-coach. Ambition has its reward in the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war; but where are the trophies of avarice?—the handcuff, the manacle, and the blood-stained cowhide? What man is worse received in society for being a hard master? Every day brings to light some H—e or H—ns in our own boasted land of liberty! Who denies the hand of a sister or daughter to such monsters? Nay, they have even appeared in “the abused shape of the vilest of women.” I say nothing of India, or Amboyna, of Cortez or Pizarro.

When I was last in your town I was inexpressibly shocked (and perhaps I am partly indebted to the circumstance for accelerating my emancipation) to hear, on the threshold of the temple of the least erect of all the spirits that fell from heaven, these words spoken, by a man second to none in this nation in learning or abilities; one, too, whom I had, not long before, seen at the table of our Lord and Saviour: “I do not want the Holy Ghost (I shudder while I write), or any other spirit in me. If these doctrines are true (St. Paul’s), there was no need for Wesley and Whitfield to have separated from the church. The Methodists are right, and the church wrong. I want to see the old church,” &c. &c.: that is, such as this diocese was under Bishop *Terrick*, when wine-bibbing and buck-parsons were sent out to preach “a dry clatter of morality,” and not the word of God, for 16,000 lbs. of tobacco. When I speak of morality it is not as condemning it; religion includes it, but much more. Day is now

breaking and I shall extinguish my candles, which are better than no light; or if I do not, in the presence of the powerful king of day they will be noticed only by the dirt and ill savor that betray all human contrivances, the taint of humanity. Morality is to the Gospel not even as a farthing rushlight to the blessed sun.

By the way, this term Methodist in religion is of vast compass and effect, like tory in politics, or aristocrate in Paris, "with the lamp-post for its second," some five or six-and-twenty years ago.

Dr. Hoge? "a Methodist parson." Frank Key? "a fanatic," (I heard him called so not ten days ago,) "a Methodistical, whining, &c., &c." Wilberforce? "a Methodist." Mrs. Hannah More? "ditto." It ought never to be forgotten, that real converts to Christianity on opposite sides of the globe agree at the same moment to the same facts. Thus Dr. Hoge and Mr. Key, although strangers, understand perfectly what each other feels and believes.

If I were to show a MS. in some unknown tongue to half a dozen persons, strangers to each other and natives of different countries, and they should all give me the same translation, could I doubt their acquaintance with the strange language? On the contrary, can I, who am but a smatterer in Greek, believe an interpreter who pretends to a knowledge of that tongue, and yet cannot tell the meaning of *τυπτω*?

I now read with relish and understand St. Paul's epistles, which not long since I could not comprehend, even with the help of Mr. Locke's paraphrase. Taking up, a few days ago, at an "ordinary," the life of John Bunyan, which I had never before read, I find an exact coincidence in our feelings and opinions on this head, as well as others.

Very early in life I imbibed an absurd prejudice in favor of Mahomedanism and its votaries. The crescent had a talismanic effect on my imagination, and I rejoiced in all its triumphs over the cross (which I despised) as I mourned over its defeats; and Mahomet II. himself did not more exult than I did, when the crescent was planted on the dome of St. Sophia, and the cathedral of the Constantines was converted into a Turkish mosque. To this very day I feel the effects of Peter Randolph's Zanga on a temper naturally impatient of injury, but insatiably vindictive under insult.

On the night that I wrote last to you I scribbled a pack of nonsense to Rootes, which serves only to show the lightness of my heart. About the same time, in reply to a question from a friend, I made the following remarks, which, as I was weak from long vigilance, I requested him to write down, that I might, when at leisure, copy it into my diary. From it you will gather pretty accurately the state of my mind.

I have been up long before day, and write with pain, from a sense

of duty to you and Mrs. B., in whose welfare I take the most earnest concern. You have my prayers: give me yours, I pray you.

Adieu!

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

I was on the top of the pinnacle of Otter this day fortnight: a little above the earth, but how far beneath heaven!

“NOTE.—It is my business to avoid giving offence to the world, especially in all matters merely indifferent. I shall therefore stick to my old uniform, blue and buff, unless God sees fit to change it for black. I must be as attentive to my dress, and to household affairs, as far as cleanliness and comfort are concerned, as ever, and indeed more so. Let us take care to drive none away from God by dressing religion in the garb of fanaticism. Let us exhibit her as she is, equally removed from superstition and lukewarmness. But we must take care, that while we avoid one extreme we fall not into the other; no matter which. I was born and baptized in the Church of England. If I attend the Convention at Charlottesville, which I rather doubt, I shall oppose myself then and always to every attempt at encroachment on the part of the church, the clergy especially, on the rights of conscience. I attribute, in a very great degree, my long estrangement from God to my abhorrence of prelatical pride and puritanical preciseness; to ecclesiastical tyranny, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant; whether of Henry V. or Henry VIII.; of Mary or Elizabeth; of John Knox or Archbishop Laud; of the Cameronians of Scotland, the Jacobins of France, or the Protestants of Ireland. Should I fail to attend, it will arise from a repugnance to submit the religion, or church, any more than the liberty of my country, to foreign influence. When I speak of my country, I mean the Commonwealth of Virginia. I was born in allegiance to George III.; the Bishop of London (*Terrick*!) was my diocesan. My ancestors threw off the oppressive yoke of the mother country, but they never made me subject to *New England* in matters spiritual or temporal; neither do I mean to become so, voluntarily.”

Mr. Key, on getting the news of his friend's conversion, responded in this wise:—

“I do, indeed, my dear friend, rejoice with you—I have long wished, and often believed with confidence, that you would experience what God has now blessed you with. I need not tell you (if I could) of its value, for I trust you feel it to be ‘unspeakable.’ May the grace that has brought you from ‘darkness to light,’ from ‘death to life,’ keep you forever!

“Nor do I rejoice merely on your own account or mine. The

wonders that God is every where doing show us that these are no ordinary times, and justify us in hoping and expecting for greater manifestations of his power and goodness. You stand on an eminence—'let your light shine' brightly, that all may see it—steadily, that they may know whence it comes, and 'glorify your Father which is in heaven.'

"Write to me often and particularly; 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;' and may I always hear that you are following the guidance of that blessed Spirit that will 'lead you into all truth,' leaning on that Almighty arm that has been extended to deliver you, trusting only in the only Saviour, and 'going on' in your way to him 'rejoicing.'



CHAPTER X.

IDIOSYNCRACIES.

A quick, intuitive understanding, a vivid imagination, an irritable temper, superadded to an extremely delicate and diseased constitution, produced a complicated character in John Randolph, that rendered him remarkably sensitive to outward influences. He was, indeed, a creature of impulse, influenced for the time being by the circumstances by which he was surrounded. Things that could produce no impression on men of less delicate sensibility, would affect him most seriously. An east wind, that could produce no impression on the cold, phlegmatic temperament of Dr. Johnson, operated on the nerves of John Randolph like a sirocco of the desert. He was generally disposed to look on the dark side of the picture, to imagine the worst, and suffer intensely from an anticipation of what might never happen.

So long as he lived in solitude, unaffected by the influences of the busy world, his mind dwelt for the most part on religious subjects; but when again thrown into the excited arena of political strife, he perceived so clearly, by a sort of intuition as it were, the lowest intrigues of party politicians, felt so intensely the meanness and baseness of their trafficking purposes, that he was often betrayed into a harshness of expression and an extravagance of behavior, that might lead one unacquainted with his peculiar temperament to suppose that he was

a man of a vindictive and unfeeling temper that delighted in the torture of others, while he was himself uninfluenced by a moral or religious restraint of any kind. No man was more conscious than he of this peculiarity of his nature, or more deeply deplored its consequences. The reader will perceive, through all his correspondence, that he did not conceal from his friends these deformities of character, and that he never relaxed in earnest efforts—however useless they may have proved—to overcome and to correct the unfortunate deficiencies of his nature.

During the present year (1819) there was a general pecuniary embarrassment and distress in the country. Mr. Randolph lost a large sum of money deposited in the hands of a mercantile firm in Richmond. He is said to have been deeply affected by this occurrence, and, as might have been expected, spoke in harsh terms of the delinquent merchants.

Frequent allusion is made to the subject in the following correspondence, though religion is the principal theme.

RICHMOND, May 3, 1819.—Sunday.

DEAR FRANK:—It is so long since I heard from you that I almost begin to think that you have struck me out of your books. I had, however, the gratification to hear of you through Mr. Meade, whom I had not the good fortune to see as he passed through this town, having left it on the day of his arrival. You have no conception of the gloom and distress that pervade this place. There has been nothing like it since 1785, when, from the same causes (paper money and a general peace) there was a general depression of every thing. It seems to me, my dear friend, that in the present instance we are punished in the offending member, if I may so express myself. We have been the devoted worshippers of mammon, and in our darling wealth we are made to suffer. May it be the means of opening our eyes to the folly and sinfulness of our past conduct, and of inducing us to lay up treasure where moth corrupteth not and thieves do not break in and steal.

Very contrary to my judgment, and yet more against my feelings, I am again a public man. The application was made in a way that I could not with propriety resist. I was called upon (among other considerations) to “redeem a pledge” and to prevent a contest for the Representation of the District. My views upon the subject of public affairs, as well as other matters, are far other than they have been. I now see in its full deformity the wickedness of Party Spirit, of

which I was so long a votary, and I look forward to the next winter with no other pleasant anticipation but that of seeing you.

Poor H——n! He is gone, I see, to his account. I heard with much gratification that he had been long engaged in serious preparation for this awful change. How poor and pitiful now seem all the angry and malevolent feelings of which he was the author or the object! My dear Frank, what is there in this world to satisfy the cravings of an immortal nature? I declare to you that the business and pleasures of it seem to me as of no more consequence than the game of push-pin that occupies the little negroes at the corner of the street.

Do not misunderstand me, my dear friend. My life (I am ashamed to confess it) does not correspond with my belief. I have made a vile return for the goodness which has been manifested towards me—but I still cling to the cross of my Redeemer, and with God's aid firmly resolve to lead a life less unworthy of one who calls himself the humble follower of Jesus Christ. I am here on a business of much consequence to me. It is to draw, if I can, a sum of money from the hands of a merchant which has been appropriated to an object which I have long had at heart. I have some fears of losing it; but if I do, I have the fullest confidence that I *ought*; and must devise some other provision against the *daily nightmare* that has so long oppressed me. You will be at no loss to conjecture the subject.

Since I saw you, I have become more infirm and more indolent than ever. This last is my besetting sin. My spirits often desert me, and indeed it is no matter of wonder; for a more forlorn and destitute creature can hardly be found. I have outlived my relations and friends, except a few who are far away.

On the subject of his return to Congress, Key replies:—

"You know my opinion about public life—that a man has no more right to decline it than to seek it. I do not know, perhaps, all its dangers, but I have no doubt they are great. But whatever they be, the grace of God is sufficient for them, and he who enters upon them with a sole view to his glory, and depends entirely on his grace, will find 'crooked things made straight,' and the mountains made plains before him. Certainly in such a state, a man who lives 'by faith and not by sight' can evidently serve the cause of religion, and I trust and pray that thus your light may shine.

"You will indeed be set 'on a hill.' Innumerable eyes will be fastened on you. The men of the world will look for something with which they may reproach you, and your faith; while 'the blessed company of all faithful people' will look to see if they may 'take knowledge of you, that you have been with Christ'—may they have to 'thank God always for you!'

"You have no idea what an interest is excited in your behalf among religious persons. I believe that many a fervent prayer is offered up for you by people who never saw your face."

To whom thus Randolph:—

"Your letter has produced a strange and indescribable feeling. That I, who have long been an object of malevolence or indifference to most of them that know me, should receive the prayers of strangers! May God bless all such charitable souls. Perhaps if we were together I could explain the state of my feelings—on paper I find it out of my power to do so. When I think on Mr. Hoge, our friend Meade and some others, I am almost driven to despair. To divest ourselves of our human feelings, is, I know, impossible—neither have I ever supposed it otherwise. But there are times when they quite overcome me, and when the chaos of my mind can be compared with nothing but the state that poor Cowper was in before he found peace, or rather after the death of Mrs. Erwin. But at my gloomiest moments, when I think how much less I suffer than I have deserved—when I remember that 'he who bore in heaven the second name had not on earth whereon to lay his head,' and that he died the death of the Cross—when I think how far my ingratitude to God transcends all other human ingratitude—the treachery and unthankfulness of mankind vanish before these considerations, and I cry out, 'not my will but thy will be done.' But although I can suffer, I cannot do; and my life is running off in indolent speculations upon my duty, instead of being devoted to its performance. Amidst all these lamentable failures, however, I hold fast my resolution, with his gracious assistance, to put my whole trust in God, to pour out my whole soul in fervent prayer; and in his good time he may increase my strength to wrestle with the temptations that beset me. By the late bankruptcies I am reduced from ease and independence to debt and straitened circumstances. I have endeavored in vain to sell a part of my property at a reduced price, to meet my engagements.

"I had not heard of M——'s death. May our latter end be like his. Indeed I am here entirely removed from the converse of my species. I know not what is doing in the world; but even in this retreat the groans of the children of mammon sometimes break upon my ear. If I cannot arrange my affairs I fear I must resign my seat. I say 'I fear,' because I would avoid all appearance of fickleness and caprice. What you tell me ought to nerve my resolution. Alas! it is in the persons of her friends and from their hands that religion receives her deadliest wounds. God grant that I may always bear this in mind, and that this consideration may deter me from much evil, and spur me on to do good."

August 8th, 1819.—"You have formed too favorable an opinion of

my state, which too often reminds me of the seed that 'fell upon stony places.' This is not said out of any affected humility, far worse than the highest presumption, but from a comparison of the *fruit* with what the tree ought to bear.

"Can there be faith even as a grain of mustard seed when such is the life? It has pleased God to visit us with the most destructive drought in the memory of any living man. Great apprehensions are entertained of famine, but I trust that he who feedeth the young ravens will not suffer us to starve. Indeed, so far from being over-careful and troubled about the things of this world, I am culpably remiss respecting them, and this indolent supineness had led to more than one evil consequence. I am worn out, body and mind, and the least exertion, corporeal or intellectual, exhausts me entirely. Even the writing of this letter will be sensibly felt. Whilst you and others of my friends are bearing the heat and burthen of the day, I am languishing in inglorious indolence.

"I am more than satiated with the world. It is to me a fearful prison-house of guilt and misery. I fear that my feelings towards it are not always sufficiently charitable; but an eternity here would be punishment enough for the worst offenders. Towards the meeting of Congress I look forward with no agreeable anticipations. I am sensible of a great decline of my faculties, not the less injurious from being premature. In short, I have lost all hope of public service, and whithersoever I direct my eyes a dark cloud seems to impend. This gloom is not constitutional. It is the result of sad experience of myself as well as others. I would not have you think that it is accompanied by a spirit of repining; far from it. I adore the goodness and the wisdom of God, and submit myself to his mercy most implicitly, acknowledging that if he were to deal with me according to my deserts 'I could not abide it.' My own short-comings are the sources of my regrets, 'and why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?' This, my dear friend, troubles me by day and by night. 'Tis not what others do, but what I do, or omit, that annoys me.

"Cases of insanity and suicide (although not so numerous as might have been expected, judging from the effects of the South Sea and Mississippi bubbles) have not been unfrequent in this quarter. As many as three ministers of the gospel, and several other devout professors, have ended their lives by their own hands. I wish you had been a little more explicit on the Baltimore matters. There are many individuals there that I personally wish well to, and would be glad to hear that they had escaped the general contamination."

"I am sorry," says Key in response, "to observe your desponding feelings; you must fight your way through them. 'Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' The Chris-



tian must always lament his remaining corruptions, and that the fruits of his faith correspond so little with what he intends and desires. But that he brings forth *any* fruit is matter of rejoicing, for it is the work of grace; and he has cause to be thankful for this very desire to do better—and he has the consolation of a clear promise from God that he will not leave his work undone, but that this grace shall make him ‘abound more and more in every good word and work.’

“In the seasons of despondency which I have felt, great relief has been afforded to my mind by the Psalms. I often come to passages that seem to be spoken right at me, and joy and peace were ‘shed abroad in my heart.’ I think they would be blessed in the same way to you. Have you read Miss Taylor’s Poems? You may see them reviewed in the Christian Observer. I send you a Magazine that is published here, which I hope will be faithfully conducted.

“I would tell you more of these Baltimore troubles and abominations, but I really know very little about them. I understand the grand jury, at their late court, have found indictments against many of them.”

To which Randolph replied, August 22d :

“Your letter of the 16th has just arrived to cheer my solitude. Acceptable as it is, it would not have been so promptly acknowledged but for what you say about the Psalms. Once, of all the books of Holy Writ, they were my especial aversion; but, thanks be to God! they have long constituted a favorite portion of that treasure of wisdom. As you say, many passages seem written ‘right at me.’ It is there that I find my sin and sorrows depicted by a fellow-sinner and fellow-sufferer; and there too I find consolation. I chiefly read the version in the Book of Common Prayer, and mine is scored and marked from one end to the other. ‘Why art thou so heavy, O my soul? and why art thou so disquieted within me? O put thy trust in God, for I will yet give him thanks, which is the help of my countenance and my God.’”

After making inquiries about many of his old friends, some of whom, he feared, had gone by the board in the general wreck, he thus continues :

“I do assure you that I sometimes look back upon old times until it seems a dream; but it is a dream that often draws tears in my eyes.

“Miss Key (your uncle Philip’s daughter) is, I presume, unmarried; for there was nobody in the district deserving of her, when I knew it, and she has too much good sense to throw herself away on flimsy members of Congress or diplomatic adventurers. I often think

of the pain I suffered at her father's, more than eleven years ago; of the kindness and attention I then received. Cripple as I then thought myself, I had no forecast that in so short a time I should be almost superannuated. My sight is nearly gone, and my memory of recent events no better. When you see or hear from Mr. Meade, mention me in the warmest terms of regard and respect. * * * * In your next I expect a dish of chit-chat. P. S. I wish the first leisure half hour you light upon you would take up your pen and tell me all about it. 'About what?' Why, every thing and every body. There's that fine fellow, D. M—y, whom you have not once named; nor J. C—n, whom, for the life of me, I can hear nothing about—whether he has gone to pieces in the general wreck? I speak of his fortune, for my confidence in his principles is unshaken. Then there is your friend Mr. T.

"You see, Frank, that I am, indeed, growing old, and, like other dotards, delight in garrulity and gossip. To tell you the truth, I stay here, and look at the trees until I almost *conceit* myself a dryad; at least you perceive I am no grammarian."

To Dr. Brockenbrough he speaks more unreservedly on all subjects than to any other man. Take the following letters, written about the same time as those addressed to Mr. Key:

"I was very glad to learn from Quashee that you were well enough to walk the streets when he was in Richmond. I make it almost a matter of conscience, notwithstanding, to *bore* you with my letters; but I must beg you to take into consideration that I am cut off from all intercourse with the rest of the world, and unable to obtain the slightest information of what is passing in it. It would be a charity to drop me a line now and then. I have hardly seen a white face since I got home, until last evening, when Colonel C. showed me a letter from T. asking a discharge from him and his brother and son-in-law. If I had had any expectations from that quarter, this letter would have put an end to them. T. and M. will receive no release from me. I will not persecute them; but their conduct deserves no indulgence. I had intended to have been in Richmond ten days ago, but my health is so deplorably bad that I cannot venture to leave my own house even for a day; and it is well for me. Here, then, I must live, and here I must die, 'a lone and banished man;' and what banishment can be worse than his who is ashamed to show his face to society? I nerve myself up to bear it as I would to undergo a surgical operation; but the cases are widely different. The one must soon end in a cure, or in death; but every succeeding day brings no relief, but utter aggravation of wretchedness, to the other. These days, however, God be praised! must have an end.

"An Enquirer fell into my hands yesterday. What a contrast be-

tween the universal cry of the country and the testimony of our gracious sovereign to our great and increasing prosperity! You have them in the same columns. It will make a figure in Europe. Baltimore seems to have suffered not less than Richmond. Pray let me know if S. and B. have failed; and, if you can, the cause of J. S. leaving the Bank of Baltimore.

"My best respects to Mrs. B. These glaring long days make me think of her. I lie in bed as long as I can to shorten them, and keep my room darkened. Perhaps a strait waistcoat would not be amiss. Have E. and A. stopped? Farewell. If we ever meet again, it must be here. Should I ever get in reach of a ship bound to any foreign land, I will endeavor to lose sight of this for ever."

To the same:

"I have long been indebted to you for your letter by Mr. Watkins, which reminded me of those which I used to receive from you some years ago, when I was not so entirely unable as I am now to make a suitable return to my correspondents. I feel most seriously this incapacity and deplore it, but for the life of me I cannot rouse myself to take an interest in the affairs of this 'trumpery world' as 'the antiquary' calls it, and with a curious felicity of expression; for it is upon a larger scale what a strolling play-house is upon a smaller, all outside show and tinsel, and frippery, and wretchedness. There are to be sure a few, a very few, who are what they seem to be. But this ought to concern me personally as little as any one; for I have no intercourse with those around me. I often mount my horse and sit upon him ten or fifteen minutes, wishing to go somewhere but not knowing where to ride, for I would escape any where from the incubus that weighs me down, body and soul; but the fiend follows me 'ex croupa.' You can have no conception of the intensity of this wretchedness, which in its effect on my mind I can compare to nothing but that of a lump of ice on the pulse of the wrist, which I have tried when a boy. And why do I obtrude all this upon you? Because from the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. I can be and am silent for days and weeks together, except on indifferent subjects; but if I address myself to a friend, the misery that preys upon me will not be suppressed. The strongest considerations of duty are barely sufficient to prevent me from absconding to some distant country, where I might live and die unknown. There is a selfishness in our occupations and pursuits, after the first gloss of youth has worn off, that hardens us against our fellow-men. This I now know to be the necessary consequence of our nature, but it is not therefore the less revolting. I had hoped to divert the gloom that overhangs me by writing this letter at the instigation of old Quashee, but I struggle against it in vain. Is it not Dr. Johnson who says that to attempt 'to think it down is madness?'

"Your brother William and myself hit upon the same 4th of July toast with some variation; mine was 'State Rights, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*.' It will hardly appear in the newspapers. I agree with you on the subject of the Bankrupt Law, with some shades of difference. I would not have the General Government touch the subject at all. But some mode I think ought to be devised for setting aside the present shameful practices: robbing one man to pay another, &c.

After a good deal about the pecuniary embarrassment of the times, and many friends who were involved in the catastrophe, the letter thus concludes:

"My best regards to Mrs. B. Tell her I have read nothing for six weeks, being 'high gravel blind,' and having nothing to read but old standard authors, who are too solid for my weak stomach and this hot weather. Adieu!

Yours truly,

J. R. OF ROANOKE.

A worn-out man and pen.



CHAPTER XI.

CONGRESS — POLITICAL PARTIES.

AFTER Mr. Randolph had been in Washington some two or three weeks, he thus gives the result of his observations to a friend, under date of the 21st of December, 1819.—"Here I find myself *isolé*, almost as entirely as at Roanoke, for the quiet of which (although I left it without a desire ever to see it again) I have sometimes panted; or rather, to escape from the scenes around me. Once the object of proscription, I am become one of indifference to all around me; and in this respect I am in no wise worse off than the rest; for, from all that I can see and learn, there are no two persons here that care a single straw for one another. My reception is best by the old jacobins *enragés*; next, by the federalists, who have abjured their heresies and reconciled themselves to the true Catholic Church; worst of all, by the old minority men, white washed into courtiers."

When Mr. Randolph returned to Congress in 1819, the relation of political parties had been entirely changed. The restoration of

peace put an end to all the questions which had hitherto divided them. With the exception of the bank—whose chartered existence commenced in 1791, and closed in 1811—all the great subjects discussed in the halls of legislation and by the press, grew out of our relations with foreign countries. Washington had scarcely taken in hand the reins of government when the French revolution burst forth, and disturbed the repose of Europe. The Republican tendencies of the French people, notwithstanding their bloody extravagancies, found at all times in the United-States a strong and sympathizing party. On the other hand, there was a powerful party that deprecated French influence, and sympathized with England in her efforts to repress those revolutionary tendencies. All those who were opposed to a strong centralizing government, and favored the independence of the States so far as consisted with the strict limitations of the Constitution, leaned to the French side of the question. Those of the contrary opinions took the opposite. As the destructive war between those great belligerent powers waxed hotter and hotter, its exciting and maddening influences were more deeply felt by the sympathizing parties here. Each accused the other of wishing to involve the country in the war on the side of their respective friends. Anglomania, Gallomania, raged like an epidemic through the land, and every subject discussed partook of its influence—the Indian Wars, Whisky Insurrection, Gennet's reception, Jay's treaty, and the depredations on our commerce.

As those who were opposed to French influence were in the ascendant, they pushed their measures to an open rupture with France, and, as a means of repressing the further progress of her revolutionary doctrines, enacted those harsh and unconstitutional remedies called the Alien and Sedition Laws, which were the immediate cause of their overthrow.

The resolutions of the legislatures of Virginia and of Kentucky, growing out of the above laws, and the exposition of those resolutions by Mr. Madison, in his report to the Virginia legislature in 1800, constitute the doctrine and political faith, so far as they go, of the republican party that came into power under the auspices of Mr. Jefferson.

But no sooner was Mr. Jefferson installed in office, than he was called on to encounter the same difficulties which had so much em-

barrassed his predecessors in their intercourse with foreign powers. The federal party, now in the minority, and much weakened by their late overthrow, opposed all his measures, and wielded his own arguments against him. They had contended that the Constitution justified any measure that tended to promote "the public good and general welfare." This broad doctrine was denied by the republican party, and was totally annihilated by Mr. Madison's report. But the first important measure of Mr. Jefferson involved a contradiction of his doctrines. We were in danger of a rupture with Spain and France, on account of the navigation of the Mississippi. To put an end to these difficulties, Louisiana was purchased. Mr. Jefferson said there was no constitutional authority for the act, that it could only be justified from the necessity of the case, and that the people must sanction it by an express provision in the Constitution. Then followed the embargo law, which the federalists in like manner opposed on the ground of its unconstitutionality. They contended that it was the result of "the public good and general welfare" construction, so much and so successfully condemned by the party now in power. Then followed other restrictive measures, and finally the war with Great Britain, all of which were opposed, as we already know, by the federalists, as parts of the same erroneous and destructive and unconstitutional policy. These divisions and difficulties, growing out of our foreign relations, were finally healed and put to rest by the termination of the war. Former asperities were smothered down, old animosities forgotten, and the exciting cause of party heats was burnt out and extinguished in the general pacification of the world. New questions, arising for the first time since the organization of the government, had now to be discussed and solved. The functions of the government, as restrained and directed by the limitations of the Constitution, had to be exercised on a class of cases entirely different from those which had hitherto tested their capacity.

Under the monopolizing influence of the embargo, non-intercourse, and war measures of the last eight or nine years, a great manufacturing interest had been stimulated into being. During this long period of stagnation to commerce and agriculture, much capital was withdrawn from them and vested in manufactures. This great interest was likely to be seriously affected by the restoration of peace and of reciprocal commerce with other manufacturing nations.

During the long continental wars, when the omnipotent British fleet drove the commerce of all the belligerent powers from the ocean, our merchantmen, under the protection of the neutral flag of their country, gathered a rich harvest in the carrying trade. They had now to be reduced to the bounds of a legitimate commerce, and subjected to the eager rivalry of other more powerful and commercial States.

By the acquisition of Louisiana, a vast dominion had been added to our territories, and our population was rapidly spreading over that immense and fertile region. The means of internal communication became questions of serious consideration. The resources of the country lay dormant in their primeval state, like a vast weltering chaos, waiting for some brooding spirit to breathe life and form into its teeming elements. The South American provinces catching the spirit of freedom from our example, had thrown off the yoke of the mother country, and were looking to us for countenance, and stretching forth the hand for aid in their arduous struggle for independence.

These were the great themes that filled the public mind at the coming in of Mr. Monroe's administration and during its continuance. It was called the period of good feeling. The Federal party entirely disappeared, and its members were received into the ranks of their old opponents. But many respectable men among them, not disposed to abandon principles which they had honestly adopted, retired to private life. The rhetorical phrase of Mr. Jefferson, in his inaugural address, was made to have a practical meaning. The popular word was, "We are all Federalists, all Republicans." The existence of a distinct Federal party, or a distinct Republican party, was denied, and the leading politicians cultivated with great assiduity, the favor and support of all men, without regard to former distinctions, counting them as brothers of the same republican family.

This new state of things was made the theme of congratulation to the country by the newspaper writers and the fourth of July orators of the time. "I come not here to burn the torch of Alecto," says one of the latter; "to me there is no lustre in its fires, nor cheering warmth in its blaze. Let us rather offer and mingle our congratulations, that those unhappy differences which alienated one portion of our community from the rest, are at an end; and that a vast fund of the genius and worth of our country has been restored

to its service, to give new vigor to its career of power and prosperity. To this blessed consummation the administration of our venerable Monroe has been a powerful auxiliary. The delusions of past years have rolled away, and the mists that once hovered over forms of now unshaded brightness, are dissipated for ever. We can now all meet and exchange our admiration and love in generous confraternity of feeling, whether we speak of our Jefferson or our Adams, our Madison or our Hamilton, our Pinckney or our Monroe; the associations of patriotism are awakened, and we forget the distance in the political zodiac which once separated these illustrious luminaries, in the full tide of glory they are pouring on the brightest pages of our history."

This amalgamation of all parties was a dangerous experiment on the health and soundness of the Republic. Over action was the necessary consequence of the destruction of all the countervailing influences of the system; and the generation of some latent chronic disease, which in after time must seriously affect the constitution of the body politic. The French government, the laborious work of a thousand years, was destroyed in a single night, by the sacrifice of all the orders of their distinctive privileges and opposing influences on what they fondly deemed to be the altar of patriotism. The flood-gates were now opened; and from this single blunder there followed a series of frightful consequences, which history in the course of half a century has not been able to understand nor to portray.

It is lamentable to see a country cut up into factions, following this or that great leader with a blind, undoubting hero-worship; it is contemptible to see it divided into parties, whose sole end is the spoils of victory; such an one is nigh its end: but, on the other hand, it is equally true, that no government can be conducted by the people and for the benefit of the people, without a rigid adherence to certain fixed principles, which must be the test of parties, and of men and of their measures. These principles once determined, they must be inexorable in their application, and compel all men either to come up to their standard, or to declare against it; their criterion of political faith must be the same as that of Christian faith laid down by Christ himself—*they who are not for us are against us*. Men may betray, principles never can. Oppression is the invariable consequence of

misplaced confidence in treacherous man ; never is it the result of the working of a sound, just, and well-trying principle.

If the proposition be true, that ours is a government peculiar in its nature, unknown in former times, or to other nations, then the political doctrines arising from a contemplation of its structure and the principles by which it is to be conducted, should be peculiar also : the analogies of history, and the examples of other states, should serve rather as beacons of warning than as precedents to be followed. If it be true, that ours is a government of delegated authority, arising out of the constitutional compact of sovereign and independent States, which delegated powers are specified and strictly limited, while all others are reserved to the States, or to the people of the States ; then there must grow out of this peculiar and jealous relation of the States and the people of the States to each other and to the government they have mutually drawn over them for their common protection, certain political principles as essential for the sound and healthy action of the complicated system as vital air is to the human body.

The same wise abstinence that influenced the structure should control the action of this governmental machinery. It would seem that the first inquiry a prudent statesman should propound to himself would be this—is the power delegated ? Does the charter specify the grant ? If not, is it a necessary inference as the means of carrying into effect a power granted ? If it be neither the one nor the other, but is in itself a distinct and substantive power, he should say to himself, this power ought not to be exercised, however expedient or necessary it may seem to me at this time ; to place it among the delegated powers by construction, is to construe away the Constitution—my example will be made a precedent for still bolder construction, until there shall be nothing left to the States or to the people ; and this well-balanced republic of confederated States shall sink down into a consolidated and despotic empire. These reflections seem not to have influenced the statesmen of Mr. Monroe's administration. The new and brilliant career that lay before them kindled their imaginations ; and each, like an Olympian courser, eagerly pressed forward to take the lead in every enterprise. In projecting schemes to develop and to direct the resources and the domestic concerns of the people, they seemed to vie with each other in giving to the limita-

tions of the Constitution the utmost latitude of interpretation. Nor is it at all surprising, when we consider the materials of which the government was composed. The minority men of embargo times had been *whitewashed into courtiers*, with their old leader (Monroe) at the head of the government, who, to obtain that station, was accused of sacrificing every principle he ever professed. The Federalists (latitudinarians in principle), who had *abjured their heresies*, and *reconciled themselves to the true catholic church*, constituted the body of voters in the two Houses of Congress; while their parliamentary leaders were the same intrepid young men, who entering into public life in times of war, when boldness was the first requisite in a statesman, kept up the same ardent career in peace, and mounted first the one and then the other hobby, on which they hoped to ride into popular favor. The only men left behind in this wild race, were the few *Jacobins* of the Adams and Jefferson times, who looked with astonishment and rage (*enragés*) on the adroit and unexpected manner in which the reins of government had been slipped from the hands of the true Republicans.

"The spirit of profession and devotion to the court has increased beyond my most sanguine anticipations," says John Randolph in a letter to Dr. Brockenbrough, dated December 30th, 1819. "The die is cast. The Emperor is master of the Senate, and through that body commands the life and property of every man in the *Republic*! The person who fills the office seems to be almost without a friend. Not so the office itself."



CHAPTER XII.

MISSOURI QUESTION.

THE great subject not only of discussion, but of deep and fearful agitation in Congress to its close, on the 3d of March, 1821, and among the people, was the Missouri Question, or the question of slavery in its political influence on the legislation of the country. This subject, together with the question of right to the waste lands

lying within the jurisdiction of some of the larger States, constituted the chief obstacle in the way of a cordial and harmonious union of the States, even in the time of their utmost peril, when they were contending for their independence. When the States were called upon to contribute their portion of men and money to conduct the war on the issue of which depended their existence, the question was, In what ratio shall they contribute? After trying the valuation of landed property, with its improvements, they abandoned it, and adopted the ratio of population as the best evidence of ability to contribute, and as the most practicable plan; and it was agreed that in determining the amount of population in each State, *five slaves* should be counted as equal to *three* free men. Thus the slavery question was settled for the time.

When the Articles of Confederation were proposed to the States for adoption, some of them, enough to defeat the measure, refused to come into the Confederation, unless the *waste lands* were admitted and received as common property; especially after the treaty of peace in 1783, and the boundaries of the United States were defined, they contended that all the waste, or *back lands* within those boundaries, having been bought with the common blood and treasure of all, was the joint property of all the States. It was maintained by the States on the other hand, that the land lay within their chartered limits, and rightfully belonged to them. This subject was a serious obstacle in the way of a more permanent union. At length it was agreed to propose to the States to grant, in a spirit of harmony and concession, all their rights to the Confederation. New-York set the example, and made a concession of all her rights west of her present boundary; though her title was regarded as of no value. South Carolina followed next; she also had little or nothing to concede. Then came Virginia: her title to lands lying northwest of the Ohio, and extending to the Lakes and the Mississippi, was for a long time disputed, but after a jealous and thorough investigation, it was finally given up and conceded that her title was valid. On the 1st of March, 1784, a deed was executed by Virginia, granting this immense domain to the Confederation—on the condition that the territory so ceded shall be laid out and formed into States, and that the States so formed shall be distinct republican States, and admitted members of the Federal

Union, having the same rights of sovereignty, freedom, and independence, as the other States.

Immediately on the reception of this grant, Congress, on the 23d of April, 1784, passed a resolution extending its jurisdiction over the newly acquired territory, and projected a plan of government for the new States that might grow up therein, according to the conditions of the grant. It was admitted that Congress had no authority under Articles of Confederation for the measures adopted; the plea of necessity alone was urged in their justification. Congress resolved that the settlers shall, either on their own petition or on the order of Congress, receive authority from them, for their *free males* of full age, to meet together, for the purpose of establishing a temporary government, to adopt the constitution and laws of any one of the original States, subject to alteration by their ordinary legislature; and to erect counties or other divisions, for the election of members of their legislature. They further resolved, that when any such State shall have acquired twenty thousand *free* inhabitants, on giving due proof thereof to Congress, they shall receive from them authority to call a convention of representatives to establish a permanent constitution and government for themselves. Provided, that both the temporary and permanent governments be established on the principle that they shall for ever remain a part of the Confederacy of the United States of America, and be subject to the articles of confederation.

These articles, together with others, prescribing the mode of self-government to be pursued by the new States, as they shall from time to time be carved out of the recently acquired territory, Congress resolved shall be formed into a *charter of compact*; and shall stand as fundamental constitutions between the thirteen original States, and each of the several States now newly described, *unalterable* from and after the sale of any part of the territory of such State but by the joint consent of the United States in Congress assembled, and of the particular State within which such alteration is proposed to be made. Notwithstanding the unalterable nature of this charter of compact, Congress did, by an Ordinance of the 13th of July, 1787, materially modify the same, and introduced a new article, by which it was ordained that "there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." Thus we per-

ceive that, prior to the adoption of the present Constitution, which was some months after the above ordinance, the whole of the Northwestern Territory had been provided with a government.

No other lands were ceded to the Confederation, or were expected to be. The jurisdiction of Virginia extended over the District of Kentucky to the borders of the Mississippi. So did the jurisdiction of North Carolina extend over Tennessee, and of Georgia over the whole country now embraced within the limits of Alabama and Mississippi. Massachusetts did not surrender her jurisdiction over the District of Maine; Vermont was a sovereign State, though not in the Confederation, disputing her independence with New-York on the one hand, and New Hampshire on the other.

Thus it appears that at the time of the adoption of the present Constitution, every foot of land embraced within the borders of the United States under the treaty of independence in 1783, was embraced within the jurisdiction of some one of the States, or the Congress of the United States *under the charter of compact* of the 23d April, 1784; amended and enlarged by the Ordinance of the 13th July, 1787. The framers of the Constitution, therefore, in contemplation of the facts before them, had only to introduce an article binding the new government to fulfil the contracts of the old one, and an article authorizing Congress to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations, respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States. Such articles were introduced, and they were sufficient for the purpose.

A proposition was made in the Convention to authorize Congress "to institute temporary governments for the new States" *arising within the unappropriated lands of the United States*. But this was unnecessary, because the object contemplated had already been accomplished by the charter of compact and the ordinance, and the article in the Constitution requiring a fulfilment of those contracts. As to lands within the jurisdiction of the States; Georgia for example, however much Congress might claim the right to them as common property, they never disputed the jurisdiction of the State. Those wise men, therefore, declined acting on the proposition, they never granted an unnecessary power.

The slave-question was equally well and wisely settled by the provisions of the Constitution. The same rule which had been adopted

under the Confederation as the ratio of contribution, was made the basis of representation and taxation. Representatives and direct taxes were apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers; and to determine the number, *five slaves* were to be counted as equal to *three free men*. The Slave-States, by this rule, lost in representation, but they gained whenever the government resorted to direct taxation; that being very seldom, the general result has been a loss to the slave-holding States. But they cannot complain, it was a rule insisted on by themselves when, under the Confederation, it was only the basis of contribution of men and money. They said that *two-fifths* of the slaves, the old and the young, were a burthen to their owners and ought not to be taxed; this was considered reasonable, and they were exempted.

By an article in the Constitution, the importation of slaves was permitted for twenty years: that is, the slave-trade was tolerated for that length of time; and by another provision, owners of slaves were protected in their rights whenever they escaped into States where involuntary servitude was not allowed by law. It is obvious, that every other question which could arise touching the subject of slavery was of a local and domestic nature, and was reserved to the States or to the people.

Thus did the framers of our Constitution, clearly perceiving and appreciating the delicacy of the subject, wisely provide for the difficulties which had so much embarrassed the States and the Confederation in regard to the public lands and the subject of slavery. Their measures were complete and exhaustive of the subject, so far as the existing limits of the United States were concerned. They did not contemplate an extension of the Union beyond its present boundaries. The serious difficulties that now so much threaten the integrity of the republic, have grown out of the purchase and acquisition of foreign territory. It is true the Constitution provides for the admission of new States; but the States contemplated were those expected to grow up within the existing borders of the Union—Maine, Vermont, the North Western States, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama. None others were anticipated. That the vast dominions of the King of Spain, extending from the borders of the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, would ever become a portion of the territories of the United States, was a thing our forefathers never

dreamed of, much less provided for in that Constitution they had so cautiously limited and guarded in all its parts, as a fit government for their posterity.

The acquisition of Louisiana was without constitutional authority. Mr. Jefferson, who made the purchase, admitted it to be so. He wished a ratification of the act by the people; but that was never done. It would be dangerous to take their silent acquiescence as evidence of approval. The amendment of the Constitution, which Mr. Jefferson desired, by the insertion of an *ex post facto* clause, pardoning its infraction under the pressure of an imperious necessity, was never attempted. The deed stands now as it did then—a naked usurpation of power, sanctioned only by the silent acquiescence of the people. We do not wish to be understood as condemning it. The evils which must necessarily have flowed from the continuance of Louisiana in the hands of a foreign and hostile power, are much greater, as we conceive, than those which *ought* to result as a necessary consequence of its annexation to the Union. But this does not alter the fact in regard to it—that it was acquired without authority, and that there has been no amendment of the Constitution ratifying the deed.

It is said, however, that under the war and treaty-making power, Congress may acquire foreign territory; under the same authority by which it is obtained, it may be held and governed—conquered by the sword, it may be held and governed by the sword. This doctrine, whether derived from the war or treaty-making power, leads to the consequence that Congress may acquire foreign territory, and hold it and govern it as a province—as England governed the old thirteen provinces, as she now governs Canada and the East Indies! This is a startling conclusion; but it is the inevitable consequence of the premises; grant the one, and you are forced to admit the other. But Congress, having acquired the territory, must govern it in the *spirit of the Constitution*. This is a total surrender of the doctrine of strict construction, which requires a distinct grant for the exercise of every substantive power by Congress, as the governing of a territory, making and unmaking laws for it, must be admitted to be. In the spirit of the Constitution! What that may be is a matter of opinion. A States-rights man holds one opinion on that subject; a Consolidationist or Federalist holds another; and it is left to a

majority of Congress for the time being to say what is legislation in the spirit of the Constitution. These are the absurd and dangerous conclusions of a false doctrine, and we are now reaping the consequences. Better admit honestly and candidly with Mr. Jefferson, that the first acquisition was without constitutional authority, and, of consequence, that all the subsequent acts in regard to it must partake of the same character. The truth is, that nearly all the legislation of Congress for the last half century, on the subject of territories, can be sustained by their own examples and precedents alone, and not by any grant of power in the Constitution.

When Missouri presented herself for admission into the Union, a proposition was made in Congress to amend her constitution, by inserting the clause, that "all children of slaves, born within the said State after the admission thereof into the Union, shall be free, but may be held to service until the age of twenty-five years; and the further introduction of slavery, or involuntary servitude, is prohibited, except for the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." This proposition came too late. Missouri was now an independent State, made so by the permission and by the authority of Congress; she could not be thrown back by the will of Congress into the colonial state. Her internal and domestic affairs were under her absolute control; and the only inquiry left to Congress was, to determine whether her Constitution was republican, and whether, as a new State, she shall be admitted into the Union. The attempted restriction on her domestic policy was a monstrous proposition that no other Congress, save such an one as we have described in the preceding chapter, could have entertained. Men having a just conception of the limitations of the Constitution and of the rights of the States, would have perceived that the internal affairs of a State were wholly beyond the jurisdiction of a government, whose powers were specially and strictly limited to a few general subjects common to all States.

But as it regards the Territory beyond the limits of the State of Missouri, wholly a different question was presented—here was a fair subject of compromise. Congress had no right to legislate, we are told, on the subject of slavery in that Territory—what right had they to legislate on any subject? What right had they in the first instance to acquire possession of foreign territory? Under the treaty-

making power, it is answered. Then under the treaty-making power it must be governed as a necessary inference, or implication. The proposition to confer on Congress the power to make a temporary government for territories was distinctly rejected by the framers of the Constitution. Any specific grant to that effect is not pretended. Congress has the right to make treaties—this confers on them the power to purchase by treaty and to take possession of foreign territory—having a right to acquire by treaty, the *necessary inference* is that they have the right to make laws and to govern the territory or the province acquired—this is the line of argument. Now all *implied powers* have no other limitation on them, but the will of those who make the implication—let the Protective Tariff, the system of Internal Improvements by the General Government, and the Bank, serve as examples and illustrations of this truth. When you go beyond the specific grants and resort to implication for such a distinct, substantive and important power as the one under consideration, then all the limitations in the Constitution are of no avail. Take either alternative, therefore, that Congress had no constitutional authority either to purchase or to govern foreign territory—or that, under the treaty-making power, they had the right to acquire and to govern, then there is no limitation on the *exercise* of the power, *usurped or implied*, save that imposed by themselves. The examples and precedents set by their predecessors constitute their only guide. The spirit of the Constitution as manifested in these authorities must be their only rule of action. It was precisely in accordance with the history of past legislation that the Missouri compromise was accomplished. It seems to have grown up as a tacit, though well understood agreement, that North of a certain line involuntary servitude should not exist, and South of it slavery should be tolerated. The compromise ordinance of 1787 originated in this feeling.

Repeated attempts at an early day were made in Indiana and Illinois to suspend the article of the Ordinance prohibiting slavery beyond the Ohio—but they were always opposed and defeated by Southern men. On the contrary, when the provisions of the Ordinance were extended to Southern territory, the article on the subject of slavery was stricken out. Thus there grew up from the nature of the case, and under the force of circumstances, a sort of common law understanding, that all North of a certain line, restrictions on the sub-

ject of slavery should be enforced, and South of it, they should be removed. When, therefore, the question was raised in regard to newly acquired foreign territory, the same rule was enforced. It was imposed by a combined northern majority on the South who, without a dissenting voice, steadily opposed it. This geographical majority ingrafted on the Missouri bill a provision—"that in all that territory ceded by France to the United States, under the name of Louisiana, which lies north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes north latitude, not included within the limits of the State contemplated by this act, slavery and involuntary servitude, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the parties shall have been duly convicted, shall be and is hereby for ever prohibited." Thus we see that the line was extended and definitely laid down by northern men. The whole South voted against it under the impression that Congress had no right to legislate on the subject; but we have seen their error in supposing that there were any constitutional provisions on the subject at all—and that, whether as usurped or implied power, there was no other limitation on it, save that of precedent and authority. And it was precisely in accordance with precedent and authority, and the common sentiment silently grown up among the States, that this line was laid down and extended. The northern men took on themselves the fearful responsibility of acting alone in this business. They dictated the line and said by that we will stand. All subsequent legislation has been based on the faith of this pledge. Iowa has been admitted as a State into the Union—Minnesota and Oregon organized as Territories on its faith. And can any reasonable man see why this line should not as well extend to the Pacific ocean, as to the Rocky Mountains? to the territories recently acquired of Mexico, as well as to those which in 1803 were purchased of France? There is no constitutional authority for the acquisition or the government of either as territory or a province—the necessity of the case in the first instance, and the subsequent *practice* of the government, can alone be adduced as justification and authority.

The same rules, precedents, and examples, apply as well in the one case as in the other. And above all, that overwhelming sentiment of justice, that spirit of concession and compromise, which presided over the birth and infancy of the Constitution, and preserved it from destruction when well-nigh torn asunder by the Missouri con-

vulsion, urge on us now with tenfold force, at a moment when all the nations of the earth are torn up from their deep foundations—and this blessed Constitution stands as the only sheltering rock in whose broad shadow, far stretching over the dark waters, their scattered fragments may come together and be re-formed. If the sentiment of brotherly forbearance, if a generous pride in the glory and prosperity of our common country do not prevail at this crisis, we shall then hang our heads in sorrow, mourn over the departed spirit of our fathers, and look with fearful forebodings on that dark demon, that has come to usurp its place—the mad spirit of fanaticism, engendered in ambition and fostered by the lust of plunder and dominion.



CHAPTER XIII.

COMPROMISE BILL SMUGGLED THROUGH THE HOUSE.

MR. RANDOLPH'S opposition to the Missouri Bill, with the obnoxious clause in it prohibiting slavery beyond a certain line, was very decided. In common with the southern members, he regarded the whole proceeding as unconstitutional—destructive of the vital interests of the South—a dangerous precedent, that might be used for still greater encroachments hereafter—and would listen to no compromise on the subject. One night, when the House was engaged in debating the great question, and there seemed but a faint prospect of its adjustment, Mr. Randolph, it is said, accosted Mr. Clay, the Speaker of the House, who, for a moment, was absent from the chair, and said to him, "Mr. Speaker, I wish you would quit the chair, and leave the House; I will follow you to Kentucky, or any where else." Mr. Randolph was told, in reply, that his proposition was a very serious one; and that if he would meet Mr. Clay the next morning, in the Speaker's room, the latter would converse with him fully on the whole subject. The interview accordingly took place, and the parties had a long conversation, relating, principally, to the propriety of a compromise. Mr. Randolph was decidedly opposed to any compromise, and Mr. Clay was in favor of acceding to one, if it could be

done without any sacrifice of principle. After the termination of this interview, they never exchanged salutations, or spoke to each other again, during the session. We do not vouch for the truth of this statement; but it is very certain, that Mr. Randolph spoke in no measured terms of the course of the Speaker of the House (Mr. Clay) on the subject of the compromise, and charged him with taking advantage of his office, and conniving, if not actually aiding, in smuggling the bill through the House, contrary to the rules of proceeding, thereby depriving him and other members of their constitutional right to a final vote, on a motion for reconsideration, which the Speaker knew Mr. Randolph was about to make.

His own account of that transaction is so graphic, so characteristic of the man, that we here give it to the reader entire.

"On the night that that bill had its last vote in the House, my colleague, W. S. Archer, was a new member. I declared, publicly and openly, that in case that bill should pass, with the amendment then proposed, unless another amendment should succeed—which did not succeed—I declared, conditionally, that I should move for a reconsideration of the vote. Myself and my colleague, who, with another gentleman, whom I shall not refer to, though near me (Mr. Macon), were the only persons whom I have heard of, belonging to the Southern interest, who determined to have no compromise at all on this subject. They determined to cavil on the *ninetyeth* part of a hair, in a matter of sheer right, touching the dearest interests, the life-blood of the Southern States. The House was exhausted; a gentleman fainted in front of the chair, and tumbled on the ground. In this state of things, my colleague asked whether it would not do as well to put off the motion till to-morrow (for he was in ill health and much fatigued)? I said I could not agree to that, till I had taken the opinion of the court, in the last resort. After that question had eventuated, as I foresaw it might, I rose in my place, and asked of the Speaker whether it was in order to move a reconsideration of the vote. He said that it was. Sir, I am stating facts of more importance to the civil history of this country than the battle which took place not far from this. He said it was. I then asked him (to relieve my colleague, who had just taken his seat for the first time that session), whether it would be in order to move the reconsideration of the vote, on the next day? He said something to this effect: Surely the gentleman knows the rules of the House too well not to know that it will be in order at any time during the sitting, to-morrow or the next day. I replied, I thought I did; but I wanted to make assurance doubly sure, to have the opinion of the tribunal,

in the last resort. I then agreed—to accommodate my colleague, in the state of exhaustion in which the House then was—I agreed to suspend my motion for a reconsideration, and we adjourned. The next morning, before either House met, I learned—no matter how—no matter from whom, or for what consideration—that it was in contemplation that this clock (Senate chamber), which is hardly ever in order, and the clock in the other House, which is not in a better condition, should somehow disagree; that the Speaker should not take his seat in the House till the President had taken his seat here; and then, that when I went into the House to make my motion, I was to be told that the Chair regretted very much that the clerk had gone off with the bill; that it was not in their possession, and the case was irreparable; and yet I recollect very well, when we applied to the Secretary of State for a parchment roll of an act which had not been duly enrolled, two sections were left out by the carelessness of the clerks and of the committee of enrollment. That act was, by the House of Representatives, in which it originated, procured from the archives of the Department of State, and put on the statute books, as it passed—not as it was on the roll—and enrolled anew. It was the act for the relief of the captors of the *Mirboha* and *Missonda*. As soon as I understood this, sir, I went to the Speaker myself, and told him that I must have my vote for reconsideration that day.

“I can only say that I inferred—not from what he *told* me—that my information was correct. I came off immediately to this House (Senate.) It wanted about twenty minutes of the time when the Senate was to meet. I saw that most respectable man whom we have just lost, and begged to speak with him in private. We retired to a committee room, and to prevent intrusion we locked the door. I told him of the conspiracy laid to defeat me of my constitutional right to move a reconsideration, (though I think it a dangerous rule, and always voted against its being put on the rules at all, believing that, to prevent tampering and collusion, the vote to reconsider ought to be taken instantly, yet, sir, as it was then, I had a right to make the motion.) I told this gentleman that he might, by taking the chair of the Senate sooner than the true time, lend himself unconsciously to this conspiracy against my constitutional rights as a member of the other House from the State of Virginia. I spoke, sir, to a man of honor and a gentleman, and it is unnecessary to say that he did not take the chair till the proper hour arrived. As soon as that hour arrived, we left the committee room together. I went on to the House of Representatives, and found them in session, and the clerk reading the journal, meanwhile there had been runners through the long passage, which was then made of plank, I think, between the two Houses, hunting for Mr. Gaillard. Where is he? He is not to be found. The House of Representatives having organized itself,

when I came in from the door of the Senate, I found the clerk reading the journal; the moment after he had finished it I made the motion, and was seconded by my colleague, Mr. Archer, to whom I would appeal—not that my testimony wants evidence. I should like to see the man who would question it on a matter of fact. This fact is well remembered; a lady would as soon forget her wedding day as I forget this. The motion to reconsider was opposed; it was a debateable question, and the Speaker stated something this way—‘that it was not for him to give any orders; the Clerk knew his duty.’ The Clerk went more than once—my impression is, that he went more than twice. I could take my oath, and so, I believe, could Mr. Archer, that he made two efforts, and came back under my eye, like a mouse under the eye of a cat, with the engrossed bill in his hand. His bread was at stake. At last he, with that pace, and countenance, and manner, which only conscious guilt can inspire, went off, his poverty, not his will consenting; and before the debate was finished, back he comes with the bill, from the Senate, which had then become a law, before it was decided whether they would reconsider it at my motion or not, which motion nailed the bill to the table until it should have been disposed of. Notorious as these facts are, so anxious was one side of that House to cover up their defection; such was the anxiety of the other to get Missouri in on any conditions, that this thing was hushed up, just as the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* was hushed up.

“The bill was passed through the forms of law. Missouri was admitted into the Union contrary to the Constitution, as much so as if I had voted the other way in the first instance, and the Speaker had ordered the Clerk to put my name with the *ayes* in the journal when I had voted *no*—because, sir, agreeably to the Constitution of the United States every member has a right to his vote, under the forms of the House, whether these forms are wise or foolish; and my colleague and myself were ousted out of our right to reconsider, for which I would not have taken all the land within the State of Missouri.”

Mr. Randolph was greatly excited during the agitation of the Missouri question; he did not sleep of nights; and his energetic, quick temper, exasperated by the scenes around him, inflamed by long watching and anxiety, gave a peculiar force and piquancy to all he said. His indignation was particularly levelled at Mr. Clay, not that he had any personal dislike to that gentleman, apart from his political course, but as he was the leader of the spurious Republican party then in the ascendent, Mr. Randolph thought him entitled to the animadversions that were aimed at the party itself, particularly

as he was not only their leader, but their chief spokesman, setting forth on all occasions, and embellishing their doctrines by his copious and ornate style of oratory.

Old minority men, *turned courtiers, and whitewashed Federalists*, composed the self-styled Republican party, when in truth they did not possess the first principle—the doctrine of State rights, that should characterize a party bearing that title. Mr. Clay's course on the bank in 1811, and again in 1816, his course on internal improvements, and his conduct in regard to "the compromise," as it was understood by all strict constructionists, eminently fitted him for the leadership of such a mongrel party; and surely he was not spared in the animadversions of those who perceived the old leaven of Federalism penetrating the whole mass under the shallow disguise of a new name.

In the following strictures Mr. Randolph is particularly pointed and severe.

"The anniversary of Washington's birth-day (says he, in a letter to Dr. Brockenbrough, Feb. 23d, 1820) will be a memorable day in the history of my life, if indeed any history shall be attached to it. Yesterday, I spoke four hours and a half to as attentive an audience as ever listened to a public speaker. Every eye was riveted upon me, save one, and that was sedulously and affectedly turned away. The ears, however, were drinking up the words as those of the royal Dane imbibed "the juice of cursed heberon," though not, like his, unconscious of the leprous distilment; as I could plainly perceive by the play of the muscles of the face, and the coming and going of the color, and the petty agitation of the whole man, like the affected fidget and flirt of the fan whereby a veteran coquette endeavors to hide her chagrin from the spectators of her mortification.

"This person was no other than Mr. Speaker himself, the only man in the House to whose attention I had a right. He left the chair, called *Cobb* to it, paced the lobby at the back of it in great agitation, resumed, read MSS., newspapers, printed documents on the table (i. e. affected to read them), beckoned the attendants, took snuff, looked at his shoe-buckles, at his ruffles, towards the other side of the House—every where but at me. I had mentioned to him as delicately as I could, that being unable to catch his eye, I had been obliged (against my will, and what I thought the rule of order and decorum in debate) to look elsewhere for support. This *apology* I expected would call him to a sense of what was due to himself and his station, as well as to me; but it had none effect. At last, when you might have heard a pin drop upon the carpet, he beckoned one

of the attendants and began whispering to the lad (I believe to fetch his snuff-box). 'Fooled to the top of my bent,' I 'checked in mid volley,' and said: 'The rules of this House, sir, require, and properly require, every member when he speaks to address himself respectfully to Mr. Speaker; to that rule, which would seem to imply a correlative duty of respectful attention on the part of the Chair, I always adhere; never seeking for attention in the countenances of the members, much less of the spectators and auditors in the lobby or the gallery: as, however, I find the Chair resolutely bent on not attending to me, I shall take my seat.' which I did accordingly. The chastisement was so deserved, so studiously provoked, that it was not in my nature to forego inflicting it. Like 'Worcester's rebellion, *it lay in my way and I found it.*'

"He replied in a subdued tone of voice, and with a manner quite changed from his usual petulance and arrogance (for it is generally one or t'other, sometimes both), 'that he had paid all possible attention,' &c., which was not true, in fact: for from the time that I entered upon the subject of his conduct in relation to the bank in 1811 (renewal of old charter), and in 1816 (the new bank), and on internal improvements, &c. (quoting his words in his last speech, that 'this was a limited, *cautiously restricted* government'), and held up the 'Compromise' in its true colors, he never once glanced his eye upon me but to withdraw it, as if he had seen a basilisk.

"Some of the pretenders to the throne, if not the present incumbent, will hold me from that day forth in cherished remembrance. I have not yet done, however, with the pope or the pretenders, their name is legion.

"My dear friend, I have been up since three o'clock; as soon as I could see to write I began this letter, if it deserve the name of one. I have received my death-wound on Tuesday, the 1st, and Wednesday, the 2d of February. Had I not spoken on the last of these days, I might have weathered this point and clawed off of death's lee shore. My disease is assuming a hectic type. I believe the lungs are affected symptomatically, through sympathy with the liver, at least I hope so. Yet why hope when the vulture daily whets his beak for a repast upon my ever-growing liver, and his talons are fixed in my very vitals? I am done with public life, as soon as the business of Congress will permit me to leave it; at any rate, immediately after the adjournment I shall travel—perhaps take a sea voyage, not to get rid of duns (although the wolf will be at my door in the shape of the man I bought that land of), but to take the only chance of prolonging a life, that I trust is *now* not altogether useless.

"Remember me kindly to all friends; respectfully to Mr. Roane. Tell him that I have fulfilled his injunction, and I trust proved myself 'a zealous, and consistent, and (I wish I could add) *able*

defender of State Rights.' I have yet to settle with the Supreme Court —

"I am hurt—a plague of *both the Houses*—I am sped! 'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man."

The foregoing, and other letters that followed close upon it in quick succession, show the diseased condition of body, and the excited and feverish state of mind under which Mr. Randolph was laboring at this time.

Thursday morning, 5 o'clock, Feb. 24, 1820.

"I have been up since half past three. My sensations are indescribable. The night before last I had a return of the spasms. At present I am free from pain; but what I feel is worse than pain, unless in its most acute form, and even then I think I could better bear it. Whatever it be, something is passing in the nobler viscera of no ordinary character. They have got a Missouri question there, that threatens a divulsion of soul from body. Nausea in its worst form (sea sickness) is not equal to what I feel. I have it slightly, accompanied with a sinking of the spirits, a soul-sickness, a sensation as if I should swoon away instantly; meantime, diarrhœa is not idle, from twenty to fifty calls in the four and twenty hours. Every thing I eat (only milk and crackers, heated over again in the oven) passes unchanged. So did gruel when I took some well boiled and gelatinous.

"You will not see my name on the yeas and nays yesterday on the Senate's bill. I could not remain in the house, the air of which is unchanged for weeks. It smells like a badly kept *comodité*, (shouldn't there be two m's in that word?) and even worse, for you have in addition to ordure and urine all the exhalations that overpowered Matt. Bramble at a fashionable squeeze, and stale tobacco smoke into the bargain; cigars are smoked in the ante-room. The avenues to our hall are narrow, mean, dark and dangerous, and when you pass the first portal, you are assailed by a compound of villanous smells, which is only a little more diluted when you emerge into light, or rather darkness visible through cross lights that torture the eye.

"My faithful Juba is sick, very sick, and four nights ago I heard him in his sleep cry out 'I wish I and master *was* at home.' These Yankees have almost reconciled me to negro slavery. They have produced a revulsion even on my mind, what then must the effect be on those who had no scruples on the subject. I am persuaded that the cause of humanity to these unfortunates has been put back a century, certainly a generation, by the unprincipled conduct of ambitious men, availing themselves of a good as well as of a fanatical spirit in the nation.

"Tell Mrs. Brockenbrough that Mr. Meade makes anxious inqui-

ries about the state of her mind on the subject of religious opinions. He and Frank Key are with us on the question. Frank has just returned from Frederick, where he was summoned a fortnight ago to attend a (supposed) dying father. The old gentleman is recovering slowly. What must it have been to have his bedside attended by such a son! He is indeed as near perfection as our poor nature can go, although he would be shocked to hear it said. Severe to himself, considerate and indulgent to others, speaking ill of none. Day is breaking; good morning."

"J. R. of R. to J. B., a letter, like Mrs. Rowe's, from the dead to the living.

Saturday, Feb. 26, 1820.

"Hear all ye nations! Last evening the late J. R. of R. who is 'stone dead (the major) precisely', went to Mrs. F——h's '*con-sort*'—said dead man being like any other great personage deceased, tired of '*toujours perdrix*.' (N. B.: the plural of this French noun-substantive is '*perdros*', according to Mr. Speaker Clay, who has been to Paris, aye, and to Ghent too; and ought surely to know.) Why shouldn't dead men enjoy a little variety as well as folks that talk in their sleep in Congress?—and there were 'lots of *them*' there—(see Tom Crib). The French lady proved to be a noun-adjective, as old Lilly hath it, she 'could not stand by herself' (or would not) for after some execrable *airs*, at the beginning of the third (not the third by at least thirty—it is Dogberry who, after 'sixthly and lastly' brings in 'thirdly') she enacted something like a fit, and threw herself into the arms of a gentleman (not a false concord I hope—I trust it was her husband), whereupon the 'dead man' not the 'master of the rolls' (he deals only in crackers) 'opened wide his mouth' and called a coach and threw himself into it and drove home, not *sham-sick*. I was heartily glad of our early dismissal, and after an almost sleepless night, *me voici*, at my daily occupation, by day-break, boring you.

"I learn from a very direct source, that this lady was an obscure girl, whom Mrs. B——ll 'patronized' and placed at Mad. Rivaldi's boarding-school; where the protégée was shown off to the glory of the patroness, and sung at Mad. R——'s concerts and married one of the teachers, and in short, has been used to exhibition and *display* from the egg-shell. I felt very much ashamed of being there, not because the room was mean and badly lighted, and dirty, and the company ill dressed, but because I saw, for the first time, an American woman singing for hire. I would import our actors, singers, tumblers and jack-puddings, if we must have such cattle, from Europe. Hyde de Neuville, a Frenchman, agreed with me, 'that although the lady was universally admitted to be *very amiable*, it was a dangerous example.' At first (*on dit*) she was unaffected and sang natu-

rally, and, I am told, agreeably enough, but now she is a bundle of 'affectations' (as Sir Hugh hath it), and reminds me of the little screech '*owels*' as they say on '*the south side*.' Her voice is not bad, but she is utterly destitute of a single particle of taste or judgment. Were she a lady and I in her company, my politeness should never induce me to punish myself by asking her to sing.

"A member from Virginia, whose avoirdupois entitles him to weight, as well as his being a sort of commis to the P., told me yesterday, 'that the tale in circulation of the P. having written a letter to Mr. Roane, declaring his disapprobation of the compromise, was an idle scandal, for that he had seen the letter (or rather that it had been read to him) and there was no such sentiment expressed in it.' Hem! Pretty good! Don't you think so?

"When Mrs. F. was 'screeching,' I was strongly reminded of two lines of a mock Methodist hymn, that poor John Holingsworth used to sing, when we were graceless youths at college—

"O! that I, like Madame French,
Could raise my '*vice*' on high,
Thy name should last like oaken bench,
To *parpetui-ty*.'

"The same 'two single gentlemen rolled into one,' told me that M——e expressed a desire to maintain the relations of peace and amity and social intercourse, with me; that he did not stand upon etiquette; did not require any gentleman to pay him the respect of a call in the first instance; gave examples to that effect, some of which I know to be true (N. B. election coming on), and that he should have sent his invitations to me as well as to the rest, but that he thought they would not be acceptable—that I had repelled, &c., &c., &c.

"Whereupon I said that I had not seen said great man but once (Friday, the 11th, riding by, after Mr. King's speech in the Senate) since the Georgetown sheep-shearing, in the spring of 1812. That I had called more than once that spring, on him and Madame, and *not* at home was the invariable reply; that he had invited Garnett, as it were out of my own apartment that year, to dine with General Moreau, Lewis and Stanford, the only M. C.'s that lodged there besides myself, and omitted to ask me, who had a great desire to see Moreau; that I lacquyed the heels of no great man; that I had a very good dinner at home, which I could not eat, although served at an hour that I was used to; and that I was very well, as I was, &c. Hodijah Meade writes Archer that I am becoming popular, even in Amelia. Perhaps the great man has heard something to this effect.

"Write me volumes—all your news, chat, &c. Yesterday we 'settled the chat,' not by the rules of 'the Finish' (see Tom Crib), but of the House of Commons, actually coughing, and scraping, and 'question' questioning some brave fellows that made a stout resistance to

be heard, but were outnumbered. I was not party to the outrage—did not cough nor cry, but I heard the speaker's voice above the rest. G. T. spoke the last—promised us novelty at least, borrowed largely from Pinkney, P. Barbour, and your humble servant, during three quarters of an hour that I listened to him, when I left him, I believe, without a single auditor except Mr. Chairman C——b! as very a 'Johnny Raw' as ever entered a ring. See again my standard authority, Tom Crib."

CHAPTER XIV.

"I NOW GO FOR BLOOD"—MADNESS.

IMMEDIATELY on the settlement of that exciting subject—the Missouri question—followed the death of Commodore Decatur, who fell in a duel the 20th March, 1820, with Commodore Barron. This sad event produced a shock throughout the community. The gallant seaman lived in the hearts of his countrymen. His untimely end shrouded the country in mourning. The occasion, the manner, and the place—not on the proud deck, in face of the enemies of his country, added poignancy to their grief. None felt more deeply on the occasion than John Randolph. They were friends, and they were kindred spirits. To lose so noble a soul from among the few whose love he cherished, under such painful circumstances, and at a time when the country could ill spare so gallant a heart, was more than his weak frame could endure. Worn out with excessive watching and anxiety on the momentous question which had well nigh torn the Union asunder, emaciated with disease bodily and mental, that for years had known no intermission, with the keen sensibility of a woman, delicate as a sensitive plant, this last calamity proved too rude an assault on the nicely balanced, mysteriously wrought machinery of mind, which went whirling and dashing in mad disorder, and defying for a time the controlling influence of the master's will.

His conduct on the occasion of the funeral of Commodore Decatur is said to have been very extravagant. The cold and heartless world, that is unconscious of any thing else but a selfish motive, and the igno-

rant multitude that followed the funeral pageant, with gaping mouth, agreed on a common explanation of his extravagance by proclaiming "*the man is mad!*"

That he might have been greatly excited in manner and conversation, and that he was wholly indifferent as to what other people might say or think of him, is highly probable. All his friends agree that his mind, from the cause above alluded to, had been wrought up to the highest pitch of fervor, and that, like a highly-charged electric battery, it threw off brilliant and fiery sparks that scorched and burnt the uncautious person who had the temerity to approach too near.

This highly charged electric state of mind—it can be likened to nothing else—lasted through the spring. Mr. Anderson, the Cashier of the United States Branch Bank, in Richmond, says that about the 20th of April, 1820, Mr. Randolph came into the Bank and asked for writing materials to write a check. He dipped his pen in the ink, and finding that it was black, asked for red ink, saying, "I now go for blood." He filled the check up, and asked Mr. Anderson to write his name to it. Mr. Anderson refused to write his name; and after importuning that gentleman for some time, he called for black ink, and signed John Randolph, of Roanoke, ✕ his mark. He then called for the porter, and sent the check to Mr. Taylor's, to pay an account. "One day I was passing along the street," says Mr. Anderson, "when Mr. Randolph hailed me in a louder voice than usual. The first question he asked me was, whether I knew of a good ship in the James River, in which he could get a passage for England. He said he had been sick of a remittent and intermittent fever for forty days, and his physician said he must go to England. I told him there were no ships here fit for his accommodation, and that he had better go to New-York, and sail from that port. 'Do you think,' said he, 'I would give my money to those who are ready to make my negroes cut my throat?—if I cannot go to England from a Southern port I will not go at all.' I then endeavored to think of the best course for him to take, and told him there was a ship in the river. He asked the name of the ship. I told him it was the 'Henry Clay.' He threw up his arms and exclaimed 'Henry Clay! no, sir! I will never step on the planks of a ship of that name.' He then appointed to meet me at the bank at 9 o'clock. He came at the hour, drew several checks, exhausted his funds in the bank, and asked me for a set-

tlement of his account, saying he had no longer any confidence in the State banks, and not much in the Bank of the United States; and that he would draw all his funds out of the bank, and put them in English guineas—that there was no danger of them.”

Mr. Randolph spent the summer, as usual, in retirement at Roanoke—his excitement gradually wore away, and on the return of autumn he was himself again. “I saw him in the autumn of the same year, 1820, says a friend—he was then as perfectly in possession of his understanding as I ever saw him or any other man.” He returned to Washington about the latter part of November, and thus writes to his friend Brockenbrough:

WASHINGTON, NOV. 26, 1820.

Dr. Dudley informs me that you have been sick of the prevailing Catarrh. If it has treated you as roughly as it has me, you have found it to be no trifling complaint. By this time, I trust you are as free from it as I have always found you to be from other *undue* influences. My infirmities of body and mind, have nearly obliged me to lay aside the use of the pen. I cannot see to make or mend one, and am wholly at the mercy of our stationers, whose pens, like Peter Pindar's razors, are “made to sell,” and whose interest it is that fifty bad pens should supply the place of one good one. Indeed I have little use for the instrument—the receipt of a letter being a rare event in my annals. I ought, perhaps, to take somewhat unkindly, the withdrawal of my old correspondents from an intercourse so beneficial on my side, but I do not. A commerce in which the advantages are all on one side will never be prosecuted long—what then must be the case with a trade in which (as at present throughout the commercial world), both parties are losers.

The situation of public affairs, and of my own more especially, disturb my daily and nightly thoughts. I believe I must even make up my mind to “overdraw,” or to be “an unfortunate man.” Can you put me in no way to become a successful rogue to an amount that may throw an air of dignity over the transaction, and divert the attention of the gaping spectators from the enormity of the offence, to that of the sum?

As to affairs here, I know nothing of them. They are carried on by a correspondence between Heads of Houses—I do not mean in the University sense of the term—but boarding-houses, who have an understanding with some Patron in the Ministry, to whom they “report themselves,” and from whom they “receive orders” from time to time.

I dined yesterday with the S. of the T., and, although as far as I was concerned, the party was a very pleasant one, I can conceive of

nothing, in the general, more insipid than these Ministerial dinners. You are invited at *five*. The usage is to be there 15 or 20 minutes after the time. Dinner never served until six; and a little after *seven* coffee closes the entertainment, without the least opportunity for conversation. Quant a moi, I was placed at his S—ship's left hand, and he did me the honor to address his conversation almost exclusively to me. Now you know that as 'attentions' constitute the great charm of manners, so are they more peculiarly acceptable to them that are least accustomed to them—such as antiquated belles, discarded statesmen, and bankrupts of all sorts—whether in person or in character.

"Nothing can be more dreary than the life we lead here. 'Tis smething like being on board ship, but not so various. We stupidly doze over our sea-coal fires in our respective messes, and may truly be said to hibernate at Washington."

CHAPTER XV.

MISSOURI QUESTION.—ACT THE SECOND.

SHORTLY after the opening of the session, this exciting subject again came up in a most unexpected form. Missouri under the "compromise act" of March the 6th, 1820, had adopted a constitution with a clause declaring that *free negroes and mulattoes should not emigrate into the State*. It was contended that free negroes and mulattoes were citizens of the State of their residence; and as such, under the Constitution, had a right to remove to Missouri or any other State in the Union, and there enjoy all the privileges and immunities of other citizens of the United States emigrating to the same place; and, therefore, that the clause in the constitution of Missouri, above alluded to, was repugnant to the constitution of the United States, and she ought not to be admitted into the Union. On the other hand it was maintained that the African race, whether bond or free, were not parties to our political institutions; that therefore, free negroes and mulattoes were not citizens, within the meaning of the constitution of the United States; and that even if the constitution of Missouri were repugnant to that of the United States, the latter was par-

amount and would overrule the conflicting provision of the power without the interference of Congress.

Notwithstanding the reasonableness of this view of the subject, a stern and inflexible majority, the same as at the last session, repelled every proposition, in every form, which aimed at the reception of the offending State. Scarcely a day elapsed that did not bring up the question in some shape or other. The presidential election had taken place in November preceding; it became the duty of the President of the Senate, in presence of the other House, to count the votes of the States. The Senate being present, and their President having counted the votes of all the other States, opened the package containing the vote of the State of Missouri, and handed it to the tellers to be counted. Mr. Livermore, of New Hampshire, objected, because Missouri was not a State of this Union. The Senate then withdrew. In the House the following resolution was then submitted: "Resolved—That Missouri is one of the States of this Union, and her vote ought to be received and counted." An animated debate ensued, in which Mr. Randolph largely participated. We shall only bring together here, under one view, what he said on the constitutional question involved in the controversy. No man had a clearer perception of the meaning and spirit of that sacred instrument, more highly valued it as a government when properly administered, or did more, as the reader will see in the sequel, to restore it to its proper interpretation.

Mr. Randolph said—"He could not recognize in this House, or the other, singly or conjointly, the power to decide on the *votes of any State*. Suppose you strike out Missouri and insert South Carolina, which has also a provision in its Constitution repugnant to the Constitution of the United States; or Virginia, or Massachusetts, which had a test, he believed, in its Constitution; was there any less power to decide on their votes than on those of Missouri? He maintained that the electoral college was as independent of Congress as Congress was of them; and we have no right to judge of their proceedings. He would rather see an interregnum, or have no votes counted, than see a principle adopted which went to the very foundation on which the presidential office rested. Suppose a case in which some gentlemen of one House or the other should choose to object to the vote of some State, and say that if it be thus, such a person is elected; if it be otherwise, another person is elected; did any body ever see the absurdity of such a proposition? He deemed the course

pursued erroneous, and in a vital part, on the ascertainment of the person who had been elected by the people Chief Magistrate of the United States, the most important office under the Constitution. * * * * She has now presented herself (Missouri) for the first time in a visible and tangible shape; she comes into this House, not *in formâ pauperis*, but claiming to be one of the co-sovereignty of this confederated government, and presents to you her vote, by receiving or rejecting which the election of your Chief Magistrate will be lawful or unlawful. He did not mean by the vote of Missouri, but by the votes of all the States.

"Now comes the question, whether we will not merely repel her, but repel her with scorn and contumely. *Cui bono?* she might add, *quo warranto?* He should like to hear from the gentleman from New Hampshire (Mr. Livermore) where this House gets its authority. He should like to hear some of the learned (or unlearned) sages of the land, with which this House, as well as all our legislative bodies, abounds, show their authority for refusing to receive the votes of the State of Missouri. He went back to first principles. The electoral colleges are as independent of this House as we are of them. They had as good a right to pronounce on their qualifications as this House has of its members. Your office in regard to the electoral votes, is merely ministerial—to count the votes—and you undertake to *reject votes!* To what will this lead? * * * * The wisest men may make Constitutions on paper, as they please. What was the theory of this Constitution? It is that this House, except upon a certain contingency, has nothing to do with the appointment of President and Vice-President of the United States, and by States only can it act on this subject, unless it transcend the limits of the Constitution. What was to be the practice of the Constitution as now proposed? That an informal meeting of this and the other House is to usurp the initiative, the nominative power, with regard to the two first officers of the government; that they are to wrest from the people their indefeasible right of telling us whom they wish to exercise the functions of government, in despite and contempt of their decision. Is there to be no limit to the power of Congress? no mound or barrier to stay their usurpation? Why were the electoral bodies established? The Constitution has wisely provided that they shall assemble, each by itself, and not by one great assembly. By this means, assuredly, that system of intrigue which was matured into a science, or rather into an art here, was guarded against. But he ventured to say, the electoral college of this much despised Missouri, acting conformably to law and to the genius and nature of our institutions, if it were composed of but one man, was as independent of this House as the House was of it. * * * * Let me tell my friend before me (Mr. Archer), we have not the power which he thinks we pos-

sess; and if there be a *casus omisus* in the Constitution, I want to know where we are to supply the defect. You may keep Missouri out of the Union by violence, but here the issue is joined, and she comes forward in the persons of her electors, instead of representative, and she was thus presented in a shape as unquestionable as that of New-York or Pennsylvania, or the proudest and oldest State in the Union. Will you deny them admission? Will you thrust her electors, and hers only, from this hall? I made no objection to the vote of New Hampshire; I had as good a right to object to the vote of New Hampshire, as the gentleman from New Hampshire had to object to the vote of Missouri. The electors of Missouri were as much the *hominus probi et legales* as those of New Hampshire. This was no skirmish, as the gentleman from Virginia had called it. This was the battle where Greek meets Greek. Let us buckle on our armor, let us put aside all this flummery, these metaphysical distinctions, these unprofitable drawings of distinctions without differences; let us say now, as we have on another occasion (the election of Jefferson and Burr in 1801), 'we will assert, maintain, and vindicate our rights, or put to every hazard, what you pretend to hold in such high estimation.'"

These arguments, which clearly prove the false and absurd and dangerous position assumed by the House on the Missouri question, were of none avail. And yet a simple truism—a mere nullity in fact, in the shape of a compromise resolution, had the effect of magic in healing all the differences that had arisen between the respective parties. Another sad example of the blindness and obstinacy of men, when passion assumes sway of their cooler judgment.

Mr. Randolph participated in the debate on other subjects during this session of Congress.

"Yesterday," says, he in a letter dated January 5th, 1821, "we had a triumph over the 'veteran Swiss of State' and the S. of W. on the appropriation to cover Indian arrearages. He (C——n) is politically dead. L——s, towards the close of the debate, 'put in' and imputed want of economy to the Committee of Ways and Means when I was a member. This gave me an opportunity to contrast the military expenditure of 1803–4–5 of 800,000—800,000, and 700,000, respectively with the modern practice. In 1804 we took possession of New Orleans (an event utterly unlooked for) without incurring one farthing of additional expense. Mr. L——s looked very foolish, and uglier than usual. Mr. M. of S. C. (the successor of Mr. C——n's man Friday) made several attempts, I was told, to get the floor, in his patron's defence, but his timidity prevented success. * * * * You will see a most villainous report of yesterday's proceed-

ings, in the court paper. The r——l pretends he can't hear me. There was not a man in the House that did not hear me. It is a usual massacre. Pray ask Ritchie not to publish it. I will correct it for his paper, and send it on, that the people of Virginia at least may be undeceived. I am made to talk nonsense, such as 'kissing of hands' for 'imposition of hands.' There is a studied and designed suppression of what passed."

Besides Mr. Randolph, Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, and Spencer Roane, Chief Justice of Virginia, were the most conspicuous State-rights men in that time of amalgamation and confusion of all parties. They were ever consistent and uniform in their adherence to the principles of the strict construction school, and always urgent for those measures of economy and that course of "wise and masterly inactivity," which must ever characterize a party based on such principles. Of the former of those gentlemen Mr. Randolph was the mess-mate while in Congress, and on terms of unreserved daily intercourse; with Judge Roane he did not pretend to stand on a footing of intimacy; but he respected his virtues, his talents, his long services, and had begun to look to him as a fit person to be selected by "all the honest men" as a candidate for the presidency.

"With the exception of my old friend, Mr. Macon," says he to Dr. Brockenbrough, "you are the only person with whom I hold any intercourse, except of that heartless sort which prevails in what is called the world. Your letters, therefore, are as much missed by me as would be an only member of one's family who should disappear at breakfast and leave one to a solitary and cheerless meal. So much of your penultimate as relates to Mr. M—— I shall take the liberty to communicate to *one* of the N. C. delegation. I am truly concerned at your anticipations respecting Mr. Roane's health. I earnestly hope that your presage may prove fallacious, although, when I reflect on your skill and intimate knowledge of the man, I feel very apprehensive of its truth.

"I began Fabricius, but was obliged to drop it. He sets out with a string of truisms conveyed in the style of a schoolboy's theme. Mercy upon us! What has become of the intellect and taste of our country? Your *secret* is as safe with me as in your own breast; but rely upon it, if either of the personages you mention should present any thing fit to be offered to the H. of D. it will be ascribed to some other hand, and, if it smack of the old school, to the pen of Mr. Roane. I differ from you about 'his being a Virginian;' not that I doubt the fact. But take my word for it, he is becoming every day more and more known out of the State, and occupies a large space

in the public eye. I think he can be elected easily against any one yet talked of."

"I read Mr. Roane's letter," says he on another occasion, "with the attention that it deserves. Every thing from his pen on the subject of our laws and institutions excites a profound interest. I was highly gratified at the manner in which it was spoken of in my hearing by one of the best and ablest men in our House. It is indeed high time that the hucksters and money-changers should be cast out of the Temple of justice. The tone of this communication belongs to another age; but for the date, who could suppose it to have been written in this our day of almost universal political corruption? I did not read the report on the lottery case. The print of the *Enquirer* is too much for my eyes; and, besides, I want no argument to satisfy me that the powers which Congress may exercise, where they possess exclusive jurisdiction, may not be extended to places where they possess solely a limited and concurrent jurisdiction. The very statement of the question settles it, and every additional word is but an incumbance of help."

In the same letter he says:

"If I possessed a talent that I once thought I had, I would try to give you a picture of Washington. The state of things is the strangest imaginable; but I am like a speechless person who has the clearest conception of what he would say, but whose organs refuse to perform their office. There is one striking fact that one can't help seeing at the first glance—that there is no faith among men; the state of political confidence may be compared to that of the commercial world within the last two or three years. * * * * * Our State politics, like those of the General Government, are a conundrum to me, and I leave the unriddling of them to the ingenious writers who construct and solve enigmas and charades for the magazines. * * * *

"I have been trying to read Southey's *Life of Wesley* for some days. Upon the whole, I find it a heavy work, although there are some very striking passages, and it abounds in curious information. From 279 to 285 inclusive of volume the second is very fine. Yesterday I was to have dined with Frank Key, but was not well enough to go. He called here the day before, and we had much talk together. He perseveres in pressing on towards the goal, and his whole life is spent in endeavoring to do good for his unhappy fellow-men. The result is, that he enjoys a tranquillity of mind, a sunshine of the soul, that all the Alexanders of the earth can neither confer nor take away. This is a state to which I can never attain. I have made up my mind to suffer like a man condemned to the wheel or the stake. Strange as you may think it, I could submit without a murmur to pass the rest of my life 'on some high lonely tower, where I might outwatch the bear with thrice great *Hermes*,' and exchange the enjoy-

ments of society for an exemption from the plagues of life. These press me down to the very earth ; and to rid myself of them, I would gladly purchase an annuity and crawl into some hole, where I might commune with myself and be still."

"THURSDAY, March 1, 1821.

"I am in luck this morning. Johnny has brought me a letter from you instead of returning from the Post-office empty handed as usual. It gives me great satisfaction to find that the good people of my district are not dissatisfied with my course this winter.

"Last night there was, as I am informed by the gentlemen of our club, a most disgraceful scene in the H. of R. on the Bankrupt bill, which, by virtue of the previous question, will be forced through the House without being committed, or even once read ! except by its title—a bill of 65 sections !

"The bankrupt land speculators and broken merchants are, like 'the sons of Zeruiah, too strong for us.' So you see our coronation will be graced by a general jail delivery.

"Mrs. Brockenbrough's rheumatism, which is an opprobrium of medicine, gives me real concern. I sympathize with her in the literal sense of the term.

"My pains are aggravated by having neither society nor books to relieve my ennui.

"'You mention whatever comes into your head'—To be sure you ought. It is the charm of a letter.

"The gentlemen you mention are right in their 'attentions' to Miss ——. I consider the society of such a woman as the best possible school for a young man, and solace for an old one.

I have not read Col. Taylor's book, but I heartily agree with Mr. Jefferson that 'the Judiciary gravitates towards consolidation.' I consider this district to be the *προυντω* and the Supreme Court to be the lever of the political Archimedes. I do not know whether you can make out my Greek character.

"I give you joy that this is the last epistle that you will be plagued with from me from this place."

CHAPTER XVI.

"BE NOT SOLITARY ; BE NOT IDLE." HIS WILL—SLAVES.

MR. RANDOLPH'S solitary residence at Roanoke had become more and more intolerable to him. "The boys" were off at school. Dr. Dudley, at his solicitation, had moved to Richmond, and he was like

the "Ancient Mariner" on the wide sea—"alone—alone—all—alone!"

"You do not overrate the solitariness," says he, "of the life I lead here. It is dreary beyond conception, except by the actual sufferer I can only acquiesce in it, as the lot in which I have been cast by the good providence of God, and endeavor to bear it, and the daily increasing infirmities, which threaten total helplessness, as well as I may. 'Many long weeks have passed since you heard from me'—and why should I write? To say that I have made another notch in my tally? or to enter upon the monstrous list of grievances, mental and bodily, which egotism itself could scarcely bear to relate, and none other to listen to. You say truly: 'there is no substitute' for what you name, 'that can fill the heart.' The better conviction has long ago rushed upon my own, and arrested its functions. Not that it is without its paroxysms, which, I thank heaven, itself alone is conscious of. Perhaps I am wrong to indulge in this vein; but I must write thus or not at all. No punishment, except remorse, can exceed the misery I feel. My heart swells to bursting, at past recollections; and as the present is without enjoyment, so is the future without hope; so far at least, as respects this world.

"Here I am yearning after the society of some one who is not merely indifferent to me, and condemned, day after day, to a solitude like Robinson Crusoe's. But each day brings my captivity and exile nearer to their end."

To Dr. Brockenbrough, June 12th, he says:—"This letter is written as children whistle in the dark, to keep themselves from being afraid. I dare not look upon that 'blank and waste of the heart' within. Dreary, desolate, dismal—there is no word in our language, or any other, that can express the misery of my life. I drag on like a tired captive at the end of a slave-chain in an African Coffle. I go because I must. But this is worse than the sick man's tale."

From this solitude he sent forth lessons that should be graven on the heart of every young man. His own sad experience adds weight to his precepts. Out of the deep anguish of his heart poured forth the words of wisdom. His admonitions give a sure guide to the bewildered mind, and cheering hope to the depressed spirit. No young man can give heed to them and follow them, without finding to his joy that he has hit upon the true and only path of success in human life—he will find that activity, cheerful activity, in some useful calling in daily intercourse with his fellow man, is the business, the solace, and the charm of existence.

"The true cure for maladies like yours," says he to Dr. Dudley,

who had written in a desponding tone, "is employment. 'Be not solitary; be not idle!' was all that Burton could advise. Rely upon it, life was not given us to be spent in dreams and reverie, but for active, useful exertion; exertion that turns to some account to ourselves or to others—not laborious idleness—(I say nothing about religion, which is between the heart and its Creator.) This preaching is, I know, foolish enough; but let it pass. We have all two educations; one we have given to us—the other we give ourselves; and after a certain time of life, when the character has taken its *ply*, it is idle to attempt to change it.

"If I did not think it would aggravate your symptoms, I would press you to come here. In the sedulous study and practice of your profession I hope you will find a palliative, if not a complete cure, for your moral disease. Yours is the age of exertion—the prime and vigor of life. But I have 'fallen into the sear and yellow leaf: and that which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, ('*Regan*—What need *one*?') I must not look to have; but, in their stead ———."

"Rely upon it, you are entirely mistaken in your estimate of the world. Bad as it is, mankind are not quite so silly as you suppose. Look around you, and see who are held in the highest esteem. I will name one—Mr. Chief Justice. It is not the 'rogue' who gains the good opinion of his own sex, or of the other. It is the man, who by the exercise of the faculties which nature and education have given him, asserts his place among his fellows; and, whilst useful to all around him, establishes his claim to their respect, as an equal and independent member of society. He may have every other good quality under heaven; but, wanting this, a man becomes an object of pity to the good, and of contempt to the vile. Look at Mr. Leigh, his brother William, Mr. Wickham, Dr. Brockenbrough, &c., &c., and compare them with the drones which society is impatient to shake from its lap.

"One of the best and wisest men I ever knew has often said to me, that a decayed family could never recover its loss of rank in the world, until the members of it left off talking and dwelling upon its former opulence. This remark, founded in a long and close observation of mankind, I have seen verified, in numerous instances, in my own connections; who, to use the words of my oracle, 'will never thrive, until they can become "poor folks:"' he added, 'they may make some struggles, and with apparent success, to recover lost ground; they may, and sometimes do, get half way up again; but they are sure to fall back; unless, reconciling themselves to circumstances, they become in form, as well as in fact, poor folks.'

"The blind pursuit of wealth, for the sake of hoarding, is a species of insanity. There are spirits, and not the least worthy, who, con-

tent with an humble mediocrity, leave the field of wealth and ambition open to more active, perhaps more guilty, competitors. Nothing can be more respectable than the independence that grows out of self-denial. The man who, by abridging his wants, can find time to devote to the cultivation of his mind, or the aid of his fellow-creatures, is a being far above the plodding sons of industry and gain. His is a spirit of the noblest order. But what shall we say to the drone, whom society is eager 'to shake from her encumbered lap?'—who lounges from place to place, and spends more time in 'Adonizing' his person, even in a morning, than would serve to earn his breakfast?—who is curious in his living, a connoisseur in wines, fastidious in his cookery; but who never knew the luxury of earning a single meal? Such a creature, 'sponging' from house to house, and always on the borrow, may yet be found in Virginia. One more generation will, I trust, put an end to them; and their posterity, if they have any, must work or steal *directly*.

"Men are like nations: one founds a family, the other an empire; both destined, sooner or later, to decay. This is the way in which ability manifests itself. They who belong to a higher order, like Newton, and Milton, and Shakspeare, leave an imperishable name. I have no quarrel with such as are content with their original obscurity, vegetate on from father to son; 'whose ignoble blood has crept through *clodpoles* ever since the flood;' but I cannot respect them. He who contentedly eats the bread of idleness and dependence is beneath contempt.

"*Noscitur è socio*. 'Tell me your company and I will tell you what you are.' But there is another description of persons, of far inferior turpitude, against all connection with whom, of whatsoever degree, I would seriously warn you. This consists of men of broken fortunes, and all who are *loose* on the subject of pecuniary engagements. Time was, when I was fool enough to believe that a man might be negligent of such obligations, and yet a very good fellow, &c.; but long experience has convinced me that he who is lax in this respect is utterly unworthy of trust in any other. He might do an occasional act of kindness (or what is falsely called generosity) when it lay in his way, and so may a prostitute, or a highwayman; but he would plunge his nearest friends and dearest connections, the wife of his bosom, and the children of his loins, into misery and want, rather than forego the momentary gratification of appetite, vanity, or laziness. I have come to this conclusion slowly and painfully, but *certainly*. Of the Shylocks, and the smooth-visaged men of the world. I think as I believe you do. Certainly, if I were to seek for the hardest of hearts, the most obdurate, unrelenting, and cruel, I should find them among the most selfish of mankind. And who are the most selfish? The usurer, the courtier, and above all, the spend-

thrift. Try them once as creditors, and you will find, that even the Shylocks, we wot of, are not harder.

"You know my opinion of female society. Without it, we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men, and those who are in the prime of manhood; for, after a certain time of life, the literary man may make a shift (a poor one, I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man, nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some virtuous and amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from the pollution which besets it on all sides. Nevertheless, I trust that your fondness for the company of 'adies may not rob you of the time which ought to be devoted to reading and meditating on your profession; and, above all, that it may not acquire for you the reputation of *dangler*—in itself bordering on the contemptible, and seriously detrimental to *your* professional character. A cautious old Squaretoes, who might have no objection to employing such a one at the bar, would, perhaps, be shy of introducing him as a practitioner in his family, in case he should have a pretty daughter, or niece, or sister; although all experience shows, that of all male animals, the dangler is the most harmless to the ladies, who quickly learn, with the intuitive sagacity of the sex, to make a convenience of him, while he serves for a butt, also.

"Rely upon it, that to love a woman as 'a mistress,' although a delicious delirium—an intoxication far surpassing that of Champagne—is altogether unessential, nay, *pernicious*, in the choice of a wife; which a man ought to set about in his sober senses, choosing her, as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding-gown, for qualities that 'wear well.' I am well persuaded that few love-matches are happy ones. One thing, at least, is true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton, or a mere scholar, may find employment in study; a man of literary taste can receive, in books, a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend, and children around him, to cherish and support the dreariness of old age."

Just as he was about to leave home for Washington, the first of December, 1821, while his horses were at the door, and he booted and spurred, and Johnny and his travelling companion, Richard Randolph, impatiently waiting for him in the cold, Mr. Randolph sat down and wrote his will—the *will* which, after a long contest, was finally established as his last will and testament.

In May, 1819, he wrote a will, and deposited it with Dr. Brockenbrough, to the following effect:

"I give to my slaves their freedom, to which my conscience tells me they are justly entitled. It has a long time been a matter of the

deepest regret to me, that the circumstances under which I inherited them, and the obstacles thrown in the way by the laws of the land, have prevented my emancipating them in my lifetime, which it is my full intention to do, in case I can accomplish it.

"All the rest and residue of my estate (with the exceptions hereafter made), whether real or personal, I bequeath to William Leigh, Esquire, of Halifax, attorney at law, to the Rev. Wm. Meade, of Frederick, and to Francis Scott Key, Esqr., of Georgetown, District of Columbia, in trust, for the following uses and purposes, viz: 1st. To provide one or more tracts of land in any of the States or Territories, not exceeding in the whole four thousand acres, nor less than two thousand acres, to be partitioned and apportioned by them, in such manner as to them may seem best, among the said slaves. 2d. To pay the expense of their removal, and of furnishing them with necessary cabins, clothes, and utensils." Then follow other provisions. The will of 1821 is substantially the same as the above. The first *item* is: "I give and bequeath to all my slaves their freedom, heartily regretting that I have ever been the owner of one. 2. I give to my executor a sum not exceeding eight thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, to transport and settle said slaves to and in some other State or Territory of the United States, giving to all above the age of forty not less than ten acres of land each."

He then makes a special annuity to his "old and faithful servants, Essex and his wife Hetty"—the same allowance to his "woman-servant, Nancy"—to Juba (alias Jupiter)—to Queen—and to Johnny, his body-servant.

In the codicil of 1826, he says: "I do hereby confirm the bequests to or for the benefit of each and every of my slaves, whether by name or otherwise."

In 1828, "Being in great extremity, but in my perfect senses," says he, "I write this codicil to my will in the possession of my friend, William Leigh, of Halifax, Esquire, to declare that that will is my sole last will and testament; and that if any other be found of subsequent date, whether will or codicil, I do hereby revoke the same."

In a codicil of 1831, Mr. Randolph says: "On the eve of embarking for the United States (he was then in London), considering my

feeble health, to say nothing of the dangers of the seas, I add this codicil to my last will and testament and codicils thereto, affirming them all, except so far as they may be inconsistent with the following disposition of my estate." The third item of disposition is this: "I have upwards of two thousand pounds sterling in the hands of Baring Brothers & Co., of London, and upwards of one thousand pounds, like money, in the hands of Gowan and Marx. This money I leave to my executor, Wm. Leigh, as a fund for carrying into execution my will respecting my slaves; and, in addition to the provision which I have made for my faithful servant John, sometimes called John White, I charge my whole estate with an annuity to him, during his life, of fifty dollars, and as the only favor I ever asked of any government, I do entreat the Assembly of Virginia to permit the said John and his family to remain in Virginia."

And finally, in his dying hour, he gathered witnesses around him, and when the spirit was trembling to escape from the frail tenement that bound it, summoned all his energies in one last moment, and confirmed, in the most solemn form, before God and those witnesses, all the dispositions he had made in his will, in regard to his slaves. "More especially," said he, "in regard to this man!" bringing down his hand with force and energy on the shoulder of John, who stood weeping beside the couch of his expiring master and greatest benefactor.

Let the reader pause and reflect on these things; here are deeds, not promises—facts that speak for themselves; they need no addition, no embellishment. Here is a man who made no pretensions to philanthropy—despised the pretence of it. The hypocritical cant, for ever prating about it, pouring forth its cheap abundance of words, but which, unaccompanied with substantial works of true charity, are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Here is a man who cavilled for the nineteenth part of a hair in a matter of sheer right—who would admit no compromise in the Missouri question, and was ready to put every thing to hazard in vindication of the rights of the South. "I now," says he, on that occasion, "appeal to this nation, whether this pretended sympathy for the rights of a few free negroes is to supersede the rights of the free white population, of ten times their whole number." These words were uttered in February, 1821. In December following the same man *made free*, and provided for the comfortable maintenance of three hundred negro slaves. Is there a man of

that majority that voted against him, with all their *professed* sympathy, who would have done likewise? And how completely has been fulfilled the prophecy of Mr. Randolph, uttered on the occasion of the Missouri agitation—"I am persuaded that the cause of humanity to these unfortunates, has been put back a century—*certainly a generation*—by the unprincipled conduct of ambitious men, availing themselves of a good as well as of a fanatical spirit, in the nation."

There can be no doubt, that if the agitation of this slavery question had not been commenced and fermented by men who had no possible connection with it, and who, from the nature of the case, could have no other motive but political ambition and a spirit of aggression; had that subject been left as we found it, under the compromises of the Constitution, and the laws of God and conscience, aided by an enlightened understanding of their true interests—been left to work their silent, yet irresistible influences on the minds of men, there can be no doubt that thousands would have followed the example of John Randolph, in Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, and that long ere this, measures would have been adopted for the final, though gradual, extinguishment of slavery within their borders; as it is, that event has again been put off for another generation.

CHAPTER XVII.

LOG-BOOK AND LETTERS.

"As one of the very few persons in the world (Dr. Brokenbrough) who really care whether I sink or swim, I am induced to send you the following extract from my log-book; relying on your partiality to excuse the egotism; and if you experience but the tenth part of the pleasure I felt on reading your account of your November jaunt, I shall be much gratified, as well as yourself:—

"1821, December 10th, Monday, half past 11, A. M. Left Richmond. Four miles beyond the oaks met Mrs. T——b and poor Mrs. R——h. Reached Underwood half-an-hour by run, and pushed on to Sutter's, where I arrived quarter past five. Very comfortable quarters. Road heavy.

"11th, Tuesday. Breakfasted at eight A. M., and reached Batta-der by quarter past twelve. Fed my horses and arrived at Freder-

icksburg half-past three. Road heavy. Mansfield lane almost impassable. Excellent fare at Gray's, and the finest oysters I have seen for this ten year.

"12th, Wednesday. Hard frost. Left Fredericksburg at nine, A. M. Reached Stafford, C. H., at half-past eleven, Dumfries at five minutes past three, P. M., and Occoguon at half-past five. I made no stop except to breathe the horses, from Dumfries to Neabsco, sixty-five minutes three and a half miles. The five miles beyond Dumfries employed nearly two hours. Roads indescribable.

"13th, Thursday. Snow; part heavy rain. Waited until meridian, when, foreseeing that if the roads froze in their then state, they would be impassable; and that the waters between me and Alexandria would be out perhaps for several days, I set out in the height of the storm, and through a torrent of mud, and water, and sloughs of all degrees of viscosity, I got to Alexandria before five, where a fine canvas-back, and divers other good things, set my blood into circulation.

"14th, Friday. Bitter cold. Reached Washington half-past eleven. House does not sit to-day. Funeral. No southern mail. Waters out.

"15th. Very cold. No southern mail. Waters out. Just beyond Pohick I met a man driving a double chair.

"J. R.—'Pray, sir, can I ford Accotink?'

"Traveller.—'If you drive brisk perhaps you may.'

"J. R.—'Did you cross it, sir?'

"T.—'Yes; but it is rising very fast.'

"As I pressed my little mare on, or rather as she pushed on after comrade and Johnny, I thought of Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, of the old Gabertunzie, as, in breathless anxiety, they turned the head-land, and found the water-mark under water. Pohick, a most dangerous ford at all times, from the nature of the bend of the stream, which is what is called a kettle-bottom, was behind me, and no retreat and no house better than old Lear's hovel, except the church, where were no materials for a fire. When I reached Accotink, the sand-bank in the middle of the stream was uncovered; but for near a mile I was up to the saddle-skirts. A great price, my good sir, for the privilege of franking a letter, and the honor of being overlooked by the great men, new as well as old.

"Just at the bridge over Hunting Creek, beyond Alexandria, I met the mail cart and its solitary driver. The fog was Cimmerian.

"J. R.—'How far do you go to-night, friend?'

"D.—'To Stafford Court-house, sir. Can I ford the Accotink?'

"J. R.—'I think you may; but it will be impossible before midnight: I am really sorry for you.'

"D.—'God bless your honor.'

"I am satisfied this poor fellow encounters every night dangers and sufferings in comparison with which those of our heroes are flea bites.

"Friday morning. Your letter of the 25th (Christmas day) did not reach me until this morning. I have been long mourning over the decline of our old Christmas sports and pastimes, which have given way to a spirit of sullen fanaticism on the one hand, or affected fashionable refinement on the other, which thinly veils the selfishness and inhospitality it is designed to cover. Your own letter may be cited as a proof that I am no grumbler (in this instance at least) at the times, although friend Lancaster, after puffing me in his way, was moved by the spirit (when I would not subscribe to his books) to say that the character I disclaimed in the H. of R. was the one that fitted me. '*Difficilis, querulus, laudatur temporis acti.*' You date on Christmas day; you do not make the least mention of the season, into such '*desuetude*' has the commemoration of the nativity of the great Redeemer fallen. On the eve of that day P——a gave a grand diplomatic dinner, at which Messrs. les Envoyés enragés were present, but held no intercourse. At this dinner J. Q. A. (the cub is a greater bear than the old one) gave this toast, rising from his chair at the time: 'Alexander the Great, Emperor of all the Russias, and the Cross.' Cross vs. Crescent, I presume; and no doubt M. P——a wrote to his court, announcing 'the disposition of this government towards Russia.' He is a wretched ass (this P.), who is writing a book on America, and whom every body quizzes. Some very laughable instances of this have been related to me. Travelling through Ohio, he was as much scandalized as John Wesley by the want of a commodité, and took the host to task about it. The fellow gravely assured him that were he to erect such a temple to a heathen and obscure deity, the people would rise in arms and burn it to the ground; and this mystification completely took, and was clapped down in P——'s notes. I expect to see it under the head of state of religion.

"To return. The next day the parties were reconciled, and all is hushed up. Yesterday, I had the honor of a visit from M. l'Envoyé de sa Majesté très Chrétienne and the Secretary of Legation. This great honor and distinction (for such the folks here deem it) I suspect I owe to the exercise of a quality for which I have not, I fear, been greatly distinguished; I mean discretion; for, although I was present, I refused to be a referee, when applied to from various quarters, on the subject of the quarrel. I did not hesitate to say that certain very offensive words imputed to de N. were *not* uttered by him; but I declined giving any account of the matter, except to my old friend, Mr. Macon, and one other person, forbidding the mentioning of my name under the strongest sanctions.

"On reading over the above, I perceive that it is 'horribly

stuffed' with scraps of French. This apparent affectation (for it is only apparent) is owing to a silly falling in with the fashion in this place, where the commonest English word or phrase is generally rendered in (not always good) French.

"I showed your letter to my most discreet friend, Mr. Macon. He concurs with me that the first part (relative to the chair) of what you heard is pretty much 'all my eye, Betty;' but will not agree as to the remainder, which I class under the same head. Else how comes the greatest latitudinarian in our State, and a professed one too, who acknowledges no 'law,' but his favorite one of circumstances, a bank man, or any thing you please, to have received greater and more numerous marks of the favor of the Legislature of Virginia (recent ones too) than any citizen in it, the three last Presidents excepted? I detest mock-modesty, and will not deny that if I had the disposition, and could undergo the labor, (neither of which is the case,) I might acquire a certain degree of influence in the House, chiefly confined, however, to the small minority of old-fashioned Republicans. As to the first station, there was a time in which I might not have disgraced it, for I had quickness and a perfect knowledge of our rules and orders, with a competent acquaintance with parliamentary law in general. But since the dictatorship of Mr. C—y, 'on a change tout cela' (French again), and I am now almost as raw as our newest recruits. *Then*, too, I had habits of application to business; but, my good friend, while I am running on (Alnaschar-like), I protest I believe the thought entered no head but Mr. S—'s (to whom, of course, I am much obliged for his good opinion); for no suggestion of the sort ever occurred to me until I read it under your hand.

"My days of business, of active employment, are over. My judgment, I believe, has not deserted me, and when it does, as old George Mason said, I shall be the last person in the world to find it out: my principles I am *sure* have not; and if, which God forbid, they should, I shall be the first person to find it out. Till that shall happen, I will be 'the warder on the lonely hill.'

"Why cannot all the honest men (not poor Burr's sort) unite in a man for the presidency who possesses: 1. Integrity, 2. firmness, 3. great political experience, 4. sound judgment and strong common sense, 5. ardent love of country and of its institutions and their spirit, 6. unshaken political consistency in the worst of times, 7. manners (if not courtly) correct. I could name such a man.

"Apropos to Burr. I have been reflecting this morning on the fate of some of the most active and influential (pardon the slang) of them that contributed to effectuate the change in 1800-1. Burr stands foremost; Ned. Livingston; W. C. N. ! though last, not least. It is mournful to think on I might mention a good many more who played an under part in the drama, such as Duane, Merriwether, Jones, &c., &c."

In the appropriation bill for the ensuing year, there was a large undefined appropriation for the Indian Department asked for by the Secretary of War, and was understood to be intended to cover up a deficiency of the past year. Mr. Randolph, the 4th of January, 1822, moved a re-commitment of the bill.

"Unreasonable jealousy of the Executive Government," said he, "often led to the opposite extreme—a blind confidence in the governing power. From this jealousy and confidence he felt himself free. He believed that this House also was as free from unreasonable jealousy as any reasonable body ought to be. In fact, jealousy in public life was like that same 'green-eyed monster' in the domestic circle, which poisoned the source of all social happiness. It was extraordinary, and yet apparent, that the case had occurred in which confidence had lost its true character, and taken another, which he would not name in this House. It was remarkable, as well on the other side of the Atlantic as this, that a general suspicion had gone abroad, that the department which emphatically holds the purse-strings of the nation, was more remiss than any other in guarding against the expenditure of its subordinate agents. If it should be generally and unanswerably understood, that the body whose duty it was to guard the public treasure from wasteful expenditure, had abandoned their trust to a blind confidence in the dispensers of public patronage, they must immediately and justly lose all the confidence of the community. He had heard yesterday, with astonishment, a proposition to surrender inquiry to a confidence in the integrity and ability in the officer who had made the requisition. When this House should be disposed to become a mere chamber in which to register the edicts, not of the President, but of the heads of departments, it would be unimportant whether the members of this House professed to represent 35,000 freemen, or collectively the single borough of Sarum. This proceeding was to him unprecedented. * * * * He would give to the Government his confidence when it was necessary, and he would not give it to the Government, nor to any man further than that, unless to his bosom friend. But there was a wide difference between voting for an advance for the service of the current year, and voting for the same sum to cover a deficiency of the past year, under cover of an advance for the present year."

The same day, January 4th, before making the above speech, he thus writes to Dr. Brockenbrough:

"A question will come on to-day respecting an appropriation, ostensibly in advance (or 'on account,' as trading folks say) of the military expenditures of the current year; but *really* to cover a defi-

ciency (or excess of expenditure) for the last year. The sum is only \$100,000; yet, my word for it! this honest gentleman (who had kept him up half a night to win back a few dollars) will vote it without the least scruple, at the nod of an executive officer. In short, the greater part of us view with equal eye

‘The public million and the private groat.’

“The ‘arguments’ yesterday, when the question was pending, were ‘Having the fullest confidence in the head of the war department;’ ‘can any gentleman believe or suppose that the Secretary of War could ask an improper appropriation;’ &c., &c., all to the same tune; and although Tracey, of New-York, and Trimble, of Kentucky, distinctly opposed the imposition, that old sinner, — of ‘*Marland*,’ by sheer force of lungs, induced some right well-meaning people to think the objections (which they did not understand, nor the answer neither) satisfactorily repelled. Even L——s, with whom I dined, agreed that the thing was wrong; said he had told S. S. it ought to be in a separate grant, expressive of its true character; but that S. said ‘he did not like to trust it,’ and so thrust it in the partial appropriation bill for 1822, where he hoped, no doubt, it would pass unobserved.

“By the way, I believe I wrote that C——n had ‘accepted.’ He and L. are, I think, shot dead by their want of *retenue*. More French, and I am not sure that it is good French.

“On the day of your ‘debauch,’ I dined with Van Buren and the whole New-York delegation in both Houses, with the V. P. at their head. Although it no doubt had a meaning like ‘the shake of the head’ in the ‘Critic,’ I did not *exactly* find it out, but I believe I was not far off the true construction. Many here think that neither C——n, nor C——s, nor C——y will be ‘run’—that this is but a ruse de guerre to weaken C——d and of course strengthen the Eastern and Northern interest.

“Since I came to the House, Baldwin, speaking of the present candidate, said to me—“The people ought to put down (I trust they will) every man who has put himself forward at this premature time.’ I left my letter open for what I might hear, and I have heard nothing else.”

“*Washington, Jan. 13, 1822.*—My good friend—I had taken it for granted that you were gone, Orpheus like, to fetch your wife from the infernal regions, or at least through infernal ways, when I received, this morning, your welcome letter of Friday (the 11th). The truth is, I am disappointed by the Enquirer, and so you may tell him. Although it is not very desirable to be studiously misrepresented and caricatured to the rest of the States, yet I was fain to content myself with standing (substantially at least, if not in form) on my own title,

with the good people of poor old Virginia (God help her!) through the medium of the Enquirer. When any of the courtiers are to speak, G——s takes his seat in his box, and makes the best report he can: e. g. McD——'s speech, which is greatly softened in point of arrogance, and which is much improved by the total omission of the suicidal declaration towards its close, that the money was wanting 'to pay vouched accounts then lying on the Secretary of War's table.' When one of the country party speak, the duty is devolved upon an incapable deputy; but mere incapacity will not account for such manifest and repeated perversions. Take the following as some among the most glaring in the last report of a speech which satisfied many others much more than it did its author. (Here follow numerous corrections of the report alluded to.)

"The words for which I was called to order by S., are not those stated in the report. Those words were subsequently used—I said not one syllable about the soldiers 'dealing in perfumery.' What the creature means I can't even divine. In short, it may be considered as the greatest outrage of the sort ever committed."

"Tuesday, Jan. 15, 1822.—I wrote you a letter the day before yesterday, in a character that might have passed for Sir Anthony Scrabblestone's. You no doubt remember that old acquaintance of our reverend friend the holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, and are full as well acquainted with his handwriting as that pious anchorite was with his person. However, I have (in addition to the apology that my implements are furnished by contract) the further justification of my Lord Arlington's high authority.

"Did you preserve the Baltimore paper that contained No. 18, of 'a Native Virginian?' Nos. 19 and 20 have since been sent me. They are well written, and unanswered, if not unanswerable. Had they appeared in a paper of general circulation, and one that possessed any share of public confidence, they would, I think, have produced some effect, if indeed the public be not dead to all sensation.

"There is a young man here by the name of Chiles, making reports of our proceedings for the 'Boston Daily Advertiser.' Mr. Mills of the Senate (from Massachusetts) gave me *his* report of the *doings* of Friday, the 4th instant—with the help of such a report as that, I could have given Mr. Ritchie what I said almost verbatim. But the truth is, that after the occasion passes away, I can seldom recall what I said until I am put in mind, by what I did not say, or by some catch-word; at the same time, I have given Mr. Ritchie the substance, and, where any particular word or incident occurred, the very language that I used. I am determined, hereafter, to wait for Chiles's report from Boston, and with a slight alteration, when necessary, I will send it to the Enquirer. The N. I. does not *condense* as he pretends. Of all the speeches made on the subject, it was the

longest and the most audible. In the report it is one of the shortest, and yet stuffed with expletives not used by me, as well as perversions of meaning. There is no mistaking this, when continually occurring.

"The discussion of the M. A. bill has done me no service."

"*Jan.* 18, 1822.—I'm afraid you think me such a tiresome ego-tist that you are fain to drop my correspondence. To say the truth, I am vexed at being made to talk such nonsense, and bad English into the bargain—'proven' cum multis aliis ejusdem farinae, familiar enough, indeed, to congressional ears, but which never escaped from my lips.

"There is a very impudent letter in Walsh, which I half suspect he wrote to himself—'hungry mouths to stop, and dogs not above eating dirty pudding'—must sound peculiarly offensive in his ears, since he could not even get the run of the kitchen when he was here in 1816-17. At that time he had the effrontery to tell me to my face, that he had no doubt I was far more eloquent than Patrick Henry. The *Intelligencer* puts words into my mouth that I never uttered, and these furnish the basis of Mr. W.'s comments, with those great critics and annotators—for 'debate,' read 'detail' (which I said neither health nor inclination allowed me to enter into), and what becomes of the comment? Of one thing I am *sure*, that the House is not yet becoming tired of me; and I shall take especial care that it do not."

"*Jan.* 19.—My avocations are such, that my time, like my money, runs away in dribblets, without producing an 'effect.' I have more than once thought of using my pen in some other way besides scribbling to you; but, some how or other, I can find none so pleasant, and *time* is always wanting. I have read nothing, but have been very much in company. Like the long waists of our mothers, I really believe I am growing, if not generally, at least somewhat, in fashion. But I hope I am not so old a fool as to presume upon this; for of all fools, an old one is the least tolerable.

"Like most *parvenus*, the man you mention is a sorry black-guard, in dress, manners, figure (a complete paddy), countenance, and principle. I *could* have given him 'such a sackfull of sair bones,' that he could have borne the marks to his grave. But I purposely abstained from the slightest notice of him. It is not the least of our success against temptation, to suppress the overwhelming retort, and, just as it rises to the tongue, to give a good gulp and swallow it."

"*Feb.* 1.—You will see a correction of Gales's in yesterday's *Intelligencer*. He has restored the words that I used, almost verbatim. They were these: 'Transubstantiation, I was going to say; but I would not, from respect to a numerous and most respectable class of

persons; but *would say*, as any in priestcraft, kingcraft, or another craft which (as great as is the Diana of the Ephesians!) I would not name.' Yet I have received an indignant remonstrance from a Roman Catholic of Washington City, 'on my invective against that sect,' of which you may see some notice in to-morrow's *Moniteur*.

Administration is sunk into much contempt with our House, and the other too. They hail from 'four corners.' Instead of Dana's 'triangular war,' we have a quadrangular one. They must dissolve in their own imbecility. By the way, I want my 'native Virginian,' when you are done with him.

"I trust the Virginian Government will not be weak enough to dismiss the "*claim*" of Kentucky. I suspect it was got up to defray C——s' electioneering campaign for the winter."

"Feb. 7.—I am at last gratified by a letter from you. To say the truth, I had rather, much rather, that the thing had not appeared; but as to 'being affronted' at it, that was out of the question. Indeed, if I do not egregiously deceive myself, a great change has been wrought in my character. I am become quiet and sedate—torpid, if you will—but much less disposed to take or give offence than I once was. This remark is made, not in reference to the little incident above alluded to, but in that vein of egotism to which I am too prone.

"You do right in endeavoring to reconcile L. and T.; but in the course of my observation, I cannot recall a single instance of cordiality between *reconciled friends*. Poor human nature! The view which I am compelled to take of it every day, augments my pity for it. We dare not trust ourselves with the truth. It is too terrible. Hence the whole world is in masquerade. 'Words were invented,' said Talleyrand, 'to conceal our thoughts.' Hence, a conventional language, in which it is understood that things are never to be called by their right names, and which at last ceases to answer its original design, except with the vulgar great and small.

"I must be a very uncommon personage to 'astonish all the world' with what *I do not do*. Since I am not able to astonish them with my exploits, it is very good in them to be negatively charged on my account. I heartily wish that I had never given them any other cause of wonder.

"Poor T. T——r! I know his disease. It has been killing me inch-meal, a long, long while. Give him my best regards. It is a dreadful thing to find out, as he has done, too late, what stuff the world is made of; to have an illusion dispelled that made life agreeable to us. Did you ever read 'Cobbett's Sermons,' or his 'Cottage Economy?' If not, pray do. They are written with great originality and power, and I heartily wish they were in the hands of all who can read.

"There has been a great deal of stuff uttered in our House for the last two or three days. It has degenerated into a mere bear garden; and, really, when I see strangers on the platform, I feel ashamed of belonging to the body. I have been a good deal pressed to join the squabble; for it don't deserve the name of debate; but I have refrained, if the expression can be applied, where, instead of desire, one feels only disgust. I have not yet seen the Chief Justice, although we have exchanged visits. I am glad to hear that you intend to 'write again soon.' If you knew the feeling I have when a letter from you is brought in, you would shower them down like snow. My health and spirits are incurably bad. If I can raise the money, I mean to dissipate my chagrin and ennui in some foreign land. Incessant change of place, and absence of all occupation, seem indispensable to my tolerable existence. I am become almost reconciled to pain; but there is a sensation of another sort that is worse than death. Familiar as I am to it, it serves but to increase its misery. At this moment, I am obliged to relinquish my pen from the combined effects of bodily disease and mental distress. Adieu.

"J. R. of R."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE APPORTIONMENT BILL.

"GOVERNMENT, to be safe and to be free, must consist of Representatives having a common interest and a common feeling with the represented."—JOHN RANDOLPH.

THE great business of the session was the apportionment of representatives among the States, according to the new census. It seems to have been the policy of Congress, as the population increased, to increase the ratio of representation from decade to decade, so as to keep down the numbers of the House of Representatives. This subject was one of exciting interest to all parties. None felt more deeply than Mr. Randolph, not only the importance of the principles involved but the serious influence the new apportionment was likely to have on the relative weight and standing of the old Commonwealth which he had been so proud to represent for so many years, as the Empire State. "Yesterday I rose, (says he, the 7th of February, the day the question was taken) at 3, and to-day at 2, A. M. I cannot sleep.

Two bottles of champagne, or a dozen of gas, could not have excited me like this apportionment bill."

A variety of propositions were made to fix the ratio, ranging from 35,000 to 75,000. The committee reported 40,000. Mr. Tucker, of Virginia, proposed 38,000. By the ratio of the committee, Virginia would lose one member, and fall below New-York and Pennsylvania. By the ratio of Mr. Tucker she would retain her present delegation in Congress. Mr. Randolph was in favor of the latter proposition. But his arguments reach far beyond the particular interest his own State had in the question. They are profound and statesmanlike—are worthy of our most serious consideration—and the principle they evolve should be made a cardinal doctrine in the creed of those who hold that the responsibility of the representative—the independence and sovereignty of the States, and the cautious action of the Federal Government on the subjects strictly limited to it, are the only sound rules for interpreting the Constitution. The danger is in having too small a representation. No country was ever ruined by the expense of its legislation; better pay an army of legislators than an army of soldiers.

"I cannot enter into the reasoning," said Mr. Randolph, "which goes to show that two hundred members, or this ratio of 42,000, or what not, is to serve some great political purpose, whilst one member more or less, or 1000 in the ratio, more or less, would produce a calamitous effect. To such prescience which could discover such important effects from such causes he had no claim; but this he would say, it was made an objection to the Constitution by some of the greatest men this country ever produced, and perhaps as great as it ever would produce. It was, in itself, a vital objection to George Mason's putting his hand to the Constitution, that the representation in Congress was limited not to exceed one member for every 30,000 souls, whilst on the other hand, a most unbounded discussion was given over the increase of the ratio. It was an objection to the Constitution, on the part of some of the wisest men this country ever produced. It was an objection on the part of Patrick Henry, whose doubts, I need not ask you, Mr. Speaker, to recur to. I fear you have been too familiar with them in the shape of verified predictions, whose doubts experience has proved to be prophetic. On a question of this sort, shall we be told of the expense of compensating a few additional members of this body? He knew we had, in a civil point of view, perhaps the most expensive government under the sun. We had, taking one gentleman's declaration, an army of legislators. There was a time, and he wished he might live to see it again, when the legislators of the country

outnumbered the rank and file of the army, and the officers to boot. I wish I may see it again. Did any man ever hear of a country ruined by the expense of its legislation? Yes, as the sheep are ruined by so much as is required for the nourishment of the dogs. As to the civil list, to pay a host of legislators, is it this pay that has run up the national debt? Is it their pay that produces defalcations of the revenue? Did mortal man ever hear of a country that was ruined by the expense of its civil list, and more especially by the legislative branch of it? We must take a number that is convenient for business, and at the same time sufficiently great to represent the interests of this great empire. This empire, he was obliged to say, for the term republic had gone out of fashion. He would warn, not this House, for they stood in no need of it, but the good, easy, susceptible people of this country, against the empiricism in politics, against the delusion that because a government is representative, equally representative, if you will, it must therefore be free. Government, to be safe and to be free, must consist of representatives having a common interest and common feeling with the represented.

When I hear of settlements at the Council Bluffs, and of bills for taking possession of the mouth of the Columbia River, I turn, not a deaf ear, but an ear of a different sort to the sad vaticination of what is to happen in the length of time: believing, as I do, that no government extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific can be fit to govern me, or those whom I represent. There is death in the pot, compound it how you will. No such government can exist, because it must want the common feeling and common interest with the governed, which is indispensable to its existence. * * * * The first House of Representatives consisted of but sixty-five members. Mr. Randolph said he well remembered that House. He saw it often, and that very fact was, he said, to him a serious objection to so small a representation on this floor. The truth is, said he, we came out of the old Constitution in a chrysalis state, under unhappy auspices. The members of the body that framed the Constitution were second to none in respectability. But they had been so long without power, they had so long seen the evils of a government without power, that it begot in them a general disposition to have king Stork substituted for king Log. They organized a Congress to consist of a small number of members, and what was the consequence? Every one in the slightest degree conversant with the subject must know, that on the first step in any government depends, in a great degree, the character and complexion of that government. What, I repeat, was the consequence of the then limited number of the representative body? Many, very many, indeed all that could be called fundamental laws, were passed by a majority, which, in the aggregate, hardly exceeded in number the committee which was the other day appointed to bring in

the bill now on your table ; and thereby, said he, hangs (not a tale, but) very serious ones, which it is improper to open here and now. Among the other blessings which we have received from past legislation, we should not have been sitting at this place if there had been a different representation. Those who administered the government were in a hurry to go into the business of legislation before they were ready—and here I must advert to what had been said with regard to the redundance of debate. For my part, said he, I wish we could have done nothing but talk, unless, indeed, we had gone to sleep for many years past ; and coinciding in the sentiment which had fallen from the gentlemen from New-York, give me fifty speeches. I care not how dull or how stupid, rather than one law on the statute book ; and if I could once see a Congress meet and adjourn without passing any act whatever, I should hail it as one of the most acceptable omens. * * * * The case of a State wisely governed by its legislature, that of Connecticut, for example,” he argued, “would be preposterously applied to this government, representing as it does more than a million of square miles, and more than twenty millions of people, for such ere long would be the amount of our population. To say that 200 shall be the amount of our representation, and then to proportion that number among the States, would be putting the cart before the horse, or making a suit of clothes for a man and then taking his measure. The number of representatives ought to be sufficient to enable the constituent to maintain with the representative that relation without which representative government was as great a cheat as transubstantiation—he was going to say—but would not, from respect to a numerous and most respectable class of persons, but he *would say*, as any priest-craft, king-craft, or another craft, which (as great is the Diana of the Ephesians !) he would not name. When I hear it proposed elsewhere to limit the numbers of the representatives of the people on this floor, I feel disposed to return the answer of Agesilaus when the Spartans were asked for their arms—‘come and take them !’—It appeared to be the opinion of some gentlemen, who seemed to think that He who made the world should have consulted them about it, that our population would go on increasing, till it exceeded the limits of the theory of our representative government. He remembered a case in which it had been seriously proposed, and by a learned gentleman too, that inasmuch as one of his brethren was increasing his property in a certain ratio, in the course of time it would amount, by progressive increase, to the value of the whole world, and this man would thus become master of the world. These calculations would serve as charades, conundrums, and such matters, calculated to amuse the respectable class (much interested in such matters) of old maids and old bachelors, of which Mr. R. said he was a most unfortunate member. To this objection, that the number of the House would soon become

too great, to this bugbear it was sufficient to reply, that when the case occurred it would be time to provide for it. We will not take the physic before we are sick, remembering the old Italian epitaph, 'I was well, I would be better, I took physic, and here I am.' * * * * He was in favor of making the House as numerous as the Constitution would permit, always keeping within such a number as would not be inconvenient to the House for the transaction of business. For, in that respect, the legislature of a little Greek or Swiss republic might be as numerous as that of the Kingdom of Great Britain. The only limit was, the capacity to do business in one chamber; and it was desirable to have as great a number as would keep on this side of a mob.

"One of the most profound female writers of the present age—and, perhaps, he might amend by striking out the word female—had pointed out the superiority of the legislative body of England over that of France, from the circumstance that, of the British Parliament, no man is permitted to read a speech, but is obliged to pronounce it extempore; while in the French Legislative Assembly, the rage for making speeches was excited by the usage, that any member who could manufacture one, or get some one else to do it for him, ascended the tribune, and delivered, and afterwards published it; and hence their notion, that an assembly of more than one hundred, if composed of Newtons, might be called a mob. The practice in England naturally forced out the abilities of the house. The speaker was obliged to draw on his own intellectual resources, and upon those talents with which heaven had endowed him. Talents descend from heaven; they are the gift of God; no patent of nobility can confer them; and he who had the right, beyond a monarch's power to grant, did conduct the public affairs of the country. By the contrary practice, according to Madame De Staël, the French nation was cheated, and men passed for more than they were worth. * * * * A gentleman from Georgia had feared a large ratio would introduce an oligarchy. But it would be recollected that our government, in its head, was monarchical. It was useless to quarrel about words, for such is the fact; and, as some writers say, not the best form of monarchy, the elective; but on this he would express no opinion. There was another body that was oligarchical—the Senate, and an oligarchy of the worst, for the representatives of the State sovereignties were not revocable by them. What would become of the House of Representatives if the whole rays of Executive influence were to be concentrated upon it? It would be consumed, or, like a diamond under a lens, would evaporate. Nevertheless, there were dull speeches delivered in the Houses of Parliament, as well as here. Witness those of Mr. Fuller, or of Mr. Drake. This was one of those cases in which the maxim *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* did not hold. He complained of the growth of the contingent expenses of the House,

which had been incurred for the accommodation of the members, in a profusion of stationery, easy arm-chairs, and a mass of printed documents that nobody reads! These accommodations, like those at Banks, did no good to those who made use of them. He believed that an increased ratio would be one of the means of getting rid of these incumbrances."

These observations are worthy of most serious consideration. In the opinion of Mr. Randolph, an enlargement of the numbers of the House of Representatives would, in the end, produce an economy of expenditure for their own accommodation, would reduce the chances of executive influence, give a more immediate and responsible representation to the people, enlarge the field of political interest in the country, by bringing the representative and the represented more closely together, would lessen the propensity, and take away the facilities for sectional combinations and partial and unconstitutional legislation, more effectually call forth the real talent and patriotism of the House, and add to the weight and respectability of the States, which are the only opposing forces and counterweights to the strong centripetal tendencies of the Federal Government. These are results greatly to be desired. The wisest men foresaw the dangers of too small a representation. It was a serious objection to the Constitution. We have felt the evil consequences in more ways than one. Let the evil be remedied: reduce the army; reduce the navy; they have almost become useless in our vastly-extended territory and commanding position. Build no more fortifications; build no more ships but steam-ships, and make them useful as mail-carriers and explorers of unknown regions. Abolish the land system (which is expensive), and sell out to the States the public lands within their respective borders. Collect no more revenue than is needed for an economical administration of the government. Increase the representatives of the people in Congress; let them avoid all doubtful questions; confine themselves to the few subjects of a common interest, specifically delegated, and proceed on the maxim, that a "wise and masterly inactivity" in the science of legislation, as well as in the practice of the healing art, is the truest evidence of wisdom and prudence. When these things are done, then the great danger so much apprehended by our fathers need no longer to be the cause of uneasiness to their children, and we may go on adding State after State until our Federative Union shall overspread the whole continent. The truth is,

the addition of States from different sections of widely-diversified and opposing interests has done more than any thing else to bring back the action of the government to its legitimate sphere, by diminishing the chances and the desire of sectional combinations.

Mr. Randolph's efforts were all in vain. The ratio was fixed at 40,000. On the 6th of February, by means of the previous question, the bill was carried by a vote of nearly two to one, and Virginia, henceforth, had to take her rank, in numerical strength at least, as a second or third-rate State. Mr. Randolph spoke most feelingly on the occasion.

"I confess," said he, "that I have (and I am not ashamed to own it) an hereditary attachment to the State that gave me birth. I shall act upon it as long as I act upon this floor, or any where else. I shall feel it when I am no longer capable of acting any where. But I beg gentlemen to bear in mind, if we feel the throes and agonies which they impute to us at the sight of our departing power, there is something in fallen greatness, though it be in the person of a despot—something to enlist the passions and feelings of men, even against their reason. Bonaparte himself believed he had those who sympathized with him. But if such be our condition—if we are really so extremely sensitive on this subject—do not gentlemen recollect the application of another received maxim in regard to sudden, I will not say upstart, elevation, that some who are once set on horseback, know not, nor care not, which way they ride? I am a man of peace. With Bishop Hall, I take no shame to myself for making overtures of pacification, when I have unwittingly offended. But, sir, I cannot permit, whatever liberties may be taken with me, I cannot permit any that may be taken with the State of Virginia to pass unnoticed on this floor. I hope the notice which I shall always take of them will be such as not only becomes a member of this House, but the dignity of that ancient State."

While the star of Virginia was in the ascendant, and her dominion was acknowledged by all, her course was one of self-sacrifice. A royal domain she surrendered as a peace-offering to the Confederation; she exhausted her own resources to fill the common treasury; ever careful of the rights of others, she neglected her own, and studied more the common welfare than her private interest. No statute can rise up and condemn her as mean or selfish, unjust or wasteful.

Let those who are now in the ascendant go and do likewise; above all, let them take care that the maxim given by Mr. Randolph as a warning, prove not prophetic—"that some who" (by sudden ele-

vation) "are once set on horseback, know not, nor care not, which way they ride."

Next day after the passage of the bill, Mr. Randolph thus writes to his friend Brockenbrough.

Washington, Thursday, 4 o'clock P. M., Feb. 7, 1822.

From Dudley's letter, written the day after the event, I had anticipated the cause of my not having heard from you within the week. My good friend, "neither can I write," but for a different reason. I am now down, *abraded*, by long-continued stretch of mind and feeling. We may now cry out "Ichabod," for our glory is departed. I made last night my final effort to retrieve our fortunes, and the Virginia delegation (to do them justice, sensible when too late of their error) did what they could to second me. I do them this justice with pleasure, if there was one I did not note the exception. Had they supported me from the first, we could have carried 38,000 or 38,500. S—e of W—e got alarmed at my earnest deprecation of the conduct of the majority, of which he was one, and came to me repeatedly, and tried to retrace his steps. So did some others (i. e. "try back"), but the mischief had gone too far to be remedied. Our fathers have eaten grapes, and my teeth, at least, are set on edge. I am sensible that I have spoken too much, and perhaps my friends at a distance may think me more faulty in this respect than they would do, had they been on the spot—for since my first (also unpublished) opposition to the "Yazoo" bill, I have never spoken with such effect upon the House, as on Saturday last: and I am certain by their profound attention last night, that I lost nothing even with them that divided against me, at least the far greater part of them. If in this I shall find by the representation of others that my self-love has deceived me, I will be more than ever on my guard against that desperately wicked and most deceitful of all things, my own heart. I pray you, therefore, not to have the fear of the Archbishop of Grenada before your eyes, but tell me truly, if I am mistaken. This you can readily learn through Mr. Ritchie, to whom please show this letter, or through some of our assembly men, or others, who have correspondents here. I do not want to know the source whence your information comes; nor yet am I setting a clap-trap, vain as I am (for vanity I know is imputed to me by my enemies, and I fear (as has been said) that they come nearer the truth of one's character than our friends do), and sweet as applause is, (Dr. South says of the seekers of praise, that they search for what "flashes for a moment in the face like lightning, and perhaps says he, it hurts the man.") I fish for no opinion on the character of my endeavors to render public service, except as regards their too frequent repetition; it is rather to obtain the means of hereafter avoiding censure that this request is made.

CHAPTER XIX.

PINCKNEY, MARSHALL, TAZEVELL—DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

MONDAY, the 25th of February, Mr. Randolph prematurely announced the death of William Pinckney, a Senator from Maryland, and a distinguished jurist and orator. He had obtained the information from one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, who came in while the House was in session, and gave the information to Mr. Randolph as coming from a gentleman of the bar, who told him he had seen the corpse. Mr. Randolph immediately rose and pronounced the following eulogy, which, considering that it was sudden and extemporaneous, is unsurpassed in eloquence:

He arose to announce to the House the death of a man who filled the first place, in public estimation, in the first profession in that estimation, in this or any other country:—

“We have been talking,” says he, “of General Jackson, and a greater man than he is not here, but gone for ever! I allude, sir, to the boast of Maryland and the pride of the United States—the pride of us all, and particularly the pride and ornament of that profession of which you, Mr. Speaker (Stephenson), are a member, and an eminent one. He was a man with whom I lived when a member of this House, and a new one too; and ever since he left it for the other—I speak it with pride—in habits not merely negatively friendly, but of kindness and cordiality. The last time I saw him was on Saturday, the last Saturday but one, in the pride of life and full possession and vigor of all his faculties, in that lobby. He is now gone to his account (for as the tree falls so it must lie), where we must all go—where I must soon go, and by the same road, too—the course of nature; and where all of us, put off the evil day as long as we may, must also soon go. For what is the past but a span; and which of us can look forward to as many years as we have lived? The last act of intercourse between us was an act, the recollection of which I would not be without for all the offices that all the men of the United States have filled or ever shall fill. He had, indeed, his faults, his foibles; I should rather say sins. Who is without them? Let such, such only, cast the first stone. And these foibles, if you will, which every body could see, because every body is clear-sighted with regard to the faults and foibles of others, he, I have no doubt, would have been the first to acknowledge, on a proper representation of them. Every thing now is

hidden from us—not, God forbid, that utter darkness rests upon the grave, which, hideous as it is, is lighted, cheered, and warmed with light from heaven; not the impious fire fabled to be stolen from heaven by the heathen, but by the Spirit of the living God, whom we all profess to worship, and whom I hope we shall spend the remainder of the day in worshipping; not with mouth honor, but in our hearts, in spirit and in truth; that it may not be said of us also, 'This people draweth nigh unto me with their lips, but their heart is far from me.' Yes, it is just so; he is gone. I will not say that our loss is irreparable, because such a man as has existed may exist again. There has been a Homer, there has been a Shakspeare, there has been a Milton, there has been a Newton. There may be another Pinckney, but there is none now. And it was to announce this event that I have risen. I am almost inclined to believe in presentiments. I have been all along, as well assured of the fatal termination of that disease with which he was afflicted as I am now; and I have dragged my weary limbs before sunrise, to the door of his sick chamber (for I would not intrude on the sacred grief of the family), almost every morning since his illness. From the first, I had almost no hope."

In these early and pious visitations to the sick chamber of virtue and genius, he was frequently accompanied by the Chief Justice. What a beautiful and touching tribute to the memory of Pinckney, that the greatest orator and statesman, and the greatest jurist of his age, should watch with so much interest and tenderness, the last expiring breath of him who in life had rivalled the one in eloquence and the other in profound learning.

Though premature, the event of Mr. Pinckney's death soon followed the announcement.

"Mr. Pinckney (says Randolph to a friend) breathed his last about 12 o'clock (midnight). The void cannot be filled. I have not slept, on an average, two hours, for the last six days. I have been at his lodgings, more than half a mile west of mine, every day, by sunrise—often before—and this morning before daybreak. I heard from him last night at ten, and sat up (which I have not done before for six weeks) until the very hour that he expired. He died literally in harness. To his exertions in the Dudley cause, and his hard training to meet Tazewell in the cochineal case, as 'tis called, may be fairly ascribed his death. The void will never be filled that he has left. Tazewell is second to no man that ever breathed; but he has taken almost as much pains to hide his light under a bushel as P. did to set his on a hill. He and the Great Lord Chief are in that *par-nobile*; but Tazewell, in point of reputation, is far beyond both Pinckney and Marshall."

voluntarily will enable me to get supplies from old England; and I shall employ John Bull to bind my books, until the time arrives when they can be properly done. *South of Mason and Dixon's line!* He was kind enough to offer me the use of them, saying: "Take my advice, and don't read any of the novels; and when you get home, tell your father that I recommended abstinence from novels, bad and good." Depend upon it, sir, they are both equally injurious to the brain."

His favorite author was Milton, and he frequently gave us readings from "Paradise Lost," stopping occasionally to point out the beauties of the poem. Young, Thomson, Johnson, and Southey did not please his taste; they were, he said, "too artificial." But his classification of modern poems was very original.

"Sir, I place first on this list, Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress, for its great wit and satire; next, the Two Penny Post Boy, for similar excellencies; and third, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, for every variety of sentiment, well expressed. But, sir (no offence to Ireland), I cannot go Moore's songs; they are too sentimental by half—all ideal and above nature."

Turning over his books one day, I was surprised to find a copy of "Fanny," Mr. Halleck's very clever satirical poem, which had been recently published. "I am glad," said I, "that you do not prize our Yankee poetry as well as Yankee codfish."

"O no, sir," replied he, "I always admire talent, no matter where it comes from; and I consider this little work as the best specimen of American poetry that we have yet seen. I am proud of it, sir, and I mean to take it to London with me, and to present it to that lady whose talents and conversation I shall most admire."

I may mention here, although somewhat out of place, that when we met in London in June following, I suddenly recollected the circumstance, and said to him: "By the way, Mr. Randolph, to whom did you present 'Fanny'?"

"To your countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth, sir—she has no competitor in my estimation. She fairly won the book, sir."

He proposed, one fine morning, to read Fanny to me, aboard, and on deck, where we were enjoying a fine breeze and moonday calm. It was the most amusing thing I ever listened to. The merriment was for, whenever he came to a well-known

From the same steamboat, Nautilus, he addressed the following note to Dr. Brockenbrough.

"As I stepped into the Nautilus, a large packet from Washington, among which was yours inclosing 'Uncle Nat's' letter, was put into my hands.

The 'Native of Virginia' is indiscreet in covering too much ground. He ought to have darned and patched old Tom's Mantle, and fought behind it as a Telemonian shield.

"Add to my P. S. in the address to my constituents, that letters, via New-York, to the care of the P. Master, will reach me. My address is, care of John & Wm. Gilliatt, London, until further notice. I am nearing the Amity. Farewell! farewell!"



CHAPTER XX.

THE VOYAGE.

AFTER the Amity had gotten fairly under way, and the passengers somewhat acquainted with each other, they sought, by various amusements, to relieve the tedium of their voyage. Whist was a favorite game on board; and here Mr. Randolph soon proved his superiority as a player. It became a contest each night, who should have him as a partner, and finally they took turns.

I observed, one morning, says Mr. Jacob Harvey, of New-York, to whom we are indebted for the incidents of this voyage, that Mr. Randolph was examining a very large box of books, containing enough to keep him busy reading during a voyage round the world. I asked him why he had brought so many with him? "I want to have them bound in England, sir," replied he. "Bound in England!" exclaimed I, laughing, "why did you not send them to New-York or Boston, where you can get them done cheaper?"

"What, sir," replied he sharply, "patronize some of our Yankee taskmasters; those patriotic gentry, who have caused such a heavy duty to be imposed upon foreign books? Never, sir, never; I will neither wear what they make, nor eat what they raise, so long as my

tobacco crop will enable me to get supplies from *old England*; and I shall employ John Bull to bind my books, until the time arrives when they can be properly done *South of Mason and Dixon's line!*" He was kind enough to offer me the use of them, saying: "Take my advice, and don't read any of the novels; and when you get home, sir, tell your father that I recommended abstinence from novel *reading* and *whisky punch*. Depend upon it, sir, they are both equally injurious to the *brain!*"

His favorite author was Milton, and he frequently gave us readings from "*Paradise Lost*," stopping occasionally to point out the beauties of the poem. Young, Thomson, Johnson, and Southey, did not please his taste; they were, he said, "too artificial." But his classification of modern poems was very original.

"Sir, I place first on this list, Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress, for its great wit and satire; next, the Two Penny Post Boy, for similar excellencies; and third, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, for every variety of sentiment, well expressed. But, sir (no offence to Ireland), I can't go Moore's songs; they are too sentimental by half; all ideal and above nature."

Turning over his books one day, I was surprised to find a copy of "*Fanny*," Mr. Halleck's very clever satirical poem, which had been recently published. "I am glad," said I, "that you do not proscribe *Yankee* poetry as well as *Yankee* codfish."

"O no, sir," replied he, "I always admire talent, no matter where it comes from; and I consider this little work as the best specimen of American poetry that we have yet seen. I am proud of it, sir; and I mean to take it to London with me, and to present it to that lady whose talents and conversation I shall most admire."

I may mention here, although somewhat out of place, that when we met in London in June following, I suddenly recollected the circumstance, and said to him: "By the way, Mr. Randolph, to whom did you present '*Fanny*'?"

"To your countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth, sir: she has no competitor in my estimation. She fairly won the book, sir."

He proposed, one fine morning, to read *Fanny* to me aloud, and on deck, where we were enjoying a fine breeze and noonday sun. It was the most amusing "reading" I ever listened to. The *notes* were much longer than the poem; for, whenever he came to a well-known

name, up went his spectacles and down went the book, and he branched off into some anecdote of the person or of his family. Thus we "progressed" slowly from page to page, and it actually consumed three mornings before we reached—

“And music ceases when it rains
In Scudder's balcony.”

I was one morning looking over his books for my own amusement, and observed that several of the prettiest editions were marked “This for Miss ——”

“How is this?” said I; “some fair lady seems to have enchained you.”

“Ah,” replied he, “if you only knew her, the sweetest girl in the ‘Ancient Dominion,’ and a particular favorite of mine, sir; I shall have all these books beautifully bound in London, sir, fit to grace her centre-table on my return.”

I took up one of them, a volume of old plays, and after reading a few pages, exclaimed: “Surely you have not read these plays lately, Mr. Randolph, or you would not present *this* book to Miss ——; it is too lascivious for her eyes.”

He immediately ran his eye over the page; then took the book out of my hands, and immediately indorsed on the back “not fit for Bet.” Then, turning to me, he said with warmth:

“You have done me an infinite service, sir. I would not for worlds do aught to sully the purity of that girl's mind. I *had* forgotten those plays, sir, or they would not have found a place in my box. I abominate as much as you do, sir, that vile style of writing which is intended to lessen our abhorrence of vice, and throw ridicule on virtuous conduct. You have given me the hint, sir. Come, assist me in looking over *all* these books, lest some other black sheep may have found its way into the flock.”

We accordingly went through the whole box, but found no other volume deserving of condemnation, much to Randolph's satisfaction. He then presented me with several books, as keepsakes; and he wanted to add several more, but I had to decline positively. His generosity knew no bounds; and had I been avaricious of mental food, I might have become possessed of half his travelling library.

On the 5th of April, we landed about noon. The wind had

changed since Randolph predicted that we would strike '*Sligo Head*,' and we first saw the high mountains of Donegal. The atmosphere was beautifully clear, and we ran along the coast near enough to see the houses, &c. Towards night Randolph said to me :

" Well, sir, I *now* believe the anecdote related by Arthur Young. In his notes on Ireland he says, that one day a farmer took his son, a young boy, some distance from home, in the county Meath. They came to a tree ; the boy was astonished, stopped, and asked, ' Father, what is that ? ' never having seen one before. Here have we been sailing along the Irish coast for a whole day, and not a single *tree* have I yet seen ! "

It was too true. Barren are the mountains of Donegal, no trees are to be seen ; and it is no wonder that an American should be struck with astonishment, just arriving from his own well-wooded shores.

The moon was shining brightly when we came up with the island of " Rathlin," or " Raghery ; " but the tide ran so strongly against us we passed it very slowly, notwithstanding we had a stiff breeze in our favor. As Mr. Randolph gazed upon its rugged shore, he said :

" *That* island I have wished much to see, sir. I suppose that you are aware that its inhabitants are a most peculiar race. They look down with contempt upon the '*Continent*,' as they call Ireland (only three miles distant) ; and the greatest curse known to them is, ' May Ireland be your latter end.' They have their own laws and usages ; intermarrying among themselves ; pay great deference to their landlord and priest ; *smuggle* a little for an *honest* livelihood ; and the severest punishment practised among them is, *banishment* to *Ireland* ! "

Next day we ran down the Channel, passing and meeting hundreds of vessels, from the stately Indiaman to the small fishing-smack. The American vessels were easily discovered from the British, by their *white* canvas, bright sides, and sharp bows. It was a very exciting scene, and Randolph was in fine spirits. The sight of Old England brought back the " olden time " to his memory, and he shed tears of delight.

" Thank God," exclaimed he, " that I have lived to behold the land of Shakspeare, of Milton, of my forefathers ! May her greatness increase through all time ! "

It was past eleven o'clock at night when we reached the dock, and we remained on board till next morning. Before parting, Randolph said to me, "I do not wish you to tell any one that I am here. I do not covet any attentions, at present, sir. I have come to England *to be seen, and not to be seen; to hear, and not to be heard.* I don't want to be made a lion of, sir. You understand me. I have formed a friendship for you, which I hope will be continued, sir; and when you come to London, you must instantly inform me of your arrival; *there is my address, sir.* God bless you; and remember you tell your father *not to give you whisky punch or novels.*"

LONDON, May 27th, 1822. Monday.

MY DEAR BET: On Saturday I had the pleasure to receive your letter of the 10th of last month; and a great one it was; for, altho' I took somewhat of a French leave of you, I do assure you, my dear, that "my thoughts, too, were with you on the ocean." Among my treasures I brought a packet, containing all the letters I have ever received from you; and the reading over these, and talking of you to a young Irish gentleman, whose acquaintance I happened to make on board the steamboat, was the chief solace of my voyage. It was a short one, although a part of it was somewhat boisterous, and the press of sail carried by our ships (the packets more especially), when those of other nations are under reefed and double-reefed topsails, exposes them to greater danger, while it shortens their voyage; and yet, such is the skill of our seamen, that insurance is no higher upon our bottoms than upon European ones. Indeed, our voyages reminded me of our tobacco crop. You see I can't "sink the tailor." The vessel is out so short a time that she avoids many dangers to which dull sailers are exposed.

We made the coast of Ireland at noon on Good Friday, and at twelve on the following night we were safe in the Regent's Dock, in Liverpool. When you consider that we had to come the North Passage (that is, between the coast of Ireland and Scotland), and crooked as our path was, to go out of our way to Holyhead for a pilot, it was an astonishing run. The first land we made in Ireland was Runardallah (liquid *n.* as in Spanish), or the Bloody Foreland, bearing on our lee (starboard), bore S. S. E. 6 leagues—an ominous name. Falconer's beautiful poem, *The Shipwreck*, will render you mistress of the sea-phrases. The coast of Donegal, far as the eye can reach, is lonely, desolate, and naked; not a tree to be seen, and a single Martello tower the only evidence that it was the dwelling-place of man. Not even a sail was in sight; and I felt a sensation of sadness and desolation, for we seemed more forsaken and abandoned than when surrounded only by the world of waters. This is the coast to which

our honest American (naturalized) merchants smuggle tobacco, when piracy under Arligan colors or the slave-trade is dull. Tory island rises like the ruins of some gigantic castle, out of the sea. I presume that it is basaltic, like the Giant's Causeway, of which we could not get a distinct view; but Fairhead amply compensated us. I must not forget, however, the beautiful revolving light of Ennistrall, which at regular intervals of time broke upon us like a brilliant meteor, and then died away; while that on the Mull of Contire (mistaken by our captain, who had never gone the North Passage before, for Rachlin, or Rahery, as the Irish call it) was barely visible. It is a fixed light, and a very bad one. After passing Fairhead, I "turned in," and was called up at dawn to see Ailsa Craig, which our captain maintained would be too far distant to be seen in our course, while I as stoutly declared we must see it if we had light. And here, by the way, my dear, I found my knowledge of geography always gave me the advantage over my companions, and rendered every object doubly interesting. The Irish Channel swarmed with shipping, and as we "nearly" the Isle of Man, and her Calf, I looked out for Dirck Hatteraick and his lugger. We hugged the Irish shore—Port Patrick, a nice little white town on our right; but the green hills of Erin were as "brown as a berry." When we came in sight of the entrance into Strangford Lock, I longed to go ashore and see Mrs. Cunningham, at Dundrum. Tell this to my friend Ed. C., and give my love to Mrs. Ariana, and the whole firm. Holyhead is a fine object; so is the Isle of Anglesea. At the first glance I recognized the Parry's Mine mountain, with Lord Grosvenor's copper treasures; and Gray's Bard rushed into my mind at the sight of the Carnarvonshire hills, with Snowdon overtopping them all—still, not a tree to be seen. The fields of Man are divided by stone "march-dykes," and the houses are without shade, or shelter from the bleak easterly winds. The floating light off Hoyle-sands, which we passed with the speed of a race-horse—a strong current and stiff breeze in our favor—was a most striking object. One view of it represented a clergyman preaching by candlelight, the centre light being the head; and the two others gave a lively picture of impassioned gesture of the arms, as they were tossed up and down.

Although our pilot, and the captain too, declared the thing to be impossible, we did get "round the rock," and passing a forest of masts in the Mersey, were safely moored at quarter-past twelve, in the dock, where ships are put away under lock and key, like books in a book-case.

After a very sound and refreshing sleep, I rose and went ashore, in search of breakfast—for not a spark of fire, not even a candle or lamp, can be brought into the dock, on any pretext whatsoever. At the landward gate I stopped, expecting to be searched, but the guard

did not even make his appearance ; so on I passed with little Jem, a wicked dog of a cabin-boy, carrying my bundle, to the King's Arms, in Castle street ; but I had hardly commenced my breakfast, when the femme d'affaires, in the person of a strapping Welsh wench, who had tried before to put me up two pair of stairs, entered the room, and with well dissembled dismay " begged my pardon, but the room was engaged (it was the best in the house) for the Lord Bishop of the Isle of Man, and the—the—the Dean of—of Canterbury." Here again my knowledge of England, to say nothing of innkeepers, stood me in good stead. I coolly replied that they would hardly arrive before I had finished breakfast, and requested to see her master or mistress, as the case might be. " Mrs. Jones was sick," but her niece would wait on me. She came in the person of a pretty young married woman ; and now the tale varied to " the room being engaged for a family daily expected." " The name ?" " The name had not been given—was very sorry for the mistake," &c. " Mistakes, madam, must be rectified ; as soon as this nameless family arrives, I will make my bow and give up the parlor." " Very handsome, and very genteel, and a thousand thanks"—and a courtesy at every word. Next day, the arrival of a regiment from Ireland unlocked the whole mystery. The room was wanted for the officers. And here, my dear, I am sorry to say that, except by cross-examination, I have not obtained a word of truth from any of the lower orders in this country. I think that in this respect, as well as in honesty, our slaves greatly excel them. In urbanity they are also far superior. Now, don't you tell this to any body—not even to your father—but keep the fact to yourself, for a reason that I will communicate to you when I see you ; and a very important one it is.

After receiving every civility from the collector, Mr. Swainson, and from my countrymen, Mr. James King, Mr. Maury, and Mr. Haggerty, and seeing the docks, and the Islington market, I was impatient to leave Liverpool, which bears the impress of trade upon it, and is, of course, as dull as dull can be. The market is of new erection, and I believe altogether unique—far surpassing even that of Philadelphia, not only in the arrangement (which is that of a square, roofed, well lighted, and unencumbered with carts, and unannoyed by a public street on each side of it), but in the variety and delicacy of its provisions. Here, for the first time, I saw a turbot, and Mr. King bought half a one for our dinner, for which he paid half a guinea. The variety and profusion of the vegetables, and the neat, rosy-cheeked " Lancashire witches," that sprinkled them with water to keep them fresh, who were critically clean in their dress and persons, was a most delightful spectacle. Whatever you buy is taken home for you by women whose vocation it is ; and Mr. King's house is two miles off, at the beautiful village of Everton, commanding a

fine view of the Mersey and the opposite coast of Cheshire. For a full account of Liverpool, see its "Picture," at Roanoke, where you will find, if you have them not, the other books referred to in this letter, and I shall write, by this packet, to Leigh, to send them to you. The packets sail with the punctuality of stage-coaches, and arrive almost as regularly. The Albion formed the first and most melancholly exception. We were long kept in painful suspense respecting the names of the passengers. I was afraid that my unfortunate friend Tubœuf was one of the "five Frenchmen." The Mr. Clark, and lady, I take for granted is an old acquaintance, George Clark, of Albany, son of a former royal governor of New-York, and a man of very large estate, returning with his wife to England, after fifteen or twenty years' absence. Dupont may be another very old acquaintance, whom I knew thirty-four years ago in New-York, and saw in Charleston in 1796, and a few months ago in Washington. His name is Victor Dupont, son of D—— de Nemours, and brother of Irénée D. They have a large powder and woollen manufactory on the Brandywine, in Delaware. Tubœuf, I see, had not left the U. S. Both he and Dupont told me they were about to cross the Atlantic. The history of the former is the "romance of real life." In education and feeling, he is more than half a Virginian. His father was killed by the Indians when he was a child, and he knows the rifle, hunting-shirt, and moccasins. His father was the friend of my near and dear relative, Jack Banister, of Battersea. When Tubœuf l'ainé arrived at City Point he found his young friend had been dead several years. This connection determined him to Virginia, and he went out to the Holston country, where he was killed, and where the son lived until manhood. But I shall never get off from Liverpool.

On Wednesday morning, April 10th, I set out alone, in a post-chaise; and now you must take an extract from my "log-book."

Verdure beautiful; moss on youngest trees shows dampness of climate. Dr. Solomon and Gilead House. The Doctor dead, but quackery is immortal. Highfield, the seat of Mrs. Parke, on the right; very fine object. Around Liverpool, in their fine pastures, I saw the most wretched looking horses, and even cows—not a good horse in the town. To Prescott, with a fine view of Knowsley Park, and a glimpse of the house. Legs of Man, (the arms of the Isle of Man are three legs, and the Stanleys, Earls of Derby, were lords of Man, as Shakspeare will tell you, Hen. VI.) The park-keeper in the kitchen—send for him and talk about the horses; all in training on Delamere forest, except old Milo and one other. The Earl and Countess in town, (this always means London *κατεξοχήν*. Mr. G. will decipher and translate my Greek for you.) So is Lord Stanley, the Earl's eldest son, who represents the county in Parliament. Cross the Sankey canal, the first executed in England. Soon after, pass

under the Bridgewater canal. To Warrington, Nag's Head; cross the Mersey, and enter Cheshire. At High Leigh, West Hall, Egerton Leigh, Esq., (the road-book falsely places this seat beyond Knutsford), and High Leigh (or East) Hall, Geo. Leigh, Esq. See Debrett's Baronetage. At Mere, which, as the name imports, is a beautiful sheet of natural water, too small to be dignified with the name of lake, but large enough to be quite rough with the wind, I came to the first descent that could be called a hill; for although hills and mountains too were in sight all around me, the roads are conducted on a level. On the right is Mere Hall, Peter L. Brooke, Esq., a fine seat. I ought to mention that all the seats are embosomed in fine woods. There were some noble pines at High Leigh, which a Virginian overseer would soon have down for tobacco sticks. The houses of the poorest people are adorned with honeysuckles, and have flower pots in the windows, with geraniums, &c. Dear Mrs. Bell, I thought of her at every step; and, by the way, Mr. G. writes that she was in Richmond on the 26th, and well, although he does not say a word of a certain E. T. C., or, indeed, any body else but the Brockenbro's, and to them he allows not quite a line. His letter of a page and a half is most provokingly concise. What there is of it is horribly stuffed with epithets of war, and what not, about "Fox, and Burke, and Pitt, and Brutus, and Cassius, and Junius, and Rome;" descending by regular anti-climax to "Russia, and Poletica, and Adams." Pray tell him from me, that I could hardly have expected much worse even from Mr. Walsh, if I had the misfortune to be afflicted with his correspondence. And I had rather have heard of old Aggy than all those fine ancients and would-be-fine moderns. Now, this from Frank G., who can write so well, and so much to the purpose, is too bad. I assure you, reading the result of the election of Ned Mayo, in Henrico, was more interesting.

Before reaching Knutsford, I travelled along the huge, high wall of Tatton Park, twelve miles in circumference. It extends to the very town. Dine at Knutsford, and drive into the park; superb domain; fine sheet of water on the right, with a view of the Lancashire hills, about Worsley. For the sixth time to-day it snowed. Returned, and struck off from the London road, to Northwich, to see the mines of fossil salt.

On the right of Northwich is the seat, and a very fine one it is, of Sir John Stanley, who married the eldest daughter of Gibbon's friend, Lord Sheffield. I felt when I saw him at Chester, as if he was an old acquaintance. He was foreman of the grand jury, and had his hands full of business, for there were seventy felons against whom bills were preferred. I breakfasted at a small inn, at Sandyway head, having passed through a road of heavy and deep sand, with considerable hills. But before reaching S. H., I made the

postillion drive through Vale Royal Park, the proprietor of which, Thomas Cholmondeley, Esq., is one of the new coronation peers, by the title of Lord Delamere. With the names and proprietors of all these places I was as familiarly acquainted as if I had lived all my life in the palatinate. Nothing can be more beautiful than these parks. Here I saw that *rara avis* (rare bird) the black swan, in company with white ones. I drove about two miles and a half before I reached the house, when I caused the postillion to return. There was no fear of disturbing the family, although his lordship had returned from town the day preceding, for it was only six o'clock, and the great in England seldom leave their beds before noon. The whole establishment, although not so great as Tatton, is princely. I told the keepers of the lodges, who were very grateful for their shillings, to tell Lord D., if he asked, that a foreign gentleman travelling for his health had taken the liberty to drive through his beautiful grounds. Over Delamere forest, a rough, barren tract, for eight miles. Very likely government have inclosed and planted it, for the "forest" contained not a tree or shrub; and individuals also have done much in this way. At present the trees are almost knee high. At Kelsah we leave the forest and emerge into the rich pastures and meadows of Cheshire. To Chester—the Albion hotel; drive to Eaton Hall, Lord Grosvenor's; return—dine; misconduct of inn-keeper, who put me into his own filthy bed-chamber; (town full, it being assize time). Remove to the Royal hotel; visit the cathedral, "and let my due feet never fail to walk the studious cloisters pale," &c. At every turn since I came from Liverpool, I have been breaking out into quotations from Milton and Shakspeare. Bad Latin in a bishop; epitaph; and worse scholars in the Royal School. None of the boys could give the Latin of their coronation banner, and I offered half a guinea to him who would complete the following lines: "Vir bonus est quis? Qui consulta patrum, qui,"—and translate them. Only one boy could supply "*leges juraque servat*," and he began "Vir bonus est quis"—"He is a good man"—so I took up my half guinea and walked out, thinking of Mr. Brougham and his bill. To the Castle—here two boys arraigned for robbery.

Saturday—through Eaton Park; see the horses and grounds, and pheasants, and hares, and deer, and stables—in comparison with which last, the finest house I ever saw in America is a mere hovel. (I except the public buildings at Washington, and the Bank of Pennsylvania.) To *Wrexham*, in Wales, which principality I entered six miles from Chester. Near W., on the left, is a magnificent entrance into Acton Park, Sir Foster Cunliffe's, with greyhounds, in stone, on the gates. Cross the Dee, to Overton, eight miles. The beauty of this country throws all that I have seen before or since into the shade. Nothing can be imagined finer. The village of Overton is a

perfect paradise, and the vale of Dee is more like fairy-land than real earth and water. Mr. Price's seat, at Bryxypys, surpasses all I have seen yet. To *Ellesmere*—Bridgewater arms. The Earl of B. has a great estate here. The mere very beautiful. Dine, and go on to Shrewsbury. Country changes, and becomes comparatively ugly. To the Lion inn, at Shrewsbury. Sunday—drive through a lovely country, to Battlefield church, five miles, on the very site of the battle ground where Harry Percy's spur became cold; mound of the slain. Parish clerk and wife true English cottagers. Sunday school of clean, fine children. Rev. Mr. Williams, of Battlefield, preaches to a congregation of rustics a truly evangelical sermon. Church perfectly clean; rush mats to kneel on. How different from Chester cathedral. Only equipage a single "taxed cart." Mr. Williams preached at Effington in the evening. Returned the same road to Shrewsbury; ascended Lord Hill's column—most heavenly view. Remember that I am now on the Severn, and turn to Gray's Letters. Leave the Lion, and my friend Bourne, the head waiter, and the truly respectable landlady, with regret I hope on all sides, and go on, with sleek, fine horses, and clean chaise, and obliging driver, to Ironbridge, thirteen miles, where I changed chaise and horses, and crossing the Severn a second time, over the bridge of one arch, ascended a mountainous hill on the other side, through Madely market. These are the greatest iron works (Colebrooke Dale) in England. To Bridgewater, seven miles, to sup and sleep. This town pleases me more than any I have seen before or since. It is old, clean, pleasant, romantic, with no commercial, manufacturing, or fashionable *taint* about it. Cheltenham sickened me of the last.

Monday, 15th—wound round the high hill of red stone; stopped; ascended to the ruin of the castle and the church; ludicrous epitaph; returned to the chaise, and completed our descent to the Severn, "the very principal light and capital feature of my journey," which I again crossed. Stopped at a small house of call to beg an idle pin. Old man and wife show me their cows; their tenderness to the motherless lamb, and pity of me. Their gratitude to their cow, which, said the dame, "when my house was burnt, maintained our whole family, old and unsightly as she looks, but making me pounds of butter a week." *Cætera desunt.*

Monday, past 12, May 27, 1822.

MY DEAR BET,—When, a few minutes ago, I wrote "*cætera desunt*," as I folded my letter which young Mr. Hammond waited to the last minute to take to Liverpool, I did not know that the beginning, as well as the conclusion, was wanting. I now inclose it to Mr. H., with a request that he will put the two under one cover, and address it to your father—as he promised to do with the first—for it

was to avoid exposing your name to strangers, that I got him to take the letter. He carries a map of the city, in which the new improvements are laid down; with this, and the Ambulator, and the Pictures of London (all at Roanoke), and Smith's English Atlas (also there), you can travel with me without once mistaking your way, and, I hope, pleasantly, as well as easily.

I left the old farmer (Evans) and his dame (for he has a small farm under Mr. Whittemore, member for the borough of Bridgenorth), as well as his ale-house. I left the old couple fondling their lamb, and caressing it and their kine—one a Hereford red, with a fine calf, which they had been debating about selling to the butcher; but at last their affections got the better of their poverty, and the old man concluded, by saying, it would be a pity to kill the poor thing, and he would e'en keep it for the mother's sake. Although I stopped for a pin to fasten up the envious curtain behind the chaise, yet I asked for a draught of milk, warm from the favorite cow, which was given to me in a clean porringer, with a face of as true benevolence as I ever saw. On taking leave, I asked to contribute towards the rebuilding of the burnt house, telling them it was the custom in the country I came from. But the old man, with a face of great surprise, said, "I was kindly welcome to the milk; it was a thing of nothing;" and they both rejected the money (only two half-crowns), until I told them they must oblige me by accepting it, or I should be ashamed of having such a trifle returned. Whereupon the gude man said he would give the postillion with the return chaise a skinful of his best ale, when he came back; and the dame, ascribing her good fortune to the mercy shown to the calf, promised, at my request, to remember me, in her prayers, as the sick stranger to whom she had ministered; and I left them, with feelings of deep respect for their honest poverty and kind-heartedness. Mr. Whittemore is a great proprietor here. His great house, on the right, is under repair, and he occupies a "cottage" in the village; about such a house as Mr. Wickham's. His poor tenant at Quat is the third instance I have met with of a person refusing money here. The first was the parish-clerk, at Battlefield; the next, Bourne, the head-waiter at the Lion; a thing hardly credible in England, where the rapacity of this class, in particular, is proverbial; for—asking Mr. Wickham's pardon for making free with his person, as well as his house—you meet with as well dressed persons as himself who will make you a low bow for sixpence; aye, and beg for it, to boot. I thought a thousand times of Mr. Wickham's speech. Plunder is the order of the day. Shopkeepers, tradesmen, but, above all, innkeepers, waiters, postillions, ostlers, and chambermaids, fleece you without mercy; all is venal. Pray remember the boots! Something for the waiter, sir!—and this at a coffee-house where you have only stepped in to take a glass of negus, after a

play, and have paid a double price for it. You can't get a reply to the plainest question without paying for it, unless you go into a shop; and to speak to one whom you don't know, is received with an air as if you had clapped a pistol to his breast.

But I should do the greater injustice were I not to say, that the higher ranks—a few despicable and despised fashionables excepted—are as unpretending and plain as our old-fashioned Virginian gentlemen, whom they greatly resemble. This class of men is now nearly extinct, to my great grief, and the shame and loss of our country. They are as distinct from the present race in their manners, dress, principles, and every thing but anatomical structure, as an eagle is from a pig, or a wild turkey from a turkey-buzzard. The English gentleman is not graceful, not affable, but plain, sincere, kind, without one particle of pretension in dress, manner, or any thing else.

At Kidderminster, I breakfasted (15 miles), and saw the carpet manufactory, and bought four hearth rugs. I also visited the old church, as was my custom, and copied an epitaph, not on the rich and great, but a poor sergeant, erected by his colonel; I mean the monument was, not the epitaph. We entered Worcestershire some miles before we reached Kidderminster. It is perhaps the finest county in the kingdom, take it for all and all. Among the seats between Kidderminster and Worcester, are Halleburg; the Bp. of W.'s, where the pigs (hogs, we should call them,) were in the beautiful grounds; Waverley House; Mrs. Orange, a rich widow lady, with an only daughter, unmarried—this is one of the prettiest and finest places I have seen; Sir John Fleming Leicester's, between Knutsford and Northwich (which I just remember to have omitted), is another very capital place; and I am sure I have not mentioned a thousand superior to any thing we have. But the air of comfort and fatness since we left Lancashire, is very refreshing. The houses are old and weather-stained, but clean to fastidiousness; some of frame-work, filled in with brick; the timbers black, and the brick-work overcast with lime, and white as this paper; casement-lights, leaden sashes, &c. Ombresley Court, Lady Downshire's, which is the ancient seat of the Sandys family, is a fine place. She is a Sandys, and Baroness S. in her own right. I thought of Walpole and Pulteney, and her progenitor who sunk into a peerage.

At Worcester, in driving into the Hop Pole Inn yard, the postilion had nearly killed a poor girl, with a child in her arms. She was thrown down, but, God be praised! neither were hurt. I would not endure what I felt while the suspense lasted for any consideration. Town full. Quarter sessions. Cleanest and prettiest town (a city) that I have yet seen. Determined to remain, and see the cathedral; but next morning I determined otherwise.

have been tamed and subdued by the *Christian eloquence* of Mrs. Fry! I have seen them weep repentant tears whilst she addressed them. I have heard their groans of despair, sir! Nothing but *religion* can effect this *miracle*, sir; for what *can* be a greater *miracle* than the conversion of a degraded, sinful woman, taken from the very dregs of society! Oh! sir, it was a sight worthy the attention of angels! *You* must, also, see this wonder, sir; and, by the way, *this* is one of her visiting days—let us go at once; we shall just be in time. She has given me permission to bring any of my friends with me. I shall introduce you, sir, with great pleasure.” We immediately ordered a coach, and drove to Mrs. Fry’s house, but found, to our no small disappointment, that she was not in town that day.

It was my good fortune, afterwards, to become acquainted with Mrs. Fry, and to spend a day or two at her country-seat, near London, and I need scarcely add, that my admiration of her character was, if possible, increased by this introduction into her social circle. In the course of conversation, I said to Miss Fry, “Pray tell me in what way you became acquainted with my eccentric friend Randolph?” “Why,” replied she, “in rather an *eccentric* way. One day my mother was in town, getting ready to go to Newgate, when a stranger was announced. A tall, thin gentleman, with long hair, and very strangely dressed, entered the parlor, walked deliberately up to my mother, who rose to receive him, and held out his hand, saying, in the sweet tone of a lady’s voice, ‘I feel I have some right to introduce myself to Elizabeth Fry, as I am the friend of her friend, Jessy Kersey, of Philadelphia, (a celebrated preacher in the Society of Friends). I am John Randolph, of Roanoke, State of Virginia; the fellow countryman of Washington.’ My mother, who had heard a great deal of him from different persons, gave him a cordial reception; and was so extremely pleased with his most original conversation, she not only took him with her to Newgate, but invited him to come and see us. We have since seen him several times, and have been highly delighted with him. Last week some strangers were to dine with us, and my mother invited him to be of the number. In writing the note of invitation, I apologized to him for naming so unfashionably early an hour as *four o’clock*, knowing that at the *west end* he never dined before *eight*. His reply was quite characteristic, and made us all laugh heartily. Here it is: ‘Mr. Randolph regrets that a prior en-

gagement will deprive him of the pleasure of dining with Mrs Fry on Thursday next. No apology, however, was necessary for the *early* hour named in her note, as it is *two hours later* than Mr. R. is accustomed to dine in Virginia; and he has not yet been long enough in London to learn how to turn day into night, and vice versa."

I told Randolph, next day, that I had seen his note. "Well, sir," said he, "and was I not right to be candid? Mrs. Fry is a most sensible woman, sir, and she shows her good taste by opposing the foolish customs of the aristocracy; and I wanted her to know that I agreed with her, sir. I can go all but the late dinners: they are killing me, sir; and I must quickly run away from London, or *cut* my noble acquaintances."

Before my arrival in London, Lord L——, meeting Randolph one night, under the gallery of the House of Commons, introduced himself to him, and they became very intimate. His lordship said to me one day afterwards, "I have never met with so thoroughly well-informed a gentleman as your friend Randolph, no matter what the subject—history, belles-lettres, biography; but, sir, the most astonishing part of all is, that he possesses a minute local knowledge of England and Ireland. I thought that I knew them well, but I assure you I was obliged to yield the palm to him. I have purposely tried to puzzle or confuse him, but all in vain. His conversational powers are most dazzling, even in London, sir, where we pride ourselves on good talkers. I never have been so much struck with any stranger; and although a high tory, I always forgot that *he* was a republican. By the way, not a very *bigoted* one, sir. I never heard him abuse the *aristocracy*! I was so much pleased with him, on our first interview, I determined to pay him a mark of respect, which I was sure would gratify his Virginia pride. I solicited permission from the Lord Chancellor, to introduce Mr. Randolph, as a distinguished American, into the House of Lords, by the *private* entrance, near the throne, instead of obliging him to force his way, with the crowd, at the common entrance. Having obtained his lordship's consent, I then introduced Mr. Randolph to the door-keeper, and desired him to admit him whenever he presented himself, without requiring him to exhibit any special order. His figure and whole appearance are so singular, I ran no risk in having any *counterfeit Randolphs*,—and I said so to the door-keeper, as some excuse for omitting our

usual practice. When I told him of his privilege, I saw at once that I had won my way to his heart; and amply has he repaid me, sir, by the richness of his conversations whenever we have since met."

A few days after my arrival in London, continues Mr. Harvey, I had an opportunity of testing the value of this privilege of private entry. It will be recollected that George Canning, in the year 1822, just previous to his *intended* departure as governor-general of India (which never took place, owing to Lord Castlereagh's death), introduced, and carried through the House of Commons, the "Roman Catholic Peers' bill," as it was called, which he intended as a farewell legacy to his countrymen. It passed by a handsome majority, and was then sent to undergo the fiery ordeal of the House of Lords. The subject engrossed public attention, and there was great anxiety to attend the debate on the appointed night. The Marquis of L—— was kind enough to present me with an order to admit two persons—myself and friend—and I returned to our lodgings in great glee. There I found Randolph, told him of my good luck, and offered him the unoccupied half of my order.

"Pray, sir," said he "at which *door* do *you* intend to enter the House?"

"At the *lower* door, of course," replied I "where all strangers enter."

"Not *all* strangers if you please," said he, "for I shall enter at the *private* door, near the throne!" "Oh, my dear sir," replied I, "your privilege, I dare say, will answer on any common occasion; but to-night the members of the House of Commons will entirely fill the space around the throne, and *no* stranger, depend upon it, will be admitted there. So be wise, and don't refuse this chance, or you will regret it."

"What sir," retorted he, "do you suppose I would consent to struggle with and push through the crowd of persons who, for two long hours, must fight their way in at the *lower* door? Oh no, sir! I shall do no such thing; and if I cannot enter as a gentleman commoner, I go not at all!"

After vainly endeavoring to induce him to change his mind, we separated; *he* for the aristocratic entrance, I for the common one. With great difficulty, and wondering how I had preserved my coat-tails whole, I finally squeezed myself into the House, half suffocated, and

was fortunate enough (being then young and active) to secure a *stand* at the bar, from whence I could see my noble lord's face, and hear every word that was spoken. Casting a glance towards the throne soon after my entrance, to my no small surprise and *envy*, I beheld "Randolph of Roanoke" in all his glory, walking in most leisurely, and perfectly at home, along-side of Canning, Lord Castlereagh, Sir Robert Peel, and many other distinguished members of the House of Commons. Some of these gentlemen even selected for him a prominent position, where he could see and hear perfectly, and I observed many courtesies passing between them during the night. Very shortly after Mr. Randolph's arrival in London, a splendid ball was given, under the immediate patronage of George the Fourth and the principal nobility, for the benefit of the poor Irish peasantry of Munster and Connaught, who were suffering from the effects of famine, attended as usual by disease. It was a magnificent affair, Randolph attended, glad of an opportunity to give his mite, and to behold at the same time the congregated aristocracy of Great Britain. "It was cheap, sir, very cheap" said he to me, "actors and actresses innumerable, and all dressed out most gorgeously. There were jewels enough, sir, there, to make new crowns for all the monarchs of Europe! And I, too, *republican* though I am, must needs go in court-dress! Well sir, don't imagine that I was so foolish as to *purchase* a new suit, at a cost of twenty-five or thirty guineas. Oh no! I have not studied London life for nothing. I have been told, sir, that many a noble lady would appear at the ball that night with jewels *hired* for the occasion; and I took the hint, sir, and *hired* a full court-dress for five guineas. When I beheld myself in the glass, I laughed at the oddity of my appearance, and congratulated myself that I was three thousand miles from Charlotte Court-House. Had I played the harlequin *there*, sir, I think my next election would be doubtful. I stole into the room, with rather a nervous walk, and was about selecting a very quiet position in a corner, when your countryman, Lord Castlereagh, seeing my embarrassment, came forward, and with an air of the most finished politeness, insisted upon being my chaperon. For one hour he devoted himself to me, and pointed out all persons of notoriety in the crowd as they passed us in review. Such was the fascination of his manners, I forgot, for the moment, that I was speaking to the man who had sold

his country's independence *and his own*; who had lent his aid to a licentious monarch to destroy his queen, who, if guilty, might point to her husband's conduct as the cause of her fall. But, sir, I was spellbound for that hour, for never did I meet a more accomplished gentleman; and yet he is a deceitful politician, whose *character* none can admire. An *Irish* tory, sir, I never could abide." Miss Edgeworth and Randolph met together for the first time at the breakfast-table of a very distinguished Irish member of Parliament (now a peer of the realm). The gentleman to whom I refer, told me that it was an intellectual feast, such as he had rarely enjoyed before. To use his own words:

"Spark produced spark, and for three hours they kept up the fire, until it ended in a perfect blaze of wit, humor, and repartee. It appeared to me that Mr. R. was more intimately acquainted with Miss Edgeworth's works than she was herself. He frequently quoted passages where her memory was at fault; and he brought forward every character of any note in all her productions: but what most astonished us was, his intimate knowledge of Ireland. Lady T—— and myself did nothing but listen; and I was really vexed when some public business called me away."

"Who do you think I met under the gallery of the House of Commons?" said Randolph to me one day. "You can't guess, and so I'll tell you. There was a spruce, dapper little gentleman sitting next to me, and he made some trifling remark, to which I replied. We then entered into conversation, and I found him a most fascinating witty fellow. He pointed out to me the distinguished members who were unknown to me, and frequently gave them a friendly shot. At parting, he handed me his card, and I read with some surprise, 'Mr. Thomas Moore.' Yes, sir, it *was* the 'Bard of Erin;' and upon this discovery I said to him, 'Well, Mr. Moore, I am delighted to meet you thus; and I tell you, sir, that I envy you more for being the author of the "Twopenny Post-bag" and "Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress," than for *all* your beautiful songs, which play the fool with young ladies' hearts.' He laughed heartily at what he called my 'singular taste,' and we parted the best friends imaginable."

Mr. Randolph was present at a large meeting of the African Institution at London. Mr. Wilberforce, after speaking with his usual ability and eloquence on the appropriate subjects of the occasion, concluded by pronouncing a warm panegyric upon the example set by the United States of America, in making the slave-trade piracy, and upon Mr. Randolph's great efforts in promoting that act.

Mr. Randolph then rose to return thanks for the mark of respect towards the United States of America. After a few appropriate remarks, he thanked the meeting for the grateful sense they had expressed towards America ; and also assured them that all that was exalted in station, in talent, and in moral character among his countrymen, was (as was also to be found in England) firmly united for the suppression of this infamous traffic. It was delightful to him to know that Virginia, the land of his sires, the place of his nativity, had for half a century affixed a public brand and indelible stigma upon this traffic, and had put in the claim of the wretched objects of it to the common rights and attributes of humanity.

The plainness of Mr. Randolph's appearance, says a London paper, his republican simplicity of manners, and easy and unaffected address, attracted much attention, and he sat down amidst a burst of applause.

Mr. Randolph travelled extensively in England and Scotland, met a flattering and distinguished reception wherever he went, was pleased with every thing, and delighted every body with his cordial manner and fascinating conversation. He returned to the United States about the last of November, and was present during the last session of the seventeenth Congress, which, on the 3d of March, 1823, was closed ; but he did not open his lips on any occasion whatever ; indeed there was no discussion of any importance during the session. Immediately on the adjournment he hurried off to Virginia, and spent some days with his friend, William R. Johnson, in Chesterfield, who was then in high training for the great match race between the North and the South. The exercise and excitement of mind in anticipation of his favorite sport produced an evident change in Mr. Randolph's health ; it was much improved ; he slept better than he had for ten years.

"To that night," says he, "spent on a shuck mattress in a little garret room at Chesterfield Court-house, Sunday, March the 9th, 1823, I look back with delight. It was a stormy night. The windows clattered, and William R. Johnson got up several times to try and put a stop to the noise, by thrusting a glove between the loose sashes. I heard the noise ; I even heard him ; but it did not disturb me. I enjoyed a sweet nap of eight hours, during which, he said, he never heard me breathe. N. B. I had fasted all day, and supped (which I have not done since) on a soft egg and a bit of biscuit. My

feelings next day were as new and delightful as those of any bride the day after her nuptials, and the impression (on memory at least) as strong."

He was present (as most lovers of the turf were) at the celebrated race between Eclipse and Henry, on the Long Island Course, in the month of May. He stood in a very conspicuous place on the stand during the race, surrounded by gentlemen of the North and the South; and he evidently was very confident of the success of Henry. But after the result, to him so unexpected, and while the thousands of spectators were vociferously applauding the successful rider (Purdy), Mr. Randolph gave vent to his great disappointment by exclaiming to those around him in his most satirical tone:

"Well, gentlemen, it is a lucky thing for the country that the President of the United States is not elected by acclamation, else Mr. Purdy would be our next President, beyond a doubt."

He then left the ground, and spent the evening with Mr. Rufus King, at Jamaica. Next day he said to a friend, with a sigh:

"Ah, sir! only for that unfortunate vote on the Missouri question, *he* would be our man for the presidency. He is, sir, a genuine English gentleman of the old school; just the right man for these degenerate times. But, alas! it cannot be!"

Mr. Randolph, soon after this event, retired into his usual summer solitude, at Roanoke. Thence, on the 25th of July, he asks Dr. Brockenbrough, "You and Mr. Wickham are wise men, but a bystander, you know, sees the blots of better players than himself. Are you both resolved to die in harness? You may put the question to me, but I tell you NO. March 3, 1825, is the utmost limit of my servitude. But what's the use of talking?—'a man will do what he will do;' a saying, which, like some others, I once took to be rather silly, but which, I have since found out, contains much sense. * * *

"You wouldn't infer it from the tone of this epistle, but I too am sick—seriously sick, as well as home-sick, i. e. as Sir John Brute was wife-sick. My oaks send love and duty to you and the silent Madame, and hope you'll never be as tired of them as their master is. I would go among the *Selvidges*, beyond the 'mountings,' but I dare not encounter Pharaoh's plagues. I'd rather be swallowed up in the Red Sea at once.

"P. S. In sheer distress what to do with myself, I yesterday read Don Juan—the third, fourth and fifth cantos for the first time—fact, I assure you. It is diabolically good. The ablest, I am inclined to think, of all his performances. I now fully comprehend the cause of the odium plusquam theologicum of the lake school, toward this wayward genius. I am not sorry that I had not read the whole when I was in Southey's company. I could not have conversed so unreservedly as I did on the subject of Byron's writings."

In October, he says: "The life I lead here is enough to destroy the intellectual and moral faculty of any human being. It resembles, in many points, solitary confinement. It is the daily recurrence of the same dreary scene; and when evening sets in, so that I cannot read or ride, nothing can be imagined more forlorn. But I struggle through it, as the will of Providence.

"I've received from London some publications on the subject of slavery, that have awakened me more than ever to that momentous question. They are from Wilberforce, T. Clarkson, Adam Hodgson, and a larger pamphlet, entitled 'Negro Slavery as it exists in the U. S. and the West Indies, especially in Jamaica'—that being held up as the negro paradise, by the W. I. body in England."



CHAPTER XXII.

EIGHTEENTH CONGRESS—CONSOLIDATION IS THE ORDER OF THE DAY—"SPEAK A CHEERING WORD TO THE GREEKS."

IN 1822, a leading federalist, one who was conspicuous in the attempt to elect Burr over Jefferson, and was opposed to every measure of the Jefferson and of the Madison administrations, in 1822, made use of these words: "The federalists almost unanimously declared their approbation of the leading measures of the Government, and gave it their cordial support. The National Government, indeed, destroyed the federal party, in the only way it could be destroyed, *by adopting substantially its principles.*" This was true in that "era of good-feeling," when we were "all federalists and all republicans." The

seeds of consolidation were sowed broad-cast. But at no period were more rapid strides made toward a prostration of all the barriers of the Constitution, than at the first session of the eighteenth Congress. A general distress pervaded all departments of business. The people were taught to look to Government for relief, and were ready to acquiesce in any measure that gave hopes of present alleviation, without regard to the consequences; and, besides this, there seemed to be a universal madness—a national and individual ambition that o'erleaped all bounds, and embraced the whole world in its aspiring grasp. The body politic seemed to be radically diseased. "You are right," said Randolph, to a friend who was deploring the state of things, "consolidation is the order of the day. The epidemic shows itself in a thousand Protean forms: so was despotism epidemic from the foundations of the world. In that state of the body politic the predisposition turns every pimple to cancer." With this belief, and in this spirit, he met and manfully, though often unsuccessfully, fought each Protean shape, as it successively arose to distil its leprous poison into the Constitution, or to develope the seeds of some gangrenous ulcer, deep festering in the body politic.

The first subject Mr. Randolph met and successfully opposed, was the measure proposed by Congress to be adopted on the Greek question. It will be recollected that the Spanish provinces, Mexico, Peru, New Granada, and others, had been struggling for a long time for their independence. They had been recognized by the United States as independent Republics, and ministers had been sent to reside near their respective governments. But Spain still persisted in her efforts to reconquer her revolted provinces; and it was rumored that aid would be granted her for this purpose, by the allied powers of Europe. In the mean time, the Greeks, also, had revolted from the odious yoke of Turkish despotism, and were fighting with a valor and a success worthy of the better days of Thermopylæ and of Marathon.

In this state of things, the President in his annual message to Congress expressed the opinion that there was reason to hope that the Greeks would be successful in the present struggle with their oppressors, and that the power that has so long crushed them had lost its dominion over them for ever. The same communication contained other matters of great importance, in relation to the rumored

combination of foreign sovereigns to interfere in the affairs of South America. Under these circumstances, Mr. Webster thought it was proper and becoming that the communication of the President should receive some response from the House of Representatives. Accordingly, on Monday, December the 8th, 1823, he submitted for consideration a resolution: "That provision ought to be made, by law, for defraying the expense incident to the appointment of an agent, or commissioner, to Greece, whenever the President shall deem it expedient to make such appointment."

On the 19th of January the resolution was called up, and Mr. Webster delivered his sentiments on the subject embraced in it, in a speech of great power, eloquence, and feeling. When he sat down, Mr. Clay introduced a resolution: "That the people of these States would not see, without serious inquietude, any forcible interposition by the allied powers of Europe, in behalf of Spain, to reduce to their former subjection those parts of the continent of America which have proclaimed and established for themselves, respectively, independent governments, and which have been solemnly recognized by the United States." Thus the whole field of foreign politics was brought within the scope of the debate.

Next day Mr. Poinsett delivered his sentiments at length on the subject, and concluded by moving a modification of Mr. Webster's resolution, so as merely to express the sympathy of the nation for the suffering Greeks, and the interest felt by the Government in their welfare and success. Mr. Clay then followed and expressed himself with great force. It was, indeed, a glorious theme! wide as the sufferings of humanity; deep as the love of liberty in the breast of man. It was a subject that took hold on the hearts of the people; predisposed to sympathize with nations struggling against despotism every where, how could they resist the appeals of the glorious descendants of Leonidas, and of Epaminondas, and Philipœmen; aided, too, by the condensed logic of Webster, the varied learning of Poinsett, and the fervid eloquence of Henry Clay? A harvest of golden opinions was to be the destined reward of this day's exhibition. Webster was to be translated into Greek, to be read with rapture through the Peloponnesus, and to be pronounced side by side with Demosthenes from the heights of the Acropolis; while Clay was to receive the thanks and the gratitude of the South American Repub-

lies through the person of the great Liberator, the modern Washington.

Under such circumstances, it took a man of no ordinary strength of character to resist these seductive measures, and expose their true nature and tendency. John Randolph was the man for the times ; he was then, as he had been for years past, " the solitary warder on the wall ;" all others were asleep, or caught away by the enthusiasm ; he saw the danger, and gave the alarm.

" This," said he, " is perhaps one of the finest and prettiest themes for declamation ever presented to a deliberative assembly. But it appears to me in a light very different from any that has as yet been thrown upon it.

" I look at the measure as one fraught with deep and deadly danger to the best interests and to the liberties of the American people ; so satisfied, sir, am I of this, that I have been constrained by the conviction to overcome the almost insuperable repugnance I feel to throwing myself upon the notice of the House ; but I feel it to be my duty to raise my voice against both these propositions.

My intention in rising at present, sir, is merely to move, that the committee rise, and that both of the resolutions may be printed. I wish to have some time to think of this business, to deliberate, before we take this leap in the dark into the Archipelago, or the Black Sea, or into the wide-mouthed La Plata. I know, sir, that the post of honor is on the other side of the House, the post of toil and of difficulty on this side, if, indeed, any body shall be with me on this side. It is a difficult and an invidious task to stem the torrent of public sentiment, when all the generous feelings of the human heart are appealed to. But I was delegated, sir, to this House, to guard the interests of the people of the United States, not to guard the rights of other people ; and, if it was doubted, even in the case of England, a land fertile above all other lands (not excepting Greece herself) in great and glorious men—if it was doubted whether her interference in the politics of the continent, though separated from it only by a narrow strait, not so wide as the Chesapeake, as our Mediterranean Sea, had redounded either to her honor or advantage ; if the effect of that interference has been a monumental debt that paralyzes the arm that might now strike for Greece, that certainly would have struck for Spain, can it be for us to seek, in the very bottom of the Mediterranean, for a quarrel with the Ottoman Porte ? And this, while we have an ocean rolling between ? While we are in that sea without a single port to refit a gun-boat ; and while the powers of Barbary lie in succession in our path, shall we open this Pandora's box of political evils ? Are we prepared for a war with these pirates ? (not that

we are not perfectly competent to such a war, but) does it suit our finances? Does it suit, sir, our magnificent projects of roads and canals? Does it suit the temper of our people? Does it promote their interests? will it add to their happiness? Sir, why did we remain supine while Piedmont and Naples were crushed by Austria? Why did we stand aloof, while the Spanish peninsula was again reduced under *legitimate* government? If we did not interfere then, why now?

"This Quixotism, in regard either to Greece or to South America, is not what the sober and reflecting minds of our people require at our hands. Sir, we are in debt as individuals, and we are in debt as a nation; and never, since the days of Saul and David, or Cæsar and Catiline, could a more unpropitious period have been found for such an undertaking. The state of society is too much disturbed. There is always, in a debtor, a tendency either to torpor or to desperation—neither condition is friendly to such deliberations. But I will suspend what I have further to say on this subject. For my part, I see as much danger, and more, in the resolution proposed by the gentleman from Kentucky, as in that of the gentleman from Massachusetts. The war that may follow on the one, is a distant war; it lies on the other side of the ocean. The war that may be induced by the other, is a war at hand; it is on the same continent. I am equally opposed to the amendment which has been since offered to the original resolutions. Let us look a little further at all of them. Let us sleep upon them before we pass resolutions, which, I will not say, are mere loops to hang speeches on, and thereby commit the nation to a war, the issues of which it is not given to human sagacity to divine."

The resolutions were postponed. When again taken up, Mr. Randolph spoke at large upon them. We must be content with a few paragraphs, only.

"It is with serious concern and alarm," said Mr. Randolph, "that I have heard doctrines broached in this debate, fraught with consequences more disastrous to the best interests of this people, than any that I ever heard advanced, during the five and twenty years since I have been honored with a seat on this floor. They imply, to my apprehension, a total and fundamental change of the policy pursued by this Government, *ab urbe condita*—from the foundation of the Republic, to the present day. Are we, sir, to go on a crusade, in another hemisphere, for the propagation of two objects as dear and delightful to *my* heart, as to that of any gentleman in this, or in any other assembly—Liberty and Religion—and, in the name of these holy words—by this powerful spell, is this nation to be conjured and beguiled out of the highway of heaven—out of its present compara-

tively happy state, into all the disastrous conflicts arising from the policy of European powers, with all the consequences which flow from them? Liberty and Religion, sir! Things that are yet dear, in spite of all the mischief that has been perpetrated in their name. I believe that nothing similar to this proposition is to be found in modern history, unless in the famous decree of the French National Assembly, which brought combined Europe against them, with its united strength; and, after repeated struggles, finally effected the downfall of the French power.

"I will respectfully ask the gentleman from Massachusetts, whether, in his very able and masterly argument—and he has said all that could be said on the subject, and much more than I supposed could have been said by any man in favor of his resolution—whether he, himself, has not furnished an answer to his speech. I had not the happiness myself to hear his speech, but a friend has read it to me—in one of the arguments in that speech, towards the conclusion, I think, of his speech, the gentleman lays down from Puffendorff, in reference to the honeyed words and pious professions of the Holy Alliance, that these are all surplusage, because nations are always supposed to be ready to do what justice and national law require. Well, sir, if this be so, why may not the Greeks presume—why are they not in this principle, bound to presume—that this Government is disposed to do all, in reference to them, that they ought to do, without any formal resolutions to that effect? I ask the gentleman from Massachusetts, whether the doctrine of Puffendorff does not apply as strongly to the resolution as to the declaration of the Allies—that is, if the resolution of the gentleman be indeed that almost nothing he would have us suppose, if there be not something *behind* this nothing, which divides this House, (not *horizontally*, as the gentleman has somewhat quaintly said—but *vertically*) into two unequal parties; one the advocate of a splendid system of crusades, the other, the friends of peace and harmony; the advocates of a *fireside policy*—for, as long as all is right at the fireside, there cannot be much wrong elsewhere—whether, I repeat, does not the doctrine of Puffendorff apply as well to the words of the resolution, as to the words of the Holy Alliance?

"There was another remark that fell from the gentleman from Massachusetts—of which I shall speak, as I shall always speak of any thing from that gentleman, with all the personal respect that may be consistent with the freedom of discussion. Among other cases forcibly put by the gentleman, why he would embark in this incipient crusade against Mussulmen, he stated this as one—that they hold human beings as property. Aye, sir,—and what says the Constitution of the United States on this point?—unless, indeed, that instrument is wholly to be excluded from consideration—unless it is

to be regarded as a mere useless parchment, worthy to be burnt, as was once actually proposed. Does not that Constitution give its sanction to the holding of human beings as property? Sir, I am not going to discuss the abstract question of liberty or slavery, or any other abstract question. I go for matters of fact. But I would ask gentlemen in this House, who have the misfortune to reside on the wrong side of a certain mysterious parallel of latitude, to take this question seriously into consideration—whether the Government of the United States is prepared to say, that the act of holding human beings as property, is sufficient to place the party so offending, under the ban of its high and mighty displeasure?

“Sir, I am afraid, that, along with some most excellent attributes and qualities—the love of liberty, jury trial, the writ of habeas corpus, and all the blessings of free government we have derived from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, we have got not a little of their John Bull, or rather John Bull-dog spirit—their readiness to fight for any body, and on any occasion. Sir, England has been for centuries the game-cock of Europe. It is impossible to specify the wars in which she has been engaged for contrary purposes; and she will with great pleasure, see us take off her shoulders the labor of preserving the balance of power. We find her fighting, now for the Queen of Hungary—then for her inveterate foe, the King of Prussia—now at war for the restoration of the Bourbons—and now on the eve of war with them for the liberties of Spain.

“These lines on the subject, were never more applicable, than they have now become:

“ ‘ Now Europe's balanced—neither side prevails,
For nothing's left in either of the scales.’

“If we pursue the same policy, we must travel the same road, and endure the same burthens, under which England now groans. But, glorious as such a design might be, a President of the United States would, in my apprehension, occupy a prouder place in history, who, when he retires from office, can say to the people who elected him, I leave you without a debt, than if he had fought as many pitched battles as Cæsar, or achieved as many naval victories as Nelson. And what, sir, is debt? In an individual it is slavery. It is slavery of the worst sort, surpassing that of the West India Islands, for it enslaves the mind, as well as it enslaves the body; and the creature who can be abject enough to incur and to submit to it, receives, in that condition of his being, perhaps, an adequate punishment. Of course, I speak of debt, with the exception of unavoidable misfortune. I speak of debt caused by mismanagement, by unwarrantable generosity, by being generous before being just. I am aware that this sentiment was ridiculed by Sheridan, whose lamentable end was the best commentary upon its truth. No, sir; let us abandon these projects. Let us say

to those seven millions of Greeks, 'We defended ourselves when we were but three millions, against a power, in comparison with which the Turk is but a lamb. Go and do thou likewise.' And so with the governments of South America. If, after having achieved their independence, they have not valor to maintain it, I would not commit the safety and independence of this country in such a cause. I will, in both these, pursue the same line of conduct which I have ever pursued, from the day I took a seat in this House, in 1799, from which, without boasting, I challenge any gentleman to fix upon me any colorable charge of departure.

"Let us adhere to the policy laid down by the second as well as the first founder of our republic—by him who was the Camillus, as well as Romulus, of the infant State—to the policy of peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; for to entangling alliances we must come, if you once embark in policy such as this. And, with all my British predilections, I suspect I shall, whenever that question shall present itself, resist as strongly an alliance with Great Britain, as with any other power. We are sent here to attend to the preservation of the peace of *this* country, and not to be ready, on all occasions, to go to war, whenever any thing like what, in common parlance, is termed a *turn up*, takes place in Europe.

"What, sir, is our condition? We are absolutely combatting shadows. The gentleman would have us to believe his resolution is all but nothing; yet, again, it is to prove omnipotent, and fill the whole globe with its influence. Either it is nothing, or it is something. If it be nothing, let it return to its original nothingness; let us lay it on the table, and have done with it at once; but, if it is that something, which it has been on the other hand represented to be, let us beware how we touch it. For my part, I would sooner put the shirt of Nessus on my back than sanction these doctrines—doctrines such as I never heard from my boyhood till now. They go the whole length. If they prevail, there are no longer any Pyrenees; every bulwark and barrier of the Constitution is broken down; it is become *tabula rasa*, a *carte blanche*, for every one to scribble on it what he pleases."

The resolutions were laid on the table, never afterwards to be called up.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

IMMEDIATELY after the close of the foregoing debate, within a few days, there followed a discussion on an appropriation to defray the expenses of a survey of the country, with reference to an extended and connected scheme of roads and canals. But two years previous, May, 1822, Mr. Monroe had demonstrated, in the most elaborate manner, the unconstitutionality of any system of internal improvement by the Federal Government. Having duly considered the bill, entitled "An act for the preservation and repair of the Cumberland Road," he returned it to the House of Representatives, in which it originated, under the conviction that Congress did not possess the power, under the Constitution, to pass such a law.

A power to establish turnpikes, with gates and tolls, and to enforce the collection of the tolls by penalties, implies a power to adopt and execute a complete system of internal improvement. Mr. Monroe contended that Congress did not possess this power—that the States individually could not grant it. If the power exist, it must be either because it has been specifically granted to the United States, or that it is incidental to some power which has been specifically granted. It has never been contended that the power was specifically granted. It is claimed only as being incidental to some one or more of the powers that are specifically granted.

The following are the powers from which it is said to be derived : 1st. From the right to establish post-offices and post-roads. 2d. From the right to declare war. 3d. To regulate commerce. 4th. To pay the debts, and provide for the common defence and general welfare. 5th. From the power to make all laws necessary and proper for carrying into execution all the powers vested by the Constitution in the Government of the United States. 6th. From the power to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory and other property of the United States.

Mr. Monroe took up the power thus claimed, and by a most extended and elaborate review of the history and the principles

of the Constitution, demonstrated that it could not be derived from either of those powers specified, nor from all of them united, and that in consequence it did not exist.

These views, so distinct and unequivocal, were set forth by Mr. Monroe on the 4th of May, 1822, in a special message, addressed to Congress. In December, 1823, a bill was introduced into the House of Representatives, by which the President of the United States was authorized to cause the necessary surveys, plans, and estimates to be made, of the routes of such roads and canals as he may deem of national importance, in a commercial or military point of view, or necessary for the transportation of the public mail. This bill, it was understood, contemplated a scheme of internal improvement on the most extended scale; as such, it was discussed and voted upon. The debate was long, and was ably conducted. Mr. Clay, as usual, was the great champion of this as of all the other brilliant schemes of the day. It was natural, therefore, that he and Randolph should come in collision on all occasions. The one was the bold leader of a new school of politicians, sprung up out of the ruins of the old Hamiltonian dynasty, who by interpolation or construction made the Constitution mean any thing and every thing their ardent minds chose to aspire to. The other was the clear-sighted, consistent, and upright statesman, that stood by the old landmarks of republicanism, as they were laid down by the fathers of the faith; and never could be induced to depart from them by the hope of reward or the fear of denunciation. They were the Lucifer and the Michael of contending hosts:

“Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles: two broad suns their shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd
Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,
And left large field; unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion.”

Or Randolph, rather, was the faithful Abdiel—

“Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he passed,
And with retorted scorn his back he turned
On those proud towers to swift destruction doomed.”

Mr. Randolph, on the 31st of January, 1824, delivered his sentiments at large on the bill. The reader must here also be content with a few paragraphs :

"During no very short course of public life," said Mr. R., "I do not know that it has ever been my fortune to rise under as much embarrassment, or to address the House with as much repugnance as I now feel. That repugnance, in part, grows out of the necessity that exists for my taking some notice, in the course of my observations, of the argument, if argument it may be called, of an honorable member of this House, from Kentucky. And, although I have not the honor to know, personally, or even by name, a large portion of the members of this House, it is not necessary for me to indicate the cause of that repugnance. But this I may venture to promise the committee, that, in my notice of the argument of that member, I shall show, at least, as much deference to it, as *he* showed to the message of the President of the United States of America, on returning a bill of a nature analogous to that now before us—I say at least *as much*; I should regret if not *more*. With the argument of the President, however, I have nothing to do. I wash my hands of it, and will leave it to the triumph, the clemency, the mercy of the honorable gentleman of Kentucky—if, indeed, to use his own language, amid the mass of words in which it is enveloped, he has been able to find it. My purpose in regard to the argument of the gentleman from Kentucky is, to show that it lies in the compass of a nut-shell; that it turns on the meaning of one of the plainest words in the English language. I am happy to be able to agree with that gentleman in at least one particular, to wit: in the estimate the gentleman has formed of his own powers as a grammarian, philologist, and critic; particularly as those powers have been displayed in the dissertation with which he has favored the committee on the interpretation of the word *establish*.

"‘Congress,’ says the Constitution, ‘shall have power to *establish*’ (ergo, says the gentleman, Congress shall have power to *construct*) post-roads.’

"One would suppose, that, if any thing could be considered as settled, by precedent in legislation, the meaning of the words of the Constitution must, before this time, have been settled, by the uniform sense in which that power has been exercised, from the commencement of the Government to the present time. What is the fact? Your statute-book is loaded with acts for the ‘establishment’ of post-roads, and the post-master general is deluged with petitions for the ‘establishment’ of post-offices; and yet, we are now gravely debating on what the word ‘establish’ shall be held to mean! A curious predicament we are placed in: precisely the reverse of that of Molière’s

citizen turned gentleman, who discovered, to his great surprise, that he had been talking 'prose' all his life long without knowing it. A common case. It is just so with all prozers, and I hope I may not exemplify it in this instance. But, sir, we have been for five and thirty years establishing post-roads, under the delusion that we were exercising a power specially conferred upon us by the Constitution, while we were, according to the suggestion of the gentleman from Kentucky, actually committing *treason*, by refusing, for so long a time, to carry into effect that very article of the Constitution!

"To forbear the exercise of a power vested in us for the public good, not merely for our own aggrandizement, is, according to the argument of the gentleman from Kentucky, treachery to the Constitution! I, then, sir, must have commenced my public life in treason, and in treason am I doomed to end it. One of the first votes that I ever had the honor to give, in this House, was a vote against the *establishment*, if gentlemen please, of a uniform system of bankruptcy—a power as unquestionably given to Congress, by the Constitution, as the power to lay a direct tax. But, sir, my treason did not end there. About two years after the establishment of this uniform system of bankruptcy, I was *particeps criminis*, with almost the unanimous voice of this House, in committing another act of treachery in repealing it; and Mr. Jefferson, the President of the United States, in the commencement of his career, consummated the treason by putting his signature to the act of repeal.

"Miserable, indeed, would be the condition of every free people, if, in expounding the charter of their liberties, it were necessary to go back to the Anglo-Saxon, to Junius and Skinner, and other black-letter etymologists. Not, sir, that I am very skilful in language: although I have learned from a certain curate of Brentford, whose name will survive when the whole contemporaneous bench of Bishops shall be buried in oblivion, that *words*—the counters of wise men, the money of fools—that it is by the dexterous cutting and shuffling of this pack, that is derived one-half of the chicanery, and much more than one-half of the profits of the most lucrative profession in the world—and, sir, by this dexterous exchanging and substituting of words, we shall not be the first nation in the world which has been cajoled, if we are to be cajoled, out of our rights and liberties.

"In the course of the observations which the gentleman from Kentucky saw fit to submit to the committee, were some pathetic ejaculations on the subject of the sufferings of our brethren of the West. Sir, our brethren of the West have suffered, as our brethren throughout the United States, from the same cause, although with them the cause exists in an aggravated degree, from the acts of those to whom they have confided the power of legislation; by a departure—and we have all suffered from it—I hope no gentleman will under-

stand me, as wishing to make any invidious comparison between different quarters of our country, by a departure from the industry, the simplicity, the economy, and the frugality of our ancestors. They have suffered from a greediness of gain, that has grasped at the shadow while it has lost the substance—from habits of indolence, of profusion, of extravagance—from an aping of foreign manners and of foreign fashions—from a miserable attempt at the shabby genteel, which only serve to make our poverty more conspicuous. The way to remedy this state of suffering, is, to return to those habits of labor and industry, from which we have thus departed.

“With these few remarks,” continued Mr. R., “permit me now to recall the attention of the committee to the original design of this Government. It grew out of the necessity, indispensable and unavoidable, in the circumstances of this country, of some general power, capable of regulating foreign commerce. Sir, I am old enough to remember the origin of this Government; and, though I was too young to participate in the transactions of the day, I have a perfect recollection of what was public sentiment on the subject. And I repeat, without fear of contradiction, that the proximate, as well as the remote cause of the existence of the federal government, was the regulation of foreign commerce. Not to particularize all the difficulties which grew out of the conflicting laws of the States, Mr. R. referred to but one, arising from Virginia taxing an article which Maryland then made duty-free; and to that very policy, may be attributed, in a great degree, the rapid growth and prosperity of the town of Baltimore. If the old Congress had possessed the power of laying a duty of ten per cent. ad valorem on imports, this Constitution would never have been called into existence.

“But we are told that, along with the regulation of foreign commerce, the States have yielded to the General Government, in as broad terms, the regulation of domestic commerce—I mean the commerce among the several States—and that the same power is possessed by Congress over the one as over the other. It is rather unfortunate for this argument, that, if it applies to the extent to which the power to regulate foreign commerce has been carried by Congress, they may prohibit altogether this domestic commerce, as they have heretofore, under the other power, prohibited foreign commerce.

“But why put extreme cases? This Government cannot go on one day without a mutual understanding and deference between the State and General Governments. This Government is the breath of the nostrils of the States. Gentlemen may say what they please of the preamble to the Constitution; but this Constitution is not the work of the amalgamated population of the then existing confederacy, but the offspring of the States; and however high we may carry our heads and strut and fret our hour ‘dressed in a little brief

authority,' it is in the power of the States to extinguish this Government at a blow. They have only to refuse to send members to the other branch of the legislature, or to appoint electors of President and Vice-President, and the thing is done. Gentlemen will not understand me as seeking for reflections of this kind; but, like Falstaff's rebellion—I mean Worcester's rebellion—they lay in my way and I found them."

"I remember to have heard it said elsewhere," said Mr. R., "that when gentlemen talk of precedent, they forget they were not in Westminster Hall. Whatever trespass I may be guilty of upon the attention of the Committee, one thing I will promise them, and will faithfully perform my promise. I will dole out to them no political metaphysics. Sir, I unlearned metaphysics almost as early as Fontenelle, and he tells us, I think, it was at nine years old. I shall say nothing about that word *municipal*. I am almost as sick of it as honest Falstaff was of 'security,' it has been like ratsbane in my mouth, ever since the late ruler in France took shelter under that word to pocket our money and incarcerate our persons, with the most profound respect for our *neutral* rights. I have done with the word *municipal* ever since that day. Let us come to the plain common sense construction of the Constitution. Sir, we live under a government of a peculiar structure, to which the doctrines of the European writers on civil polity do not apply; and when gentlemen get up and quote Vattel as applicable to the powers of the Constitution of the United States, I should as soon have expected them to quote Aristotle or the Koran. Our Government is not like the consolidated monarchies of the old world. It is a solar system; an *imperium in imperio*; and when the question is about the one or the other, what belong to the *imperium* and what to the *imperio*, we gain nothing by referring to Vattel. He treats of an integral government—a compact structure, *totus teres atque rotundus*. But ours is a system composed of two distinct governments; the one general in its nature, the other internal. Now, sir, a government may be admirable for external, and yet execrable for internal purposes. And when the question of power in the government arises, this is the problem which every honest man has to work. The powers of government are divided in our system between the General and State Governments, except such powers which the people have very wisely retained to themselves. With these exceptions, all the power is divided between the two Governments. The given power will not lie unless, as in the case of direct taxes, the power is specifically given; and even then the State has a concurrent power. The question for every honest man to ask himself is, to which of these two divisions of government does the power in contest belong? This is the problem we have to settle: Does this power of internal improvement belong to the General or to the State

Governments, or is it a concurrent power? Gentlemen say we have, by the Constitution, power to establish post-roads; and, having established post-roads, we should be much obliged to you to allow us therefore the power to construct roads and canals into the bargain. If I had the physical strength, sir, I could easily demonstrate to the committee that, supposing the power to exist on our part, of all the powers that can be exercised by this House, there is no power that would be more susceptible of abuse than this very power. Figure to yourself a committee of this House determining on some road, and giving out the contracts to the members of both Houses of Congress, or to their friends, &c. Sir, if I had strength, I could show to this committee that the Asiatic plunder of Leadenhall-street has not been more corrupting to the British Government than the exercise of such a power as this would prove to us.

"I said," continued Mr. R., "that this Government, if put to the test—a test it is by no means calculated to endure—as a government for the management of the internal concerns of this country, is one of the worst that can be conceived, which is determined by the fact that it is a government not having a common feeling and common interest with the governed. I know that we are told—and it is the first time the doctrine has been openly avowed—that upon the responsibility of this House to the people, by means of the elective franchise, depends all the security of the people of the United States against the abuse of the powers of this Government.

"But, sir, how shall a man from Mackinaw, or the Yellow Stone River, respond to the sentiments of the people who live in New Hampshire? It is as great a mockery—a greater mockery than it was to talk to these colonies about their virtual representation in the British Parliament. I have no hesitation in saying that the liberties of the colonies were safer in the custody of the British Parliament than they will be in any portion of this country, if all the powers of the States, as well as of the General Government, are devolved on this House; and in this opinion I am borne out, and more than borne out, by the authority of Patrick Henry himself.

"It is not a matter of conjecture merely, but of fact, of notoriety, that there does exist on this subject an honest difference of opinion among enlightened men; that not one or two, but many States in the Union see, with great concern and alarm, the encroachments of the General Government on their authority. They feel that they have given up the power of the sword and the purse, and enabled men, with the purse in one hand and the sword in the other, to rifle them of all they hold dear." "We now begin to perceive what we have surrendered; that, having given up the power of the purse and the sword, every thing else is at the mercy and forbearance of the General Government. We did believe there were

some parchment barriers—no! what is worth all the parchment barriers in the world—that there was, in the powers of the States, some counterpoise to the power of this body; but, if this bill passes, we can believe so no longer.”

“There is one other power,” said Mr. R., “which may be exercised, in case the power now contended for be conceded, to which I ask the attention of every gentleman who happens to stand in the same unfortunate predicament with myself—of every man who has the misfortune to be, and to have been born, a slaveholder. If Congress possess the power to do what is proposed by this bill, they may not only enact a sedition law—for there is precedent—but they may emancipate every slave in the United States, and with stronger color of reason than they can exercise the power now contended for. And where will they find the power? They may follow the example of the gentlemen who have preceded me, and hook the power upon the first loop they find in the Constitution. They might take the preamble, perhaps the war-making power, or they might take a greater sweep, and say, with some gentlemen, that it is not to be found in this or that of the granted powers, but results from all of them, which is not only a dangerous, but *the most* dangerous doctrine. Is it not demonstrable that slave labor is the dearest in the world, and that the existence of a large body of slaves is a source of danger? Suppose we are at war with a foreign power, and freedom should be offered them by Congress, as an inducement to them to take a part in it; or, suppose the country not at war, at every turn of this federal machine, at every successive census, that interest will find itself governed by another and increasing power, which is bound to it neither by any common tie of interest or feeling. And if ever the time shall arrive, as assuredly it has arrived elsewhere, and, in all probability, may arrive here, that a coalition of knavery and fanaticism shall, for any purpose, be got up on this floor, I ask gentlemen who stand in the same predicament as I do, to look well to what they are now doing, to the colossal power with which they are now arming this Government. The power to do what I allude to is, I aver, more honestly inferable from the war-making power than the power we are now about to exercise. Let them look forward to the time when such a question shall arise, and tremble with me at the thought that that question is to be decided by a majority of the votes of this House, of whom not one possesses the slightest tie of common interest or of common feeling with us.”

The debate on this important question was kept up ten days longer. On the 10th of February, Mr. Randolph moved that the bill be indefinitely postponed. The motion was overruled, and the bill was passed by a majority of 115 to 86. So soon as the vote was

announced, it was moved that the House go into committee of the whole on the state of the Union, with a view of taking up the bill for a revision of the tariff. Mr. Randolph exclaimed, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and hoped that the House would do no such thing; they, however, did go into committee, and made some progress in the bill.

The measure above adopted by the House, was sanctioned by the President, thus furnishing another instance of a most extraordinary and flagrant abandonment of first principles, on a vital point of the Constitution. Mr. Madison's arguments as to the unconstitutionality of the Bank, stand unanswered and unanswerable; yet, in 1816, Mr. Madison, under the pressure of circumstances, the plea of necessity, and the force of precedent, signed the Bank bill.

No man argued more clearly and conclusively than Mr. Monroe the unconstitutionality of a system of internal improvement; yet, under the influence of a yielding complacency, that was reluctant to oppose the encroaching spirit of the times, he sanctioned a measure that adopted the system in its broadest sense, and swept away every barrier of the Constitution.



CHAPTER XXIV.

SUPREME COURT—DULL DINNER—HUDDLESFORD'S OAK.

ABOUT the time the Roads and Canals bill was discussed in the House, a case was argued before the Supreme Court, involving the same principles. Aaron Ogden, under several acts of the Legislature of the State of New-York, claimed the exclusive navigation of all the waters within the jurisdiction of the State, with boats moved by fire or steam. Gibbons employed two steamboats in running between Elizabethtown, New Jersey, and New-York, in violation of the exclusive privilege. He was enjoined by the Chancellor of New-York, and in his answers stated, that the boats were *enrolled* and *licensed*, to be employed in carrying on the *coasting trade*, under the acts of Con-

gress—and insisted on his right, in virtue of such licenses, to navigate the waters between Elizabethtown and the city of New-York, the acts of the legislature of the State of New-York to the contrary notwithstanding.

The question was, whether the laws of Congress, passed in virtue of the clause of the Constitution which confers on them the power to *regulate commerce* among the several States, shall contravene and supersede the laws of New-York, granting a monopoly to certain individuals to *navigate* steam vessels on the waters within the jurisdiction of that State.

The whole controversy turned on the interpretation of this clause of the Constitution—"Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes."

The Chief Justice, to arrive at his conclusions, took the broadest latitude of construction. "It has been said, argues he, that these powers" (powers enumerated in the Constitution) "ought to be construed strictly. But why ought they to be so construed? Is there one sentence in the Constitution which gives countenance to this rule? In the last of the enumerated powers, that which grants expressly the means for carrying all others into execution, Congress is authorized 'to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper' for the purpose." With this broad principle as his rule of construction, he then goes on to argue that the power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, is full and absolute—and that it embraces the right to regulate *navigation*. The next step is to prove that the power to regulate commerce among the States is as broad and comprehensive as the power to regulate it with foreign nations. "Commerce among the States," says he, "cannot stop at the external boundary line of each State, but may be introduced into the interior." "The genius and character of the whole Government seem to be, that its action is to be applied to all the external concerns of the nation, and to those internal concerns which affect the States generally." "Commerce among the States must, of necessity, be commerce with the States. In the regulation of trade with the Indian tribes, the action of the law, especially when the Constitution was made, was chiefly within a State. The power of Congress, then, whatever it may be, must be exercised within the territorial jurisdiction of the

several States." "This power, like all others vested in Congress, is complete in itself, may be exercised to its utmost extent, and acknowledges no limitations, other than are prescribed in the Constitution." "The power of Congress, then, comprehends navigation within the limits of every State in the Union, so far as that navigation may be, in any manner, connected with 'commerce with foreign nations, or among the several States, or with the Indian tribes.' "

He goes on to apply these principles—self-evident *axioms* as he called them—to the case before the Court, and decided against the exclusive privilege of navigation granted by the laws and sustained by the Judiciary of New-York.

In conclusion, the Chief Justice says: "Powerful and ingenious minds, taking, as postulates, that the powers expressly granted to the government of the Union, are to be contracted by construction into the narrowest possible compass, and that the original powers of the States are retained, if any possible construction will retain them, may, by a course of well-digested, but refined and metaphysical reasoning, founded on these premises, explain away the Constitution of our country, and leave it, a magnificent structure indeed to look at, but totally unfit for use."

But the Chief Justice did not perceive, that, by pursuing the broad doctrines laid down by him, the several departments of government, especially the one over which he presided—the Judiciary, whose business it is to construe and interpret—might, step by step, absorb all the powers reserved to the States, and to the people, and make the government a *magnificent structure* indeed, not merely to look at, but one wielding all the concentrated powers of a consolidated empire. The true rule is to go neither to the one extreme nor to the other, but to give to each and to all that which rightfully belongs to them.

This opinion of the Chief Justice gave great umbrage to the States-rights men. They said he travelled out of the record, to make an elaborate argument in behalf of those principles which were then urged in Congress as a justification of a general system of internal improvement among the States.

Mr. Randolph says to Dr. Brockenbrough, the 3d of March:

"The Chief Justice yesterday delivered a most able opinion in the

great New-York steamboat case, fatal to the monopoly. It is said that he decided in favor of the power of the General Government to make internal improvements, but I don't believe it. He is too wise a man to decide any point not before his court." No man admired Marshall more than John Randolph; he held him up, as the reader knows, as a model to the young—to the world; but he did not let his partiality for the man blind his judgment as to the dangerous doctrines of the Judge. When he had read "the opinion," he says: "It is the fashion to praise the Chief Justice's opinion in the case of Ogden against Gibbons. But you know I am not a fashionable man; I think it is unworthy of him. Lord Liverpool has set him an example of caution in the last speech of the king: one that shames our gasconading message. I said it was too long before I read it. It contains a great deal that has no business there, or indeed any where. Mr. Webster's phrase, 'unit,' which he adopts, is a conceit (*conchetto*), and a very poor one, borrowed from Dr. Rush, who with equal reason pronounced disease to be a unit. Now, as this *theory* of the Doctor had no effect whatever upon his *practice*, and that alone could affect his patients, it was so far a harmless maggot of the brain. But when that theory was imbibed at a single gulp by his young disciples, who were sent out annually from Philadelphia, it became the means of death not to units, or tens, or hundreds, but thousands, and tens of thousands.

"A judicial opinion should decide nothing and embrace nothing that is not before the court. If he had said that 'a vessel, having the legal evidence that she has conformed to the regulations which Congress has seen fit to prescribe, has the right to go from a port of any State to a port of any other with freight or in quest of it, with passengers or in quest of them, *non obstante* such a law as that of the State of New-York under which the appellee claims,' I should have been satisfied.

"However, since the case of *Cohen vs. Virginia*, I am done with the Supreme Court. No one admires more than I do the extraordinary powers of Marshall's mind: no one respects more his amiable deportment in private life. He is the most unpretending and unassuming of men. His abilities and his virtues render him an ornament not only to Virginia, but to our nature. I cannot, however, help thinking, that he was too long at the bar before he ascended the bench; and that, like our friend T——, he had injured, by the indiscriminate defence of right or wrong, the tone of his perception (if you will allow so quaint a phrase) of truth or falsehood."

John Marshall was, "after the most straitest sect," a Federalist of the Hamilton school. The reader, doubtless, well remembers his attempt to play at the game of Diplomacy with Talleyrand, and

the figure he cut in the X. Y. Z. business. Soon after his return to the United States he was elected a member of Congress, from the Richmond District, in the spring of 1799, after a most violent and bitter contest, beating John Clopton, the old republican representative. Mr. Adams, in 1800, removed Timothy Pickering from the head of his cabinet, and put General Marshall in his place; and in 1801, as one of the last acts of his administration, made him Chief Justice of the United States.

The man of great parts and of upright principles will perform justly and nobly the duties of whatever station he may be placed in. This maxim was well illustrated by Judge Marshall. As a partisan leader he was bold, fearless, uncompromising, and devoted to the principles of the cause he espoused. When elevated to the Bench he rose serenely above all party influences, and became the enlightened, wise, and upright Judge. But it is very clear, that wherever the powers of the Federal Government were concerned, he could not rise above those doctrines which had been so thoroughly inculcated on his mind. His federal principles, by long practice and thorough digestion, had so completely become a part of his mental system as to be a law of thought on all questions of constitutional interpretation. The tendency of the Supreme Court is now to the opposite extreme. The system of judicial reasoning, like all other moral systems built on the laws of the human mind, and not the principles of an exact science, revolves in a cycle; and in a series of years, will find itself occupying in regular succession the same positions which it had held at some former period. The mind progresses, but it is in a circle.

On the 20th of March, Mr. Randolph writes to his friend :

“Mr. King of N. Y., his colleague, Mr. Chief Justice, Tazewell, and some three or four more dine with me to-morrow, so that I shall have good company, at least, if not a good dinner.” Two days after, he says: “Mr. Chief Justice, Tazewell, Van Buren, Benton, Morgan, of N. Y., and George Calvert, dined with me yesterday (Mr. King was sick, of his late freak in the Senate, I shrewdly suspect); and your ‘fat sallow party’ was hardly more dull than we were. The Chief Justice has no longer the power ‘d’être vif.’ Tazewell took to prosing at the far end of the table to two or three, who formed a sort of separate coterie; V. B. was unwell, and out of spirits; and I was obliged to get nearly or quite drunk, to keep them from yawning outright.”

Mr. Randolph was informed, about this time, that Miss Roane, the daughter of the late Judge Spencer Roane, was expected to visit Washington.

"If Miss Roane," says he, "should honor our metropolis with her presence, I shall make it a point to call upon her—if for no other cause, from the very high respect in which I held her father whilst living, and hold his memory, being dead. I consider him as a great loss to his country, not only in his judicial character, but as a statesman, who formed a rallying point for the friends of State-rights. Besides, he had the judgment to perceive, and the candor to acknowledge, the consistency of my public conduct with my avowed principles; and he had too much greatness of mind to lend himself to the long and bitter persecution with which I was assailed by two governments, by the press, by a triumphant party (many of whom were old sedition law federalists), until, Sertorius like, after having waged a long war upon my own resources, I was vanquished as much by treachery in my own camp, as by the courage or the conduct of the enemy. My hopes (plans, I never had any) have been all blasted, and here I am, like Huddlesford's oak.

" 'Thou, who unmoved hast heard the whirlwind chide
 Full many a winter, round thy craggy bed,
 And like an earth-born giant hast outspread
 Thy hundred arms, and Heaven's own bolts defied,
 Now liest along thy native mountain's side,
 Uptorn! yet deem not that I come to shed
 The idle drops of pity o'er thy head,
 Or, basely, to insult thy blasted pride.

" 'No, still 'tis thine, though fallen, imperial Oak,
 To teach this lesson to the wise and brave—
 That 'tis far better, overthrown and broke,
 In Freedom's cause to sink into the grave,
 Than in submission to a tyrant's yoke,
 Like the vile Reed, to bow and be a slave.'

CHAPTER XXV.

TARIFF—PROPHECY—LEWIS McLEAN.

THE Tariff question, during the spring of 1824, was thoroughly discussed, and for the first time distinctly recognized and placed on the footing of a protective policy. We pass over this subject, and

Mr. Randolph's great speech on its leading principles, for the present. Mr. Randolph, however, watched the bill in all its stages, and opposed many of its most objectionable parts in the incipient stage. Some of his best speeches are those short, comprehensive, and pithy discourses delivered on the spur of the occasion, on some isolated point under discussion. On the motion to reduce the duties on coarse woollens, Mr. Randolph said:—

"I am surprised that the votaries of humanity—persons who cannot sleep, such is their distress of mind at the very existence of negro slavery—should persist in pressing a measure, the effect of which is to aggravate the misery of that unhappy condition, whether viewed in reference to the slave, or to his master, if he be a man possessing a spark of humanity; for what can be more pitiable than the situation of a man who has every desire to clothe his negroes comfortably, but who is absolutely prohibited from so doing by legislative enactment? I hope that none of those who wish to enhance to the poor slave (or what is the same thing—to his master) the price of his annual blanket, and of his sordid suit of coarse, but, to him, comfortable woollen cloth, will ever travel through the southern country to spy out the nakedness, if not of the land, of the cultivators of the soil. It is notorious that the profits of slave labor have been, for a long time, on the decrease; and that, on a fair average, it scarcely reimburses the expense of the slave, including the helpless ones, whether from infancy or age. The words of Patrick Henry, in the Convention of Virginia, still ring in my ears: 'They may liberate every one of your slaves. The Congress possess the power, and will exercise it.' Now, sir, the first step towards emancipation, so devoutly wished by many, is to pass such a law as will not further diminish the pittance which the unfortunate masters, to produce such a measure in case the slave shall not elope from him, will run away from him. Sir, the blindness, gentlemen will pardon the expression—of this country—I allude particularly to North Carolina and Georgia—has lent its aid to the Federal government on points, to say the least, which fill me with astonishment and dismay. And without a ray of hope, to the time which the measure which succeeds it, will assuredly bring forth, destruction and devastation is to commence in the community and religion, and when the imploring eyes are now, turned towards another body, in the vain quest the evil, and stay the plague."

Mr. Randolph said: "If the House would lend me its

attention five minutes, I think I can demonstrate that the argument of the gentleman from Delaware in favor of the increased duty on brown sugar, is one of the most suicidal arguments that ever reared its spectral front in a deliberative assembly.

"The gentleman objects to reducing the duty on sugar, because it will diminish the revenue, which he says we cannot dispense with, and yet he wishes to continue it as a bounty of \$3 per 100 lbs. (not the long hundred of 112 lbs.), until the sugar planting and sugar manufacture should be extended, so as to supply the whole demand of our consumption. Then what becomes of the revenue from sugar, that we cannot dispense with? This is what I call a suicidal argument, it destroys itself.

Mr. McLean, at the commencement of his reply, appearing to be much irritated, Mr. Randolph rose and assured him that he intended not the slightest disrespect or offence—but Mr. McLean went on to say that the gentleman from Virginia had displayed a good head, but he would not accept that gentleman's head, to be obliged to have his heart along with it.

Mr. Randolph replied :

"It costs me nothing, sir, to say that I very much regret that the zeal which I have not only felt, but cherished, on the subject of laying taxes in a manner which, in my judgment, is inconsistent, not merely with the spirit, but the very letter of the Constitution, should have given to my remarks, on this subject, a pungency, which has rendered them disagreeable, and even offensive to the gentleman from Delaware. For that gentleman I have never expressed any other sentiment but respect—I have never uttered, or entertained, an unkind feeling towards that gentleman, either in this House or elsewhere, nor do I now feel any such sentiment towards him. I never pressed my regard upon him—I press it upon no man. He appears to have considered my remarks as having a personal application to himself. I certainly did not intend to give them that direction, and I think that my prompt disclaimer of any such intention ought to have disarmed his resentment, however justly it may have been excited. He has been pleased, sir, to say something, which, no doubt, he thinks very severe, about my head and my heart.

"How easy, sir, would it be for me to reverse the gentleman's proposition, and to retort upon him, that I would not, in return, take that gentleman's heart, however good it may be, if obliged to take such a head into the bargain.

"But, sir, I do not think this—I never thought it—and, therefore, I cannot be so ungenerous as to say it: for, Mr. Speaker, who made me a searcher of hearts? of the heart of a fellow-man, a fellow-

sinner? Sir, this is an awful subject! better suited to Friday or Sunday next (Good Friday and Easter Sunday), two of the most solemn days in the Christian calendar—when I hope we shall all consider it, and lay it to heart as we ought to do.

“But, sir, I must still maintain that the argument of the gentleman is suicidal—he has fairly worked the equation, and one-half of his argument is a complete and conclusive answer to the other. And, sir, if I should ever be so unfortunate as, through inadvertence, or the heat of debate, to fall into such an error, I should, so far from being offended, feel myself under obligation to any gentleman who would expose its fallacy, even by ridicule—as fair a weapon as any in the whole Parliamentary armory. I shall not go so far as to maintain, with my Lord Shaftesbury, that it is the unerring test of truth, whatever it may be of temper; but if it be proscribed as a weapon as unfair as it is confessedly powerful, what shall we say (I put it, sir, to you and to the House) to the poisoned arrow?—to the tomahawk and the scalping-knife? Would the most unsparing use of ridicule justify a resort to these weapons? Was this a reason that the gentleman should sit in judgment on my heart?—yes, sir, *my* heart—which the gentleman (whatever he may say) in his heart believes to be a frank heart, as I trust it is a brave heart. Sir, I dismiss the gentleman to his self-complacency—let him go—yes, sir, let him go, and thank his God that he is not as *this* publican.”

This is the finest retort of the kind to be found in the English language. Its admirable style and temper cannot be too strongly recommended to those who in the heat of debate may be tempted to say severe and irritating things. This is a model for them to follow: “A soft answer turneth away wrath.” Mr. Randolph’s conduct on this occasion was looked upon with admiration by all gentlemen.

“Mr. King, of New-York,” says he to a friend, “came to me yesterday, and said that ‘all the Georgetown mess were loud in their praises of my reception of McLean of Delaware’s attack upon me on Monday (the day before yesterday), the 12th; that the Patroon (Van Rensselaer) was delighted,’ &c., &c., &c. Tattnall of Georgia (a preux chevalier), told Mr. Macon that nothing could be more dignified or gentlemanly than my reply, and that it was just what it ought to have been. Many others tell me that this is the general sentiment.”

Mr. Randolph frequently expressed to his friends his surprise at this attack upon him, and could not conceive the motive. He had a true regard for the gentleman from Delaware, though he might not have been aware of it; he pressed his regard upon no man. As far back as 1820, when Mr. McLean first took his seat in Congress, Mr.

Randolph, with characteristic accuracy and penetration, had described him to a friend, his origin and history, and that of his family, and concluded by saying, "He is the finest fellow I have seen here, by a double distance."

Mr. Randolph watched the tariff bill in all its stages, and resisted it so long as there was any hope. At length he wrote to a friend :

"I am satisfied (now) that nothing can avail to save us. Indeed I have long been of that opinion. 'The ship will neither wear nor stay, and she may go ashore, and be d—d,' as Jack says."

Friday, 25th April, he says :

"The tariff is finished, (in our House at least,) and so am I. I was sent for on Tuesday in all haste to vote upon it ; when I got there the previous question was taking, and the clerk reading the yeas and nays.

"At the end, Gilmore (a fine fellow, by the way, although a Georgian and a Crawford man) moved for a call of the House. When that was over, Wilde, from Georgia, moved to amend the title. I, as big a fool as he, got up to tell him what an ass he was. (By the way, for 'Smith's verses on the old continental money,' which the reporter put into my mouth—why or wherefore he only can tell—read what I actually did say: *Swift's verses on the motto upon Chief Justice Whitshed's coach*. So much for reporters. That over, Drayton, of S. C., who is the Purge of the House, got up to make another motion to amend. By this time the noisome atmosphere overcame me, and I left the hall, Mr. D. on his legs ; but a copious effusion of blood from the lungs has been the consequence. It came on in about thirty minutes after I got home ; so that the debate on the amendment of the tariff bill has the honor of my coup de grace."

Mr. Randolph was appointed on the committee to investigate the charges of mismanagement brought by Ninian Edwards against the Secretary of the Treasury. In reference to this subject he writes to his constituents from on board the ship *Nestor*, at sea, May 17 :

"Fellow-citizens, friends, and freeholders—A recurrence of the same painful disease that drove me from my post some two years ago again compels me to ask a furlough, for I cannot consent to consider myself in the light of a deserter. But no consideration whatever would have induced me to leave Washington, so long as a shadow of doubt hung over the transactions of the Treasury, which I was (among others) appointed to investigate. * * * I confess that I was not without some misgivings that all was not right. Holding myself aloof from the intrigues and intriguers of Washington. I had remained a

passive spectator of a scene such as I hope never again to witness. Not that I was without a slight, a very slight, preference in the choice of the evils submitted to us for our acceptance. I inclined towards Mr. Crawford, for some reasons which were private and personal, and with which it is unnecessary to trouble you; but, chiefly, because you preferred him to his competitors, and because, if elected, he would, in a manner, be compelled to throw himself into the hands of the least unsound of the political parties of the country; that he would, by the force of circumstances, be compelled to act with us (the people), whilst the rival candidates would, by the same force of circumstances, be obliged to act against us, and with the tribe of office hunters and bankrupts that seek to subsist upon our industry and means."

CHAPTER XXVI.

SECOND VOYAGE TO EUROPE.

MR. JACOB HARVEY, who died in 1848, was an Irishman by birth; he emigrated some thirty years ago from his native country, and made the city of New-York the place of his residence. He was a merchant by profession, and those who knew him in his business bear testimony to his extensive information, his skill and prudence, his integrity and liberality. He was a man of refined literary tastes, brilliant wit, genuine humor, and exquisite delicacy of feeling. These qualities rendered him, in the social relations of life, an instructive and fascinating companion. The acquaintance that commenced between him and Mr. Randolph, on his first voyage to Europe, grew into an unreserved intimacy that lasted to the day of his death. Speaking of him, in a letter to his niece from London, he says: "His name is Jacob Harvey, son of Joseph Massey II., a Limerick merchant, attached to the society of Friends—what is called a gay Quaker. His grandfather, Reuben H., was a merchant of Cork, and during the war of 1776 received a letter under General Washington's own hand, returning his thanks and those of Congress for his kindness to our countrymen in Ireland, prisoners and others. He was introduced to me by Mr. Colden, as we left the quay."

Having assisted Mr. Randolph, says Mr. Harvey, in making

his preparations for the voyage, I left him at Bunker's, and promised to call upon him next morning at half past nine o'clock, to accompany him to the steamboat, which was to convey him to the packet.

I charged him to have all his luggage ready, as the steamboat was to start precisely at ten o'clock, which he promised to do. Next morning, punctual to my appointment, I entered his sitting-room, expecting, of course, to find him, cap in hand, ready to walk to Whitehall dock, the moment I appeared. Judge, then, of my utter astonishment to see him sitting at the table, in his dressing-gown, with a large Bible open before him, pen in hand, in the act of writing a letter; while 'John' was on his knees, most busily employed in emptying one trunk and filling another!

"In the name of heaven," said I, "Mr. Randolph, what is the matter? Do you know that it will soon be ten o'clock, and the steamboat waits for nobody? You promised me last night to have every thing packed up and ready when I called, and here you are not even dressed yet!"

"I cannot help it, sir," replied he; "I am all confusion this morning; every thing goes wrong; even my memory has gone 'a good wool gathering.' I am just writing a farewell letter to my constituents, and, would you believe it, sir, I have forgotten the exact words of a quotation from the Bible, which I want to use, and, as I always quote correctly, I cannot close my letter until I find the passage; but strange to say, I forget both the chapter and verse. I never was at fault before, sir; what *shall* I do?"

"Do you remember any part of the quotation?" said I, "perhaps I can assist you with the rest, as time is precious."

"It begins," replied he, "'How have I loved thee, oh Jacob;' but for the life of me, I cannot recollect the next words. Oh my head! my head! Here, do you take the Bible, and run your eye over *that* page, whilst I am writing the remainder of my address."

"My dear sir," said I, "you have not time to do this now, but let us take letter, Bible, and all on board the steamboat, where you will have ample time to find the passage you want, before we reach the packet."

After some hesitation and reluctance, he agreed to my proposition, and then, suddenly turning round, he said, in a sharp tone:

"Well, sir, I will not take John with me, and you will please get back his passage-money to-morrow. He must go home, sir."

"Not take John with you!" exclaimed I. "Are you mad? Do you forget how much you suffered last voyage for want of John or Juba, and how repeatedly you declared that you would never again cross the Atlantic without one of them? It is folly, and I cannot consent to it."

"I *have decided*, sir; the question is no longer open to discussion."

"At least," said I, "be so good as to give some reason for such a decision."

"Why, sir," replied he, "John has disoblged me. He has been spoiled by your *free blacks*, and forgets his duty; and I have no idea of having to take care of *him* all the way to Europe and back again!" Then, turning to poor John, who was completely crest-fallen, he went on: "Finish that trunk at once, and take it down to the steamboat, and on your return take your passage in the Philadelphia boat; and when you get to Philadelphia, call on Mr. —, in Arch street, and tell him that I have sailed; then go on to Baltimore, and call on Mr. —, in Monument Place, and say that I shall write to him from London; thence proceed to Washington; pack up my trunks, which you will find at my lodgings, and take them with you to Roanoke, and report yourself to my overseer." After a pause, he added, in a sarcastic tone, "Now, John, you have heard my commands; but you *need not obey them*, unless you choose to do so. If you prefer it, when you arrive in Philadelphia, call on the Manumission Society, *and they will make you free*, and I shall never look after you. Do you hear, sir?"

This unjust aspersion of John's love was too much for the faithful fellow; his chest swelled, his lips quivered, his eyes filled, as he replied, in much agitation:

"Master John, this is too hard. I don't deserve it. You know I love you better than every body else, and you know you will find me at Roanoke when you come back!"

I felt my blood rising, and said: "Well, Mr. Randolph, I could not have believed this had I not seen it. I thought you had more compassion for your slaves. You are positively unjust in this case, for surely, you have punished him severely enough by leaving him

behind you, without hurting his feelings. You have made the poor fellow cry."

"What," said he quickly, "does he shed tears?" "He does," replied I, "and you may see them yourself." "Then," said he, "*he shall go with me!* John, take down your baggage, and let us forget what has passed. I was irritated, sir, and I thank you for the rebuke."

Thus ended this curious scene. John instantly brightened up, soon forgot his master's anger, and was on his way to the boat, in a few minutes, perfectly happy.

Just as the boat was casting off, Randolph called out to me—

"Good-by, my friend, and remember, I shall land at the Cove of Cork (the dangers of the sea always excepted), and go over to Limerick, and spend a day or two at your father's house."

I did not place much dependence upon this hasty promise, and was, therefore, agreeably surprised, a few weeks afterwards, by receiving a letter from home, informing me that "Randolph of Roanoke" had really paid my family a visit, of which they had not received the slightest intimation, until he entered the parlor and introduced himself. He made himself extremely agreeable, and they were very sorry to part with him the next day.

"Sir," said he, speaking of Ireland, "much as I was prepared to see misery in the South of Ireland, I was utterly shocked at the condition of the poor peasantry between Limerick and Dublin. Why, sir, John never felt so proud at being a *Virginia slave*. He looked with horror upon the mud hovels and miserable food of the *white slaves*, and I had no fear of *his* running away. The landlords, and the clergy of the established church, have a fearful account to give, some day or other, sir, of the five and ten talents intrusted to them. I could not keep silence, sir, but every where, in the stage-coaches and hotels, I expressed my opinions fearlessly. One morning, whilst breakfasting at Morrison's, in Dublin, I was drawn into an argument with half a dozen country gentlemen, all violent tories, who seemed to think that all the evils of Ireland arose from the disloyalty of the Catholics. I defended the latter, on the ground that they were denied their political rights; and I told them very plainly, in the language of Scripture, that until they 'unmuzzled the ox which treadeth out the corn,' they must expect insurrections and opposition to the

government. I had no sooner uttered these words than they all endeavored to silence me by clamor, and one of them insinuated that I must be a 'foreign spy.' I stood up at once, sir, and after a pause, said, 'Can it be possible that I am in the metropolis of Ireland, the centre of hospitality, or do I dream? Is *this* the way Irish gentlemen are wont to treat strangers, who happen to express sympathy for the wrongs of their countrymen? If, gentlemen, you cannot refute my arguments, at least do not drown my voice by noisy assertions, which you do not attempt to prove. If ever any of you should visit old Virginia, I shall promise you a fair hearing, at all events; and you may compare *our* system of slavery with yours—aye, and be the judges yourselves!' This pointed rebuke had the desired effect; the moment they discovered who I was they instantly apologized for their rudeness, insisted upon my dining with them; and never did I spend a more jovial day. The instant *politics* were laid aside, all was wit and repartee, and song. So ended my first and last debate with a party of *Irish Tories*."

Of England, he says, "there never was such a country on the face of the earth, as England; and it is utterly impossible that there ever can be any combination of circumstances hereafter, to make such another country as old England now is—God bless her! But in Ireland," he added, "the Government and the Church, *or the Lion and the Jackal*, have divided the spoils between them, leaving nothing for poor Pat, but the potatoes. The Marquis of Wellesley, sir, does his best to lessen the miseries of the peasantry, and yet he is abused by both factions—a pretty good proof that he acts impartially between them, sir."

From England, Mr. Randolph crossed over into France. From Paris, he addressed the following letter to his friend, Dr. Brockenbrough:

PARIS, July 24, 1824.

This date says every thing. I arrived here on Sunday afternoon, and am now writing from the Grand Hotel de Castile, rue Richelieu and Boulevard des Italiens—for, as the French say, it gives upon both, having an entrance from each.

I need not tell either of *you*, that it is in the very focus of gayety and fashion; and if the maitre d'hotel may be credited, it is always honored by the residence of "M. le Duc de Davuansaire," whenever his Grace pays a visit to his birthplace. The civilities which,

through the good offices of my friend, Mr. Foster, were tendered to me two years ago, from 'Davuansaire House,' and 'Chisonig,' would render this circumstance a recommendation, if the neatness and comfort of my apartments did not supersede all necessity for any other recommendation.

Here, then, am I, where I ought to have been thirty years ago—and where I would have been, had I not been plundered and oppressed during my nonage, and left to enter upon life overwhelmed with a load of DEBT, which the profits of a nineteen years' minority ought to have more than paid; and ignorant as I was (and even yet am) of business, to grope my way, without a clue, through the labyrinth of my father's affairs, and brought up among Quakers, an ardent *ami des noirs*, to scuffle with negroes and overseers, for something like a pittance of rent and profit upon my land and stock.

"Under such circumstances, that I have not been utterly ruined, is due (under God) to the spirit I inherited from my parents, and to the admirable precepts, and yet more admirable example of my revered mother—honored and blessed be her memory. Then I had to unravel the tangled skein of my poor brother's difficulties and debts. His sudden and untimely death threw upon my care, helpless as I was, his family, whom I tenderly and passionately loved, and with whom I might be now living, at Bizarre, if the reunion of his widow with the ——— of her husband had not driven me to Roanoke; where, but for my brother's entreaty and forlorn and friendless condition, I should have remained; and where I should have obtained a release from my bondage more than twenty years ago. Then I might have enjoyed my present opportunities; but time misspent and faculties misemployed, and senses jaded by labor, or impaired by excess, cannot be recalled any more than that freshness of the heart, before it has become aware of the deceits of others, and of its own.

"But how do you like Paris? for all this egotism you might have poured out from Washington."

Not in the least. And I stay here only waiting for my letters, which are ——— to the return of this day's post from London. To you I need not say one word of the Lions of Paris, but will, in a word, tell you, that crucifixes, and paintings of crucifixions, and prints of Charlotte Corday and Marie Antoinette, &c., are the fashion of the day. That the present dynasty, infirmly seated in the saddle; and that by little and little every privilege, acquired not by the designs of its authors, but by the necessary consequences of such a revolution, will be taken from the people; nay, I am persuaded that the lands will be resumed, or (what is the same thing) an ample equivalent will be plundered from the public, to endow the losers with. At the next session of the deputies, the measure of reimbursing the emigrants—a measure the very possibility of which was scouted, only

three years ago. The Marquis de La Fayette had sailed for the United States about ten days before my arrival here. I am sorry he has taken the step. It will do no good to his reputation, which at his time of life he ought to nurse. I take it for granted, that Ned Livingston, or some other equally pure patriot, will propose *another* donation to him; the last, I think, was on the motion of Beau Dawson. I hope I may be there, to give it just such another reception as M. Figaro had at my hands. Although it is certainly a species of madness (and I hear that this malady is imputed to me) to be wearing out my strength and spirits, and defending the rights (whether of things or of persons) of a people who lend their countenance to them that countenance the general plunder of the public, in the expectation either that they may share in the spoil, or that their former peculations will not be examined into.

I consider the present King of France, and his family, to be as firmly seated on the throne of the Tuilleries, as ever Louis XIV. was at Versailles; all possibility of counter-revolution is a mere chimaera of distempered imagination. It would be just as possible to restore the state of society and manners which existed in Virginia a half a century ago; I should as soon expect to see the Nelsons, and Pages, and Byrds, and Fairfaxes, living in their palaces, and driving their coaches and sixes; or the good old Virginia gentlemen on the assembly, drinking their twenty and forty bowls of rack punches, and madeira, and claret, in lieu of a knot of deputy sheriffs and hack attorneys, each with his cruet of whisky before him, and puddle of tobacco-spittle between his legs.

But to return to Paris. It is wonderfully improved since you saw it; nay, since the last restoration, but it is still the filthiest hole, not excepting the worst parts of the old town of Edinboro', that I ever saw *out of Ireland*. I have dined, for your sake, *chez Beauvilliers*, and had bad fare, bad wine, and even bad bread, a high charge, and a surly *garçon*. Irving, whom you know by character (our ex-minister at Madrid), was with me. He says all the *Traiteurs* are bad, and the crack ones worst of all. I have also dined with Very, the first restaurateur of the Palais Royal, four times; on one of which occasions I had a good dinner and a *fair* glass of champagne—next door to Very, once, at the Café de Chartres—with Pravot—Pastel; all in the Palais Royal; all bad, dear, and not room enough, even at *Beauvilliers'* or Very's, to sit at ease. I can have a better dinner for half a guinea at the Traveller's, in a saloon fit for a prince, and where gentlemen alone can enter, and a pint of the most exquisite Madeira, than I can get here for fifteen francs. I have dined like a marketman for 5 fr. 10 sous; that is the cheapest. All the wine, except le vin ordinaire, is adulterated shockingly. The English, that made every thing dear, and spoiled the garçons and filles,

whose greediness is only equalled by their impudence. Crucifixes, madonnas, and pictures and prints of that cast, with Charlotte Corday, &c., &c., are the order of the day. Paris swarms with old priests, who have been dug up since the restoration, and they manufacture young ones (Jesuits especially) by hundreds at a single operation.

Monsieur, whom you saw at Edinburgh, is remarkable, as I hear, for consuming a hat per day, when one is each morning put upon his toilet. Hats were not so plenty then.

I made a strange mistake in my order to Leigh. I intended to have given him control over all my funds, except the tobacco sold after that period, which I wished to reserve as a fund, on which to play here—I mean in Europe. Pray, let it be so, deducting my check for the passage money.

And now, my good friend, let me tell you that the state of my eyes, and of my health, and of my avocations too—for I have a great deal of writing to do—*may* cause this to be the last letter that you shall receive from me until my return, when we shall, I hope, chat about these and other matters once more.

In case you should not have gone to Kentucky, I expect a regular bulletin from you. There is one subject very near my heart that you must keep me informed about. I know that women (with great plasticity on other subjects) never will take advice upon that. I know that they rush into ruin with open eyes, and spend the rest of their lives in cursing, at least, the happier lot of their acquaintances, who have in the most important concern of life been governed by the dictates of common sense. The man is too old; he has not *nous* enough; he is helpless. If he had ten thousand a year, he would not be a match for her. I don't know who is worthy of her. But let him be of suitable age, with *mind* and *taste* congenial with her own, and of an *erect spirit* as well as carriage of body. They shall have my blessing.

Adieu,

J. R. OF R.

Except a few of the English, with which people Paris swarms, I have not seen, either in the streets or elsewhere, any thing that by possibility might be mistaken for a gentleman. The contrast in this respect with London is most striking; indeed I would as soon compare the Hottentots with the French as these last with the English. No Enquirer yet received, and I pine for news from home.

The latter part of the summer Mr. Randolph spent among the mountains of Switzerland. August the 25th he says: "I was at Lauterbrunnen gazing on the Stubbach, or seeing 'the soaring Jungfrau rear her never-trodden snow.'"

He arrived in New-York the 2d day of December, when the result of the Presidential election was still in doubt, and hastened on to Washington.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE Presidential election of 1824 was the legitimate result of the preceding "era of good feelings." In that contest there was not one political principle involved. In no State in the Union, Delaware alone excepted, did the people pretend to keep up their old party organization. The word federalist was not heard in political circles; it was a mark of rudeness to attach that epithet to any gentleman; the measures it represented had long since been exploded; the word itself, as calling up unpleasant reminiscences, had grown obsolete; and every body professed to belong to the great republican family. It was suspected there were many federalists in disguise, and that their profession of republicanism was merely a lip service; but no one could point them out, or identify them by their political acts. The party had been dissolved, the federalists themselves admitted; but they contended that it had only been dissolved by the republicans embracing their doctrines. And it is very true that all the leading measures of Congress were of a federal stamp, and that they were bottomed on principles of the most latitudinous kind; the very same that Hamilton used in defending his obnoxious schemes, that brought such discredit on the name of federalism. It was impossible to draw a line of distinction between men, or to set up any standard by which to judge their opinions. Old measures and the divisions they occasioned had passed away; new measures, under entirely new and variant circumstances, had been brought forward; but they involved the same principles of interpretation, and required the same line of argument in their defence, as the old ones: but men did not divide upon them as they had done heretofore. Those who professed to abhor the doctrines of Hamilton, when applied to the schemes of

his day, now embraced them as the only means of defending and sustaining their own measures. A change of circumstances was thought to justify a change of political principle. In Hamilton's day, and down to 1811, a national bank was unconstitutional; but now, in the estimation of republicans, it had become "necessary and proper," and therefore constitutional. Those who came into power with Mr. Jefferson, professing hostility to a national bank, and who refused in 1811 to re-charter the old one, established in 1816 a similar institution. The latitudinous construction of the Constitution by the Adams administration in 1798-99, and the odious measures based thereon, such as the alien and sedition laws, constituted the principal objection to that administration, and were the main cause of its overthrow; and the substitution of a party professing the contrary doctrines—a party that professed to interpret the Constitution literally, and that would exercise no power that had not been specifically given by some express grant in the Charter. This party pursued their principles for some years, and furnished a model of a plain, just, and economical government; but in 1816, while nominally in power, they elected their President, and for eight years seemed to control the measures of his administration; and yet those measures, as we have abundantly seen, were founded on the same principles that had been so loudly condemned and unequivocally repudiated under the Adams dynasty: so easily are men deceived by names and appearances; so hard is it to follow a rigid rule of abstinence, when appetite and opportunity invite to indulgence.

A respectable minority, with John Randolph at the head, invariably opposed the consolidating measures of the times; demonstrated their identity with the exploded doctrines of federalism, and warned the people of the dangerous consequences; but it was a sort of Cassandra voice, that nobody heeded: it seemed impossible to restore the old landmarks, and to convince the people that they had gone backwards, and fallen into the old paths they had once abandoned. All were expecting some special advantage from the legislation of the day; the hopes of profit had stifled the remonstrances of truth; and the popular leaders were constantly dazzling the imaginations of the people with some magnificent scheme, by which they hoped to gain renown for themselves, and to fasten to their fortunes by the ties of a common interest some class or section of the community. The presidential candidates

were all committed, or in some way identified with those schemes. Mr. Adams, Mr. Calhoun, and Mr. Crawford, were members of the cabinet; but they had not been slow in expressing themselves on all occasions, and had given unequivocal evidence of their devotion to those broad doctrines that swept away the barriers of the Constitution, and made it a convenient instrument to sanction whatever might be deemed for the time being to be necessary and proper.

Mr. Clay, as the leader in the House of Representatives, had been their most ardent, active, and eloquent champion. His position gave him the advantage of the initiative in all popular measures, and he never failed to identify himself with them by some bold and eloquent discourse. Not content with sweeping away the barriers within the narrow horizon of domestic politics, he embraced in the wide scope of his philanthropic regard all the oppressed and struggling nations of the earth; and, turning a deaf ear to the warning of the father of his country, he hastened to speak a word of encouragement, and to stretch out an arm of help without regard to the consequences to his own country. His ambition for public display, his thirst for present and personal applause, his frank and manly character, his sanguine temperament, and bold imagination, with a quick, comprehensive, yet undisciplined mind, made him just the character to be led off by any popular theme that might promise distinction and popularity—just the man to follow with undoubting faith the shining *ignis fatuus* of the hour, and to be dazzled by it and deceived.

General Jackson had not been in political life, and possessed great military renown; this gave him an advantage over his competitors: but he was not known to differ materially from them in his political opinions. There were no public acts to commit him; but all his correspondence and conversations, so far as they were made known to the public, proved that at that time he had no clear conception of the principles that divided the old federal and republican parties, and that he was equally devoted to those new measures which had done so much to bring back in disguise the ascendancy of federal doctrines.

In this state of things the partisans of each of the candidates for the presidency sought to impress on the public mind the idea that their friend was *par excellence* the true republican candidate. But it was impossible to persuade the people to this belief, when there

was no political principle dividing them—no platform of doctrine on which they were called to stand, so as to be separated and distinguished from those around them. The consequence was, the whole country was divided into sectional and personal factions. The West and Southwest voted for a western and southwestern man; New-York and New England voted for a New England man; while the Southern and Middle States were divided between a northern, a southern, and a western man. There was no principle to bring the discordant sections together, and to cause them to sacrifice their friend on the altar of the public good; there was no such public good—nothing in the whole controversy that would justify any such immolation. What advantage had Mr. Adams over Mr. Clay, or Mr. Crawford, or General Jackson? or what advantage had either of these over him, so as to induce the friends of one to surrender him that they might thereby secure the success of the other? It was not publicly pretended that one was sounder in his political opinions than the other; and they all stood on their own personal merits as having done some service to the country and to the republican cause. The friends of Mr. Crawford endeavored to gain an advantage for him by procuring a “regular nomination,” according to the usages of the party. It had been usual for a convention, or, as it was called, a caucus, of republican members at the proper time to assemble together, and to designate some suitable person for the presidency on whom the people might concentrate their votes, so as to prevent the triumph of those principles which they regarded as so obnoxious: so long as federalism continued in organized opposition, this concentration was the only means of securing the ascendancy to the republican party. But federalism had long ceased to exist as an opposing force. This party machinery, therefore, in the absence of those higher motives of combination, could only be made to subserve the purposes of faction, and to give an undue advantage where none was deserved.

The friends of Mr. Crawford, however, being mostly from Virginia and New-York, and considering themselves as the true standards of republican orthodoxy, persisted in their course, notwithstanding a formidable opposition, and called together their convention the 14th of February, 1824. Out of two hundred and sixty-one members of Congress, only sixty-four attended the meeting in person, and two by proxy. The two proxies and sixty-two members present

voted for Mr. Crawford. Of the sixty-two votes, one-half were from New-York and Virginia. This convention did not exceed one-fourth of the members of Congress, and was composed entirely of the friends of one only of the candidates—there was no comparison of opinions—no sacrifices of personal preferences and mutual concessions for the good of a common cause. Under such circumstances, it is obvious that the meeting could make no pretensions to nationality, not even to a full and fair party organization. Yet it was proclaimed as “the regular nomination” according to the usages of the party, and the republicans called on to sustain it as such. In Virginia, the people gave it their support, because Mr. Crawford was their choice under all circumstances. But in New-York it met with a very different fate. Mr. Crawford was not a favorite with the people of New-York, though her delegation voted for him in the caucus of 1816 in opposition to Mr. Monroe, and came near defeating by their skilful and secret management the only person seriously spoken of by the people. Finding that the “regular nomination,” according to party usage, which carried such a potent spell with it heretofore, had lost its influence, and that if the people were left to themselves, Mr. Crawford was certain of defeat, his friends took refuge in the legislature, and determined to gain their point by keeping the election from the people. Up to this time the electors of President and Vice-President had been *nominated* by the legislature. The people now determined to take the election in their own hands. A bill to that effect passed the lower House with only four dissenting voices, such was the unanimity on the subject; but it was defeated in the Senate, where there were a majority of Mr. Crawford’s friends. So great was the excitement in the State, that the Governor called an extra-session of the legislature to execute the will of the people. But the Senate again defeated the bill, and the Assembly adjourned without doing any thing. All this was done in the name of liberty. The majority of the Senate assumed to be the only true exponents of republicanism, and Mr. Crawford as its only true representative, and in order to carry their measures, committed great violence on their own principles. But even the legislature would not sustain this violent effort to force the State to cast her vote for one she did not prefer.

When the nominations were made, Mr. Crawford got only four out of the thirty-six electoral votes of New-York.

The events of this presidential campaign furnish an instructive page of history, which should be well considered by the people. It was just the combination of circumstances to tempt ambitious men to form coalitions for their own personal ends, and to make a regular bargain and sale of the rights of the people. In the absence of all political principle—in a mere contest between individuals for power—what was to prevent a union of the North and the South, or the East and the West, in a regular contract for a division of the spoils? There was no election by the people. Adams, Crawford, Clay and Jackson, were all voted for, but no one obtained a majority of the electoral colleges. The duty of making a choice between the three highest candidates now devolved on the House of Representatives. For a long time Mr. Clay was expected to be one of the three. The vote of Louisiana, which his friends expected, being given against him, caused Mr. Crawford to have a few more votes than he, and the contest was between Jackson, who had the highest number of votes in the electoral colleges, Adams, and Crawford. Mr. Clay, from his great influence, had entire control of the election. He decided in favor of Mr. Adams, and immediately accepted, at his hands, the office of Secretary of State. He was openly charged in the House of Representatives with bargain and corruption. He repelled the charge with becoming indignation. The reasons he gave for voting for Mr. Adams were just—situated as he was, he could not have voted otherwise—but the fact of his accepting office from the man he himself had elevated into the seat of power, condemned him. He should have given the vote, but declined the office. His own consciousness of innocence may have sustained him in the performance of the deed, but it could not screen him from the inferences that would be drawn from it by a censorious world. Men's motives are known only to themselves; language, says Talleyrand, was given to conceal them; and that which is avowed, is rarely the true cause of any action. Knowing these things, it is not surprising that a jealous and censorious world will at least *suspect* the motive, where the act and the circumstances might justify the imputation of a bad one.

During the time of the balloting, an incident took place that was

very characteristic of John Randolph ; it showed his great accuracy in the statement of a fact, at the same time his jealous observance not only of the rights of the States, but even of the forms and expressions in which those rights might be involved. Mr. Webster was appointed by the tellers who sat at one table, and Mr. Randolph by those at the other, to announce the result of the balloting. After the ballots were counted out, Mr. Webster rose, and said : Mr. Speaker, the tellers of the votes at this table have proceeded to count the ballots contained in the box set before them ; the result they find to be, that there are for John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, 13 votes ; for Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, 7 votes ; for Wm. H. Crawford, of Georgia, 4 votes.

Mr. Randolph, from the other table, made a statement corresponding with that of Mr. Webster, in the facts, but varying in the phraseology, so as to say that Mr. Adams, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Crawford, had received the votes of *so many States*, instead of *so many votes*.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

“SUCH CONSTITUENTS AS MAN NEVER HAD BEFORE, AND NEVER WILL HAVE AGAIN.”

FROM Charlotte Court-house, Tuesday, April 5th, 1825, Mr. Randolph writes to Dr. Brockenbrough : “Much against my will—I do not deceive myself—I am involved in another election. Two more years, if I live as long, in that bear garden, the House of Representatives ! You ask after my health, it is wretched in the extreme. Nothing but an earnest desire to avoid the imputation of giving myself airs, brought me here yesterday.” He was at Prince Edward Court-house, also, on Monday, the 18th—the day of election in that county. It was the first time the writer of this memoir had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Randolph among his constituents, or hearing him on the hustings. He was then a lad at the neighboring college—Hampden Sydney. That day was given as a holiday to the students, and they all repaired at an early hour to the Court-

house to see the wonderful man of whom they had heard so much. I saw Mr. Randolph when he arrived on the "court green;" he alighted from his sulky some distance from the Court-house, and handed over the reins to Johnny, who was in an instant by his side. He was dressed in his old "uniform of blue and buff," with knee-buckles, and long fair-top boots. He seemed to limp slightly in his gait, which only added dignity and gravity to his carriage. The moment his arrival was known, the people came flocking from all directions towards him. The tavern-porches, the shops, and offices, were soon emptied, and every body went running towards the great object of attraction. His old acquaintances (and who were not old acquaintances there?) were eager to take him by the hand; they pressed forward without ceremony, and their greetings were most cordially reciprocated. To all the old men he had something to say, pointed and appropriate, that seemed to give them infinite satisfaction—a word of recognition, that meant more than it expressed, and went home to the heart. He marched slowly towards the Court-house, still greeting and talking with his friends, as they came up to take him by the hand. Many followed him, doubtless, from curiosity; but much the largest portion of the crowd that hovered around him, were men who had known him all their lives, and had seen him a hundred times before; yet they followed him with as much interest as the youngest school-boy there, and their eyes could not be sated by gazing upon him. Such is the magic influence of genius and of true greatness on the human mind. 'Tis said that Robert Burns could not arrive at an inn, at midnight, without its being known to all the inmates, who would come flocking, even in their night garments, to see, for the twentieth time, perhaps, the enchanting countenance of Scotland's noblest bard, who, like Randolph, from his earliest youth, had no other thought but to serve and adorn his native land.

"E'en then a wish (I mind its power),
A wish, that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast—
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

Mr. Randolph was pressed to make a speech. He pleaded his wretched health, and begged to be excused. But no excuse would be

taken ; his old friends wanted to hear him ; it was a long time since they had that pleasure ; great changes had taken place in politics ; they had heard much about them, but wanted to hear from his own lips how the matter stood. Finding that no apology would be taken, that such men as the Mortons, the Prices, the Watkins' and the Venerables, were urging on him to say something to gratify the people, he at length consented ; and retiring from the multitude, he sat down on an oaken bench in the corner of the Court-house yard, and rested his head on the end of his umbrella. No one approached or disturbed him. After sitting some ten or fifteen minutes, he arose, and asked the sheriff to make proclamation that he would address the people. There was no need of that ; they were all there, pressing around, and waiting patiently his pleasure to speak to them. As he approached the stile, the crowd receded, and opened a way for him to pass. I followed in his wake, unconscious of what I was doing, and stood near his left side, where I could hear every word that was uttered, and see every motion of every muscle of the whole man. I was too young to remember what was said, at this distance of time. The newspapers said he "addressed his constituents in a *manner* and with *matter* which gave great and universal satisfaction. He descanted, with great eloquence and power, on the *alarming encroachments of the General Government upon the rights of the States*." I have no doubt that was the theme of his discourse. But what I saw I shall never forget—the *manner* of the man. The tall, slender figure, swarthy complexion, animated countenance ; the solemn glance, that passed leisurely over the audience, hushed into deep silence before him, and bending forward to catch every look, every motion and every word of the inspired orator ; the clear, silver tones of his voice ; the distinct utterance—full, round expression, and emphasis of his words ; the graceful bend and easy motion of the person, as he turned from side to side ; the rapid, lightning-like sweep of the hand when something powerful was uttered ; the earnest, fixed gaze, that followed, as if searching into the hearts of his auditors, while his words were telling upon them ; then, the ominous pause, and the twinkling of that long, slender forefinger, that accompanied the keen, cutting sarcasm of his words—all these I can never forget. My *beau idéal* of the orator was complete. What I had read of Demosthenes and Cicero, aided by the lights of Longinus and Quintil-

ian, was fulfilled in this man. I have heard him several times since from the same place. Those who have heard him elsewhere concur in the opinion, that before the people of Prince Edward he was peculiarly free and happy. These were the people that stood by him in the darkest hour of his fortunes; "when two administrations" and the whole political press made war upon him, they shielded him from the assaults of his enemies, and cheered him in the desolate and dangerous path he had to tread, by the light of their countenance and the voice of their approbation. It is not wonderful, then, that in the presence of such a people, the reminiscences of the olden time should rekindle the slumbering fires of his heart, and inspire his thoughts with more than their wonted force and brilliancy.

From the stand, Mr. Randolph retired to the bench in the Court-house. The polls were opened, and the voting commenced. Each one, as he came up, pronounced with a clear and audible voice the name of John Randolph as the person voted for for Congress. There was not a dissenting voice. When any one of the old men gave his vote, Mr. Randolph partly rose from his seat, and in the most bland and affecting manner thanked him for his vote. He seemed to say, I am grateful, sir, and proud to have the approbation of a man of your independence, understanding, integrity, and weight of character. The old man returned the salutation with a look that said, I am proud, also, to have the privilege of voting for you, Mr. Randolph. There was no pretence, no affectation in all this; it was natural, spontaneous, and, to those who knew the history of the parties and their relations to each other, it was truly affecting. No one could look upon the scene without exclaiming, that with such constituents and such representatives, no danger or harm could befall the Republic. They were men, for the most part, owners of the soil, and living by its cultivation; men who, from their youth up, by the daily reading of the best conducted political journals, and their monthly conversations and discussions at the Court-house on political topics, had become familiar with the institutions of their country and the manner in which they had been conducted—who knew the characters of all public men that had risen above a neighborhood reputation, and could judge dispassionately and without enthusiasm of their objects and the tendency of their measures—they were models of republican simplicity, intelligence, and virtue. The same, for the most part.

may be said of all Mr. Randolph's district. He had represented them for five and twenty years; they all knew him—men, women, and children—and he knew them. These are the people of whom he spoke, when he said, on a memorable occasion in the House of Representatives:

"I will go back to the bosom of my constituents—to such constituents as man never had before, and never will have again—and I shall receive from them the only reward that I ever looked for, but the highest that man can receive—the universal expression of their approbation—of their thanks. I shall read it in their beaming faces; I shall feel it in their gratulating hands. The very children will climb around my knees, to welcome me. And shall I give up them, and this? And for what? For the heartless amusements and rapid pleasures and tarnished honors of this abode of splendid misery, of shabby splendor? for a clerkship in the war office, or a foreign mission, to dance attendance abroad, instead of at home—or even for a Department itself? Sir, thirty years make sad changes in man. When I first was honored with their confidence, I was a very young man, and my constituents stood almost in parental relation to me, and I received from them the indulgence of a beloved son. But the old patriarchs of that day have been gathered to their fathers—some adults remain, whom I look upon as my brethren: but the far greater part were children—little children—or have come into the world since my public life began. I know among them grand-fathers, and men musty-free, who were boys at school when I first took my seat in Congress. Time, the mighty reformer and innovator, has silently and slowly, but surely changed the relation between us: and I now stand to them *in loco parentis*—in the place of a father—and receive from them a truly filial reverence and regard. Yes, sir, they are my children—who resent, with the quick love of children, all my wrongs, real or supposed. Shall I not invoke the blessings of our common Father upon them. Shall I deem any sacrifice too great for them? To them I shall return, if we are defeated, for all of consolation that awaits me on this side of the grave. I feel that I hang to existence but by a single hair—the sword of Damocles is suspended over me."

Mr. Randolph spent the summer in his usual solitude at Koma oke. In June, he says to Dr. Brockenbrough.

"You are very good in taking time to write to me, but I hope you will continue to do so, notwithstanding the drudgery of pressmanship that you are subjected to—for your letters constitute the only link between me and the world, at present—a world where I have but a little while longer to stay. I feel these internal agonies (of which the patient alone is sensible) that convince me that I cannot

hold out much longer, and although life has no one attraction left for me. I cannot but look towards its point of dissolution, with some misgivings of mind. We shall probably never meet again on this side of the grave: beyond it, all is involved in obscurity. I have just as much expectation of living to the end of the century, as to the close of the year. There is nothing left now for regimen or medicine to act upon. I have never been in such a condition; not even in 1817."

July 8th, he says:—"Your kind letter of the 3d has just arrived to throw a cheerful ray over my clouded mind. Although I stood in no need of any such assurance, yet the declaration it contained at the outset gave me most sensible gratification. I believe we have dealt as little in professions as any persons similarly circumstanced ever did; and for a plain reason—neither of us distrusted the sincerity of his sentiments towards the other. My dear friend, my strength ebbs apace. My health (like the stocks) fluctuates, but gets worse. I have lost my grasp upon the world. If it be not mad—then I am. Its political, religious and commercial relationships are, in my view, irrational and contemptible; but I still cherish a warm feeling of regard and of interest in the welfare of those who have manifested kindly dispositions towards me. Indeed, I wish well to all—I must except a few 'caitiffs'—and would do good to all, if it was in my power. Among those who have shown me favor, I set high value upon the attachment of Frank Gilmer; and I too had a very strong desire for his sake, that he would take the professorship. I was concerned to learn by a late letter from Mr. Barksdale, that he looked very ill, and was more desponding than when B. saw him in March. When you write to him, name me among those who think often and always kindly of him.

"The rains have destroyed our crops of every description but Indian corn, and that is much injured. If I live as long, which I do not at all look forward to, I shall assuredly take the voyage you mention. It is dreary enough to be in a land of strangers, a cipher and at sufferance; but any thing is better than the horrors of this climate, and indeed our state of society and manners is so changed, that were I to remain here, it must be in a sort of dreamy existence, among my books and shades, ignorant of what might be passing in the world around me.

"Jarvis, I remember, some fourteen years ago, made me laugh very heartily at poor Nicholson's table in Baltimore; but I might defy him now to raise even a smile, except of 'such a sort' as Julius Cæsar could not endure. You are right to be as convivial as you can; *soberly*, as Lady Grace says. *Dulce est desipere*. I am persuaded that our self-righteous denouncers of our old-fashioned sports and pastimes have added nothing to the stock of our morality; our young men and boys have exchanged the five's-court, and

other athletic exercises, for the tavern-bench, squirting tobacco-juice, and drinking whisky-grog. The girls, instead of balls and dress, &c., discourse of original sin—"fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute." But after all, we shall look in vain for the worth or manners of the last generation.

"I read little but Dr. Barrow, and not much of him. I have sometimes thought of attacking Atterbury and South; but after a short application, my eyes become dim and my head swims, and I have to take a turn or two about the room to recover myself. I would not trouble you with this long (for such it is) and stupid letter, but for the assurance that it is gratifying to you to hear from me in my present reduced condition. You may judge what it is, when I tell you that I have not seen my plantation since my return from Europe.

"Butler's Reminiscences I read two years ago, and was much disappointed in them. Do you note an article in the *Edinburgh Review* on the subject of the West Indies? It is written in a most ferocious spirit of philanthropy. My infirmity admonishes me to lay down my pen."

The monotony and tedium of his solitary life were greatly relieved by a visit from his friends, Dr. and Mrs. Brockenbrough, in the month of October. They spent a week with him. Most of his correspondence, before and after, was in reference to this visit. It was an important era in the chronicles of Roanoke. November 25th, he writes, "I am truly glad the agues fled before the thing with the hard name. Old Mrs. D. says of you, any body may see from his face that he is a mighty clever man. What say you to that, my dear madam? * * * * You know me well; 'distrust' is a sin that I cannot easily forgive. I can truly say that the pleasantest week by far that I have spent for years, was that that you and Mrs. B. spent here."

Mr. Randolph was detained at home on business till late in December. He did not arrive in Washington—"Babylon," as he called it—till Christmas. In the mean time, he had been elected to the Senate of the United States, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Gov. James Barbour, who had been appointed, by Mr. Adams, Secretary of War.

The election took place the 17th of December. The candidates nominated were Judge Henry St. George Tucker, the half-brother of Mr. Randolph, William B. Giles, John Floyd, and John Randolph. On the first ballot, the vote stood: Tucker 65, Randolph

63, Giles 58, Floyd 40. According to the rule of the House, Mr. Floyd was dropped, and the second ballot stood: Tucker 87, Randolph 79, Giles 60. Mr. Giles being likewise dropped under the rules, and the members having prepared and deposited their ballots in the boxes, Mr. Jackson on the part of the friends of Mr. Tucker, rose and stated to the House, that it was the desire of Mr. Tucker, in no event, to be placed in competition with Mr. Randolph. Considering that Mr. R. had no chance of being elected, they had on their own responsibility, put Mr. Tucker in nomination. But as the collision was now between these two gentlemen, they thought it due to Mr. Tucker's feelings and request to withdraw his name. Some conversation then ensued, in which it was suggested that the ballot-boxes ought to be emptied and the ballots again collected. Mr. Jackson declared he did not know the ballots had been put in the boxes, or he should have withdrawn Mr. Tucker sooner. One gentleman remarked that the person who had been last dropped, ought, under these circumstances, to be again before the House. But the chair decided, that as the ballots had been all deposited in the boxes, and there being no mistake or irregularity, they must be counted under the rule of the House. This was accordingly done, and the ballots stood, Randolph 104, Tucker 80. Mr. Randolph, having a majority, was declared duly elected.

On the reception of the news of this election, through a letter from Dr. Brockenbrough, Judge Tucker thus responds: "I have barely time before the closing of the mail to acknowledge the receipt of your friendly letter, and to express my hearty concurrence in the gratification you feel at the election of my brother. I could wish indeed that my name had been withheld, yet hope that its withdrawal even at the time it took place, was not too late to manifest my deference to him. God preserve him long as an honor to his station and the Old Dominion. I cannot but think that this occurrence will reanimate his spirit, and restore him to that activity in the public councils for which he was always remarkable, until he thought himself unkindly treated by his native State. He will now, I trust, see in himself her favorite son."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ADAMS ADMINISTRATION.

THE reader is already aware that Mr. Randolph took no interest in the late Presidential contest. There were circumstances that inclined him to favor the pretensions of Mr. Crawford; but it was a mere personal preference; and as there were no principles involved in the controversy, he left the country with rather a feeling of indifference as to the result of the election. But no sooner was the contest decided by the election of John Quincy Adams in the House of Representatives, than Mr. Randolph gave unequivocal evidences of hostility to the new administration. For this he has been blamed by many persons. It seemed like a pre-determination to condemn men when they as yet had perpetrated no act worthy of condemnation. But it must not be forgotten that we have a written Constitution, containing the fundamental law of all our political institutions. We have a Federal Government and State Governments, each with limited and specified powers, and acting as mutual checks and balances to each other. An over-action on the part of the one or the other would destroy the equilibrium, and endanger the existence of our complicated and nicely-adjusted system of Government. Hence the necessity of a scheme of doctrine, or rules of interpretation, by which the Constitution was to be construed, and the different departments guided in their administration of the Government. Our statesmen have something more to do than advise measures. They have to show that those measures are sanctioned by the Constitution, and that, in their final result, they will not disturb the harmony of the system.

In consequence of this necessity imposed on our public men, there had grown up at a very early period two distinct schools of politicians, differing widely in their doctrines and rules of interpretation. But, during the recent administration, as the reader is aware, these distinctions were effaced, and men seemed to stand on the same platform, professing a general, vague, undefined belief in the doctrines of republicanism. Mr. Adams, having acted a conspicuous part under Mr.

Monroe, had now to take an independent position, and to mark out a line of policy for himself. Rising from a subaltern station into the chief magistracy of the Republic, where he could not be restrained by the authority of superiors, one would naturally suppose that his mind would take the direction of its early thoughts and associations. Mr. Adams's early education unfitted him to associate with those statesmen who looked with jealousy on the Federal Government, who deprecated its over-action as dangerous to the Union, and who abstemiously exercised those powers that had been actually delegated to it. Being the son of the late President John Adams, he received his education mostly abroad, while his father, as Minister of the United States, attended the various courts of Europe. At a very early period, before he had performed any public service whatever, General Washington, doubtless, in compliment to his father, appointed him Minister Plenipotentiary to the Hague. During the eventful period of his father's administration, he continued abroad in daily connection with the habits, opinions, and associations of the royal courts to which he was successively transferred as Minister of the United States.

After the political revolution of 1800 had condemned the administration of John Adams, and driven him from the helm of affairs, one of his last acts was the recall of his son, to save him from the mortification of being dismissed by Mr. Jefferson.

Soon after his return, John Quincy Adams was elected to the Senate of the United States from Massachusetts. He was elected as a federalist by a federalist Legislature; and one of his first acts in the Senate was to oppose the purchase of Louisiana, then the favorite measure of the republican party. But he had not been in the Senate long before an eventful and radical change took place in his public conduct. The restrictive policy of Mr. Jefferson, as the reader is aware, was very much opposed in New England. It crippled their commerce, on which they were mainly dependent for support. The embargo, in 1808, capped the climax of restriction; and the opposition in New England, led on by the old federal leaders, knew no bounds in their denunciations of those measures, which they regarded as so destructive of their interests.

Mr. Adams conceived the idea, or was informed by what he deemed good authority, that his old friends and associates were about

to commit an act of treason to the country ; that so deep was their hostility to the measures of the Government, and so great their determination to get rid of the burthen, that they contemplated a separation from the Union. Through the interposition of a distinguished Senator, he called on the President, and communicated to him his apprehensions.

He spoke of the dissatisfaction of the eastern portion of our Confederacy with the restraints of the embargo. That there was nothing which might not be attempted to rid themselves of it. That he had information of the most unquestionable certainty, that certain citizens of the Eastern States (naming Massachusetts particularly) were in negotiation with agents of the British Government, the object of which was an agreement that the New England States should take no further part in the proceedings of the Federal Government ; that, without formally declaring their separation from the union of the States, they should withdraw from all aid and obedience to them ; that their navigation and commerce should be free from restraint or interruption by the British ; that they should be considered and treated by them as neutrals, and as such might conduct themselves towards both parties. He assured Mr. Jefferson that there was imminent danger that a separation would take place ; that the temptations were such as might debauch many from their fidelity to the Union. The course of Mr. Adams brought upon him the hostility of his own legislature : another person was elected to succeed him, and he was instructed, during the remnant of his term, to oppose the measures of the administration. He retired from a position he could no longer hold with honor. The purity of his motives was defended in the Senate by a member of the administration party against the denunciations of his late colleague, who manifested feelings of the deepest hostility towards him.

Soon after his retirement, Mr. Adams was tendered a mission to the court of St Petersburg, but the Senate did not think such a mission at that time was necessary, and did not confirm the appointment. He was renominated by Mr. Madison on his accession to the Presidency, and the appointment was confirmed by the Senate. Mr. Adams continued abroad in various diplomatic capacities till the summer of 1817, when he was recalled by Mr. Monroe, and placed at the head of his administration as Secretary of State.

During this "era of good feelings" nothing occurred to develop the opinions of Mr. Adams as to the true construction of the Constitution. He is known to have favored the magnificent schemes of that day, and is thought to have had much influence over the mind of Mr. Monroe in producing the great change of sentiment on the subject of internal improvement. Thus we perceive that the early education, and the diplomatic career of Mr. Adams in the midst of royal courts, and the strongly concentrated and despotic governments of an hereditary aristocracy, illy fitted him to appreciate the unpretending and abstemious doctrines of that republican school for which he abandoned his old friends, and, as they say, basely calumniated them. His change of position did not involve a change of politics. He merely exchanged a broken and divided party for one in the ascendant. There never was an occasion to test the sincerity of this change until he was elected President of the United States. In this exalted station, unrestrained by the routine of office, he was not long in manifesting the bold and ardent aspirations of his mind. Endowed with a poetic genius and an ardent imagination, possessing a quick, irascible, and obstinate temper, a man of the closet, wholly unused to the restraints and the caution of legislative experience, he mounted the chair of state with the boldness and the confidence of Phaeton into the chariot of the sun.

The great idea that filled the mind and kindled the imagination of Mr. Adams was a magnificent scheme of internal improvement, to be constructed by the General Government. In his inaugural address he recurs to the subject, as he says, *with peculiar satisfaction*. "It is that," he continues, "from which I am convinced that the unborn millions of our posterity who are in future ages to people this continent, will derive their most fervent gratitude to the founders of the Union; that on which the most beneficent action of its Government will be most deeply felt and acknowledged. The magnificence and splendor of their public works are among the imperishable glories of the ancient republics. The roads and aqueducts of Rome have been the admiration of all after ages; and have survived thousands of years after all her conquests have been swallowed up in despotism, or become the spoil of barbarians." Mr. Adams did not doubt the power of Congress to enter in this field of rivalry with the ancient republics; and to surpass even the Roman empire, with the spoils of

a world in its treasury, in the magnificence and splendor of their roads and aqueducts. He impatiently rejects the contrary proposition as unworthy of consideration, and boldly and dogmatically announces "that the question of the power of Congress to authorize the making of internal improvements is, in other words, a question whether the people of this Union, in forming their common social compact as avowedly for the purpose of promoting the general welfare, have performed their work so *ineffably stupid* as to deny themselves the means of bettering their own condition. I have too much respect for the intellect of my country to believe it."

In his annual message, the President again dilates on this subject with his peculiar animation and earnestness: "The spirit of improvement is abroad upon the earth. It stimulates the heart, and sharpens the faculties, not of our fellow-citizens alone, but of the nations of Europe, and of their rulers. While dwelling with pleasing satisfaction upon the superior excellence of our political institutions, let us not be unmindful that liberty is power; that the nation blessed with the largest portion of liberty, must, in proportion to its numbers, be the most powerful nation upon earth; and that the tenure of power by man is, in the moral purposes of his Creator, upon condition that it shall be exercised to ends of beneficence, to improve the condition of himself and his fellow-man. While foreign nations, less blessed with that freedom which is power, than ourselves, are advancing with gigantic strides in the career of public improvement, were we to slumber in indolence, or fold up our arms and proclaim to the world that we are palsied by the will of our constituents; would it not be to cast away the bounties of Providence, and doom ourselves to perpetual inferiority?"

But the President was surpassed, if possible, in his ideas of a magnificent and all-powerful Government, by the Secretaries whom he had gathered around him, as constitutional advisers. The Secretary of State, while a popular orator on the floor of Congress, had never failed, when occasion offered, to describe in glowing terms, the benefits to be derived from a free and unrestrained exercise of all those powers that Congress, in its wisdom, might deem *necessary and proper* to promote the common good and general welfare. But the Secretary of the Treasury went beyond them both in defining the object and the duties of Government. In his annual report he says the

duty of a provident Government is "to augment the number and variety of occupations for its inhabitants; to hold out to every degree of labor, and to every modification of skill, its appropriate object and inducement; to organize the whole labor of a country; to entice into the widest ranges its mechanical and intellectual capacities, instead of suffering them to slumber; to call forth, wherever hidden, latent ingenuity, giving to effort activity, and to emulation ardor; to create employment for the greatest amount of numbers, by adapting it to the diversified faculties, propensities, and situations of men, so that every particle of ability, every shade of genius, may come into requisition."

In the eye of these political economists, Government is every thing, the people nothing. In their estimation, Government is a unit, having absolute control over the property and the industry of the people; directing the resources of the one and the energies of the other, into this or that channel, as may seem best to its sovereign and omnipotent will.

Doctrines like these were not ventured even in the palmy days of federalism. John Adams, the father, and Hamilton, the Secretary, could not hold a light to the son, and those luminaries around him, who drew their inspiration from some modern political philosophy, which taught that the prosperity of the people must be based upon, and measured by, the omnipotent and unlimited powers conferred on the Government. It is not surprising that the people awoke from their long dream of security, and that they were alarmed at the boldness and the confidence with which these extraordinary doctrines were announced by the highest authorities known to the Constitution. It is not surprising, that John Randolph, the champion of State-rights, should sound the tocsin to warn the people, and that in the midst of so much error of doctrine, and bold usurpation of authority, he should express doubts of a long continuance of our federative Government, as designed and constructed by our forefathers:

"We are now making an experiment," says he, "which has never yet succeeded in any region or quarter of the earth, at any time, from the deluge to this day. With regard to the antediluvian times, history is not very full; but there is no proof that it has ever succeeded, even before the flood. One thing, however, we do know, that it has never succeeded since the flood; and, as there is no proof of its hav-

ing succeeded before the flood, as *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*; it is good logic to infer, that it has never succeeded, and never can succeed any where. In fact the *onus probandi* lies on them that take up the other side of the question; for although *post hoc ergo propter hoc* be not good logic, yet, when we find the same consequences generally following the same events, it requires nothing short of the skepticism of Mr. Hume, to deny that there is no connection between the one and the other; whatever, metaphysically speaking, there may be of *necessary* connection between cause and effect.

"I say, then, that we are here making an experiment which has never succeeded in any time or country, and which—as God shall judge me at the great and final day—I do in my heart believe will here fail; because I see and feel that it is now failing. It is an infirmity of my nature; it is constitutional; it was born with me; it has caused the misery (if you will) of my life; it is an infirmity of my nature to have an obstinate constitutional preference of *the true* over the *agreeable*; and I am satisfied, that if I had an only son, or, what is dearer, an only daughter—which God forbid!—I say, God forbid! for she might bring her father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave; she might break my heart; but, worse than that, what! Can any thing be worse than that? Yes, sir, I might break hers. I should be more sharp-sighted to her foibles than any one else. . . .

"I say, in my conscience and in my heart, I believe that this experiment will fail. If it should not fail, blessed be the Author of all Good for snatching this people as a brand from the burning, which has consumed as stubble all the nations—all the fruitfulness of the earth—which, before us, have been cut down, and cast into the fire. Why cumbereth it the ground? Why cumbereth it? Cut it down! Cut it down!

"I believe that it will fail; but, sir, if it does not fail, its success will be owing to the resistance of the usurpation of one man, by a power which was not unsuccessful in resisting another man, of the same name, and of the same race. And why is it that I think it will fail? Sir, with Father Paul, I may wish it to be perpetual, *esto perpetua*, but I cannot believe that it will be so. I do not believe that a free republican government is compatible with the apery of European fashions and manners—is compatible with the apery of European luxury and habits; but if it were, I do know that it is entirely incompatible with what I have in my hand—a base and baseless paper system of diplomacy, and a hardly better paper system of exchange.

"Now, sir, John Quincy Adams, coming into power under these inauspicious circumstances, and with these suspicious allies and connections, has determined to become the apostle of liberty, of universal

liberty, as his father was, about the time of the formation of the Constitution, known to be the apostle of monarchy. It is no secret. I was in New-York when he first took his seat as Vice-President. I recollect—for I was a schoolboy at the time—attending the lobby of Congress, when I ought to have been at school. I remember the manner in which my brother was spurned by the coachman of the then Vice-President, for coming too near the arms emblazoned on the scutcheon of the vice-regal carriage. Perhaps I may have some of this old animosity rankling in my heart, and, coming from a race who are known never to forsake a friend or forgive a foe, I am taught to forgive my enemies; and I do, from the bottom of my heart, most sincerely, as I hope to be forgiven; but it is *my* enemies, not the enemies of my country, for, if they come here in the shape of the English, it is my duty to kill them; if they come here in a worse shape—wolves in sheeps' clothing, it is my duty and my business to tear the sheep-skins from their backs, and, as Windham said to Pitt, open the bosom, and expose beneath the ruffled shirt the filthy dowlas. This language was used in the House of Commons, where they talk and act like men; where they eat and drink like men; and do other things like men, not like Master Bettrys. Adams determined to take warning by his father's errors; but in attempting the perpendicular, he bent as much the other way. Who would believe that Adams, the son of the sedition-law President, who held office under his father—who, up to December 6, 1807, was the undeviating, stanch adherent to the opposition to Jefferson's administration, then almost gone—who would believe he had selected for his pattern the celebrated Anacharsis Cloots, 'orator of the human race?' As Anacharsis was the orator of the human race, so Adams was determined to be the President of the human race, when I am not willing that he should be President of my name and race; but he is, and must be, till the third day of March, eighteen hundred and—I forget when. He has come out with a speech and a message, and with a doctrine that goes to take the whole human family under his special protection. Now, sir, who made him his brother's keeper? Who gave him, the President of the United States, the custody of the liberties, or the rights, or the interests of South America, or any other America, save, only, the United States of America, or any other country under the sun? He has put himself, we know, into the way, and I say, God send him a safe deliverance, and God send the country a safe deliverance from his policy—from his policy."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PANAMA MISSION—BLIFIL AND BLACK GEORGE.

THE American system of Mr. Clay was not confined to the mere domestic affairs of the United States, it contemplated a wider range, and embraced within its scope an intimate political relationship with all the republics and empires of North and South America. On the floor of the House of Representatives, in 1820, he gave the first outline of this American policy. "What would I give," says he, "could we appreciate the advantages of pursuing the course I propose. It is in our power to create a *system* of which we shall be the *centre*, and in which all South America will act with us. Imagine the vast power of the two continents, and the value of the intercourse between them, when we shall have a population of forty, and they of seventy millions. In relation to South America, the people of the United States will occupy the same position as the people of New England do to the rest of the United States. We shall be the *centre of a system*, which would constitute the *rallying point* of human freedom against all the despotism of the old world. Let us no longer watch the nod of any European politician. Let us become real and true Americans, and place ourselves at the head of the American system."

So soon as Mr. Clay took possession of the Department of State, he had an ample field for the exercise of his passion for diplomacy. He not only instilled his doctrines into the minds of our public functionaries abroad, but he immediately commenced a line of policy which must soon consummate his cherished schemes, and place himself at the head of an American Holy Alliance, to *defend human freedom against the despotism of the old world*.

The Spanish American Republics, by various treaties among themselves, had determined to appoint delegates to meet in Congress at Panama, for the purpose of devising means more effectually to prosecute the war with Spain, who had not yet acknowledged their independence; to settle some principles of international law; and to digest some plan of co-operation with the United States, to prevent the

interference of any other nation in the present war, on behalf of Spain, and to resist the further colonization of the American coast by the nations of Europe. There were many and serious difficulties in the way of any participation on the part of the United States in the deliberations and decisions of this Congress. Nor was their presence at first anticipated. But this Assembly furnished too favorable an opportunity for Mr. Clay to accomplish his schemes, to let it escape. He, as Secretary of State, intimated to the resident Ministers at Washington, in the name of the Government, that the United States, *if formally invited*, would, on their part, appoint a person to represent them. The invitation of course was extended; but before accepting it, the President thought that certain important preliminary questions should be settled. It appeared to him to be necessary, before the assembling of such a Congress, to settle between the different powers to be represented, several preliminary points; such as the subjects to which the attention of the Congress should be directed; the substance and the form of the powers to be given to the respective Representatives; and the mode of organizing the Congress. These subjects were discussed for many months in verbal conferences. They were not merely preliminary, but vital as to the propriety of accepting the invitation.

They were never settled. But the Secretary of State, and the President, whose imagination had now become inflamed with the same brilliant theme, were not to be diverted from their purpose by these grave difficulties. Two such ardent and obstinate tempers united on the same object, were not to be balked by ordinary obstacles.

But a few days before the meeting of Congress, the 30th of November, 1825, the Secretary wrote to the several Spanish American Ministers, residing at Washington. After expressing his regret that these subjects had not been arranged, he proceeds: "But as the want of the adjustment of these preliminaries, if it should occasion any inconvenience, could be only productive of some delay, the President has determined, at once, to manifest the sensibility of the United States to whatever concerns the prosperity of the American hemisphere, and to the friendly motives which have actuated your Governments in transmitting the invitation which you have communicated. He has, therefore, resolved, should the Senate of the United States, now expected to assemble in a few days, give their advice and consent,

to send Commissioners to the Congress at Panama." Accordingly, in his annual message, the 6th of December, the President announces to Congress that "the invitation has been accepted, and ministers on the part of the United States will be commissioned to attend at those deliberations."

New offices were to be created, and the whole policy of the country, in despite of the warning of the father of his country, was to be changed, by mere Executive will, without the advice and consent of the Representatives of the States, or of the people.

This extraordinary measure was deemed by the President to be within the constitutional competency of the Executive; and, before ascertaining the opinion of the Legislature as to its expediency, by first obtaining a creation of the offices proposed to be filled, and then an appropriation for the salaries, he nominated Richard C. Anderson, of Kentucky, and John Sergeant, of Pennsylvania, to be Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary to the Assembly of American Nations, at Panama.

Mr. Randolph took his seat in the Senate a few days after the message containing these nominations was communicated to that body.

On the 4th of January, 1826, he writes to a friend, "We are here, as dull as the 'Asphaltic Pool.' Yet I think it possible (not to say probable) that we shall not continue so during the remainder of the session. . . . If any check can be given to the Ex. Power, I have long believed that the Senate alone had the reins. The H. of R., from its character and composition, can never be formidable to a P. who has common sense." The "Asphaltic Pool" was soon driven and tossed by a mighty tempest.

After repeated calls on the President for fuller information, which he very mincingly dealt out to them, the Senate at length commenced in conclave to discuss the Panama question.

Mr. Van Buren, on the 15th of February, submitted a resolution, "That upon the question, whether the United States shall be represented in the Congress of Panama, the Senate ought to act with open doors; unless it shall appear that the publication of documents necessary to be referred to in debate will be prejudicial to existing negotiations."

He submitted a further resolution, "That the President be respectfully requested to inform the Senate whether such objection ex-

isted in the publication of the documents communicated by the Executive, or any portion of them ; and, if so, to specify the parts the publication of which would, for that reason, be objectionable."

Mr. Randolph opposed these resolutions. He protested against opening the doors, and contended that the President was a co-ordinate branch of the Government, and was entitled to all possible respect from the Senate. "It is his duty," said he, "to lay before us information on which we must act ; if he does not give us sufficient information, it is not our business to ask more." The resolutions, however, were adopted ; and the next day, the President sent the following message in reply : "In answer to the two resolutions of the Senate, of the 15th instant, marked (Executive) and which I have received, I state respectfully, that all the communications from me to the Senate, relating to the Congress at Panama, have been made, like all other communications upon Executive business, in *confidence*, and most of them in compliance with a resolution of the Senate, requiring them confidentially. Believing that the established usage of free confidential communications between the Executive and the Senate ought, for the public interest, to be preserved unimpaired, I deem it my indispensable duty to leave to the Senate, itself, the decision of a question involving a departure, hitherto, so far as I am informed, without example, from that usage, and upon the motives for which, not being informed of them, I do not feel myself competent to decide."

This message changed the tone of Mr. Randolph towards the President. Some weeks afterwards, when addressing the Senate with open doors, he alluded to this subject.

"I did maintain," said he, "the rights of the President ; but from the moment he sent us this message, from that moment did my tone and manner to him change ; from that moment was I an altered man, and, I am afraid, not altered for the better.

"Sir, if he would leave to the Senate the decision of the question, I would agree with him ; but the evil genius of the American house of Stuart prevailed. He goes on to say that the question 'involves a departure, hitherto, so far as I am informed, without example, from that usage, and upon the *motives* for which, not being informed of them, I do not feel myself competent to decide.' If this had been prosecuted for a libel, what jury would have failed to have found a verdict on such an inuendo ? That we were breaking up from our own usages to gratify personal spleen ? I say nothing about our *movements*, because he was not informed of them. The inuendo was,

that our motives were black and bad. That moment did I put, like Hannibal, my hand on the altar, and swear eternal enmity against him and his, politically. From that moment I would do any thing within the limits of the Constitution and the law; for, as Chatham said of Wilkes, 'I would not, in the person of the worst of men, violate those sanctions and privileges which are the safeguard of the rights and liberties of the best; but, within the limits of the Constitution and the law, if I don't carry on the war, whether in the Peninsula or any where else, it shall be for want of resources.'"

After further observations on the resolutions moved in conclave, Mr. Randolph repeated what he had then said in reference to the message of the President.

"Who made him a judge of our usages? Who constituted him? He has been a professor, I understand. I wish he had left off the pedagogue when he got into the Executive chair. Who made him the *censor morum* of this body? Will any one answer this question? Yes or no? Who? Name the person. Above all, who made him the searcher of hearts, and gave him the right, by an inuendo black as hell, to blacken our motives? Blacken our motives! I did not say that then. I was more under self-command; I did not use such strong language. I said, if he could borrow the eye of Omniscience himself, and look into every bosom here; if he could look into that most awful, calamitous, and tremendous of all possible gulfs, the naked unveiled human heart, stripped of all its covering of self-love, exposed naked, as to the eye of God—I said if he could do that, he was not, as President of the United States, entitled to pass upon our motives, although he saw and knew them to be bad. I said, if he had converted us to the Catholic religion, and was our father confessor, and every man in this House at the footstool of the confessional had confessed a bad motive to him by the laws of his church, as by this Constitution, above the law and above the church, he, as President of the United States, could not pass on our motives, though we had told him with our own lips our motives, and confessed they were bad. I said this then, and I say it now. Here I plant my foot; here I fling defiance right into his teeth before the American people; here I throw the gauntlet to him and the bravest of his compeers, to come forward and defend these miserable lines: 'Involving a departure, hitherto, so far as I am informed, without example, from that usage, and upon the motives for which, not being informed of them, I do not feel myself competent to decide.' Amiable modesty! I wonder we did not, all at once, fall in love with him, and agree *una voce* to publish our proceedings, except myself, for I quitted the Senate ten minutes before the vote was taken. I saw what was to

follow ; I knew the thing would not be done at all, or would be done unanimously. Therefore, in spite of the remonstrances of friends, I went away, not fearing that any one would doubt what my vote would have been, if I had staid. After twenty-six hours' exertion, it was time to give in. I was defeated, horse, foot, and dragoons—cut up, and clean broke down by the coalition of Bliffl and Black George—by the combination, unheard of till then, of the puritan with the blackleg."

CHAPTER XXXI.

DUEL WITH HENRY CLAY.

THE remarks contained in the closing paragraph of the preceding chapter, were made in reference to the coalition between Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams. Mr. Randolph was fully persuaded that it was the result of corrupt motives ; and being so persuaded, he did not hesitate to express himself in the strongest terms of denunciation. But, on the present occasion, he so far forgot himself as to indulge in language of the grossest personal insult. We do not believe that this was a premeditated and malicious assault on the private reputation of an absent rival. In the heat of debate, Randolph often used expressions that in cooler moments he regretted. Concentration of thought and intensity of expression were characteristic of his mind. Few men could say more pithy or pungent things. His sentences were aphorisms, without a superfluous ornament, and pregnant with meaning. On the present occasion, while the blood was up, and the mind glowing with intense action, we are persuaded that he looked only to the vividness of his illustrations and the aptness of his allusions. He felt only the strength of the orator giving intensity to his expressions ; he perceived only the effect on his audience, and did not consider the wound he might inflict on the feelings of the subject of his allusions. If the thought flashed across his mind at the moment, it was too late ; while "at the top of his bent," and in the eye of the Senate, he could not pause to weigh consequences. When, perhaps, in the next hour after taking his seat, he may have regretted that any offensive words had escaped his lips. So conscious was he

of his proneness to this license in the heat of debate, that he not unfrequently asked pardon of the House, or of the Senate, while a member of that body, for any unguarded and injurious expressions he may have uttered. We can readily fancy that when his attention was called to the subject by a friend, he would exclaim, "God forgive me! but it is too late now; it can't be helped." Having flung down the gauntlet, and challenged the boldest champion of the administration to take it up, he was not the man to take back any insulting expressions that might provoke an acceptance of his challenge. Having offered the insult, he calmly awaited the consequences, not doubting what those consequences would be. Mr. Clay was not a man of such forbearance and Christian virtue as to permit a gross imputation on his motives to pass unnoticed. The circumstances by which he was surrounded, and the quarter from which it came, forbade it on this occasion. He was compelled to act. He had reached a crisis in his public career; a vast suspicion hung upon the integrity of his late conduct; the public had fixed a jealous eye on his movements; had he then quailed, or even been silent, under the charge of bankruptcy in morals, both public and private, his political fortunes would have been ruined beyond the hope of redemption. Randolph, too, was the man to confront. He had been the evil genius that from the beginning stood in the way of his aspirations; not as the weird sisters in the path of Macbeth, to cheer him on with prophecies of future greatness, but as the angel with the flaming sword, that checked the presumptuous Baalam as he went up to curse the children of God.

He strode from the vestibule to the speaker's chair, and from that elevated position fixed his eye on a still more lofty seat. Randolph's keen and practised perception saw the dangerous and the vaulting ambition of the man, and from that moment marked him as an object of especial notice. While the country yet paused, and her fate still hung balanced between peace and war, Clay, with burning zeal, urged on to strife, Randolph's voice was heard for peace. On the political arena they met, and with ethereal weapons fought. When the trophies of victory reared on the bloody field of combat shall have mouldered into dust, the intellectual conflicts of these great orators shall live in the memory of coming ages. Soon they parted; one to the shades and the solitude of Roanoke, the other to the

achievement of still higher exploits in the cabinet of diplomacy. Again they met on the same arena. Peace had returned, and with it a tide of prosperity that maddened the minds of the multitude, and filled the imaginations of gravest statesmen with schemes of magnificence and grandeur that brooked no constitutional restraint in the way of their complete and immediate execution. But the towering genius of the young Apollo soared above them all, and bore away the crown of victory, while the people stood charmed with the melodious tones of his persuasive voice, and enchanted by the magic spell he had thrown about their bewildered minds. But the eagle, towering in his pride, was doomed to fall. The keen archer sped an arrow, plumed with feathers fallen from his own wing, that brought him wounded to the earth. "From the time that I entered upon the subject of his conduct in relation to the Bank, in 1811 (renewal of the old charter) and in 1816 (the new Bank), and on internal improvements, &c, (quoting his own words in his last speech that 'this was a limited *cautiously restricted government*.) and held up the 'compromise' in its true colors, he never once glanced his eye upon me but to withdraw it, as if he had seen a basilisk." But the glance of the basilisk, nor the archer's shaft, could quell his aspiring mind. Borne up on the popular breeze, he still mounted aloft, and waved defiance to his enemies. Scorning meaner things, his wide vision stretched across the continent, and embraced far distant republics in the scope of his philanthropy. A halo of glory seemed to hover about his brow, and he rode like a sun, eclipsing the beams of lesser luminaries. But his hour had come; the fatal blunder had been committed. Proud and confident, he had never mistrusted his own infallibility. The averted countenance of retiring friends, the chilling breath of cold suspicion, taught him when too late that he also was mortal. In this hour of abandonment and peril, his old enemy dealt him a deadly blow. He had no right to complain; he could not exclaim *et tu, Brute!* for no friendship had ever been professed: on the contrary, Randolph had ever deprecated his ambition as dangerous, and felt justified in the use of any weapon that might curb its career. Embittered by the denunciations heaped upon him on every hand, and chafed by the prospect of falling fortunes, Clay only saw in his ancient rival a cunning Mephistopheles, heaping scornful words upon him, and smiling in triumph at his over-

throw. Stung to desperation, he sought revenge in the blood of his adversary. Pity he knew no other mode of vindicating an injured character than a resort to mortal combat. It is a reproach to civilization, if not to Christianity, that they have found no other means of wiping away the stains of dishonor than that which is exacted by the bloody code of a barbarous age.

These two remarkable men, so often meeting in the arena of debate, and now for the first time on the bloody field, were born within a day's ride of each other. One in the baronial halls of his ancestors, on the lofty banks of the Appomattox, the other in an humble dwelling amidst the slashes of Hanover. While the poor deputy clerk, in the intervals of toil, picked up his scanty crumbs of knowledge, the proud son of fortune enjoyed the richest repasts in the highest seminaries of learning. While the one yet a youth, was borne into the halls of Congress by the sweet voices of the people, the other was still fighting his uncouth way to fame and fortune among the hunters of Kentucky.

Born to command, each was reared in that school that best fitted him to perform the part Providence had assigned him. In daily contact with his fellows, the one became affable, courteous, winning in his ways, and powerful in his influence over the mind and the will of the admiring multitude; the other, in retirement and solitude, cherished those sterner virtues that made him the unbending advocate of truth, the unwavering defender of the Constitution, and the intrepid leader of those who rallied around the rights of the States as the only sure guarantee of the rights of the people.

The acknowledged champions of the two great political parties again reorganized, and with the hopes of the whole country resting upon them, these two men were about to meet for the purpose of extinguishing the lives of each other. Sad end to a bright career! But encompassed as they were by a false sense of honor, which they themselves had cherished, there was no other alternative but to fight. With a laudable desire to terminate the difference between the parties in a manner alike honorable to both, General Jesup and Colonel Tattnall mutually agreed to suspend the challenge and acceptance, in order that, if possible, satisfactory explanations might be entered into.

General Jesup, as the friend of Mr. Clay, stated that the injury

of which that gentleman complained consisted in this : that Mr. Randolph had charged him with having forged or manufactured a paper connected with the Panama mission ; also, that he had applied to him the epithet *black legs*. General Jesup considered it necessary that Mr. Randolph should declare that he had no intention of charging Mr. Clay, either in his public or private capacity, with forging or falsifying any paper, or misrepresenting any fact ; and also, that the term *black legs*, if used, was not intended to apply to him.

Colonel Tattnell made the communication to Mr. Randolph. His reply cut off all hope of any satisfactory adjustment of the difficulty ; “ I have gone, says he, as far as I could in waiving my privilege to accept a peremptory challenge from a minister of the Executive Government, under any circumstances, and especially under such circumstances. The words used by me were, that I thought it would be in my power to show evidence, sufficiently presumptive, to satisfy a Charlotte jury, that this invitation was “manufactured” here—that Salagar’s letter struck me as being a strong likeness in point of style, &c., to the other papers. I did not undertake to *prove* this, but expressed my suspicion that the fact was so. I applied to the administration the epithet, “puritanic, diplomatic, black-legged administration.”

“I have no explanations to give—I will not give any—I am called to the field—I have agreed to go and am ready to go.”

“The night before the duel,” says General James Hamilton, of South Carolina, “Mr. Randolph sent for me. I found him calm, but in a singularly kind and confiding mood. He told me that he had something on his mind to tell me. He then remarked, ‘Hamilton, I have determined to receive, without returning, Clay’s fire ; nothing shall induce me to harm a hair of his head ; I will not make his wife a widow, or his children orphans. Their tears would be shed over his grave ; but when the sod of Virginia rests on my bosom, there is not in this wide world one individual to pay this tribute upon mine.’ His eyes filled, and resting his head upon his hand, we remained some moments silent. I replied, ‘My dear friend (for ours was a sort of posthumous friendship, bequeathed by our mothers), I deeply regret that you have mentioned this subject to me ; for you call upon me to go to the field and to see you shot down, or to assume the responsibility, in regard to your own life, in sustaining your determina-

tion to throw it away. But on this subject, a man's own conscience and his own bosom are his best monitors. I will not advise, but under the enormous and unprovoked personal insult you have offered Mr. Clay, I cannot dissuade. I feel bound, however, to communicate to Colonel Tattnall your decision.' He begged me not to do so, and said 'he was very much afraid that Tattnall would take the studs and refuse to go out with him.' I, however, sought Colonel Tattnall, and we repaired about midnight to Mr. Randolph's lodgings, whom we found reading Milton's great poem. For some moments he did not permit us to say one word in relation to the approaching duel; and he at once commenced one of those delightful criticisms on a passage of this poet, in which he was wont so enthusiastically to indulge. After a pause, Colonel Tattnall remarked, 'Mr. Randolph, I am told you have determined not to return Mr. Clay's fire; I must say to you, my dear sir, if I am only to go out to see you shot down, you must find some other friend.' Mr. Randolph remarked that it was his determination. After much conversation on the subject, I induced Colonel Tattnall to allow Mr. Randolph to take his own course, as his withdrawal, as one of his friends, might lead to very injurious misconstructions. At last, Mr. Randolph, smiling, said, 'Well, Tattnall, I promise you one thing, if I see the devil in Clay's eye, and that with malice prepense he means to take my life, I may change my mind.' A remark I knew he made merely to propitiate the anxieties of his friend.

"Mr. Clay and himself met at 4 o'clock the succeeding evening, on the banks of the Potomac. But he saw 'no devil in Clay's eye,' but a man fearless, and expressing the mingled sensibility and firmness which belonged to the occasion.

"I shall never forget this scene, as long as I live. It has been my misfortune to witness several duels, but I never saw one, at least in its sequel, so deeply affecting. The sun was just setting behind the blue hills of Randolph's own Virginia. Here were two of the most extraordinary men our country in its prodigality had produced, about to meet in mortal combat. Whilst Tattnall was loading Randolph's pistols I approached my friend, I believed, for the last time; I took his hand; there was not in its touch the quivering of one pulsation. He turned to me and said, 'Clay is calm, but not vindictive—I hold my purpose, Hamilton, in any event; remember this.' On handing

in their cradles, in happy ignorance of what is passing around them; and not the white ones only, for shall not we too, kill—shall we not react the scenes which were acted in Guatamala, and elsewhere, except, I hope, with far different success; for if, with a superiority in point of numbers, as well as of intelligence and courage, we should suffer ourselves to be, as them, vanquished, we should deserve to have negroes for our task-masters, and for the husbands of our wives. This, then, is the inestimable object, which the gentleman from Carolina views in the same light that I do, and that you do too, sir, and to which every Southern bosom responds;—a chord which, when touched, even by the most delicate hand, vibrates to the heart of every man in our country. I wish I could maintain, with truth, that it came within the other predicament—that it was a small danger, but it is a great danger; it is a danger that has increased, is increasing, and *must* be diminished, or it must come to its regular catastrophe."

But it is not our purpose to make further allusion to Mr. Randolph's public acts during the present excited session. Let us turn to the inner man, and view him seated by his solitary fireside, communing with almost the only friend to whom he felt at liberty to unveil the secret workings of his heart. Friday, January 6, 1826, he writes to Dr Brockenbrough:

Your letter, addressed to Petersburg, has just hove in sight; I should like "to have a word with *you* touching a certain subject." When I first heard of it I was thunderstruck. For that was the only person who had (repeatedly) urged this matter upon me, by the strongest expressions that our language affords. At first it revived very strongly the recollection of the "ratting" (as the English phrase it) among the "minority-men," some twelve or fourteen years ago; when this very person (and long before his seceding from us) wrote to me somewhat in this strain—"Let Monroe go over to the ministry, if he will—as for us," &c., &c. Well, what of all this; I have seen and conversed with the party, in the most familiar manner, without one bitter feeling. The event was too recent to be forgotten, but it did not tinge, in the slightest degree, the kindly intercourse between us. Am I to blame a man for being what nature and education made him? In this case, I am persuaded that all the blame lies at the door of the latter. What could be expected from such an example (to say nothing of the precepts) as this poor fellow had always before him. And again, is it not more than an even wager, that I have defects at least as great, although not of the same character? My horse Mark Anthony is fleetier than Janus, but Janus is the better horse. Why should I curse twenty poor devils that I could name, because they are mean? They can't help it. The leopard cannot change his spots.

acting on a nervous sensibility, at all times acute—exasperated now by long protracted disease, made him more than commonly animated and eccentric in his manner and style of speaking. “The fever,” says he, Feb. 27, 1826, “and the toast and water (I touch nothing else), keeps me more intoxicated (exhilarated, rather) than two bottles of champagne.” Many thought him mad; but there was a method in his madness. All his speeches had a purpose bearing on the past history and the future destiny of the obnoxious incumbents in office. While many thought he was scattering sparks and even firebrands around him in wanton sport, he was forging weapons to be used in the coming contest with the men in power. Many of his speeches on these occasions were truly characteristic, some of them far-seeing and prophetic, especially the one delivered March 2, on “Negro Slavery in South America.”

“I know there are gentlemen,” said Mr. Randolph, “not only from the Northern, but from the Southern States, who think that this unhappy question—for such it is—of negro slavery, which the Constitution has vainly attempted to blink, by not using the term, should never be brought into public notice, more especially into that of Congress, and most especially here. Sir, with every due respect for the gentlemen who think so, I differ from them, *toto cælo*. Sir, it is a thing which cannot be hid—it is not a dry-rot that you can cover with the carpet, until the house tumbles about your ears—you might as well try to hide a volcano in full operation—it cannot be hid; it is a cancer in your face, and must be treated *secundum artem*; it must not be tampered with by quacks, who never saw the disease or the patient—it must be, if you will, let alone; but on this very principle of letting it alone, I have brought in my resolution. I am willing to play what is called child’s play—let me alone and I will let you alone; let my resolution alone, and I will say nothing in support of it; for there is a want of sense in saying any thing in support of a resolution that nobody opposes. Sir, will the Senate pardon my repeating the words of a great man, which cannot be too often repeated? ‘A small danger, menacing an inestimable object, is of more importance, in the eyes of a wise man, than the greatest danger which can possibly threaten an object of minor consequence.’ I do not put the question to you, sir. I know what your answer will be. I know what will be the answer of every husband, father, son, and brother, throughout the Southern States; I know that on this depends the honor of every matron and maiden—of every matron (wife or widow) between the Ohio and the Gulf of Mexico. I know that upon it depends the life’s blood of the little ones which are lying

in their cradles, in happy ignorance of what is passing around them; and not the white ones only, for shall not we too, kill—shall we not react the scenes which were acted in Guatamala, and elsewhere, except, I hope, with far different success; for if, with a superiority in point of numbers, as well as of intelligence and courage, we should suffer ourselves to be, as them, vanquished, we should deserve to have negroes for our task-masters, and for the husbands of our wives. This, then, is the inestimable object, which the gentleman from Carolina views in the same light that I do, and that you do too, sir, and to which every Southern bosom responds;—a chord which, when touched, even by the most delicate hand, vibrates to the heart of every man in our country. I wish I could maintain, with truth, that it came within the other predicament—that it was a small danger, but it is a great danger; it is a danger that has increased, is increasing, and *must* be diminished, or it must come to its regular catastrophe.”

But it is not our purpose to make further allusion to Mr. Randolph's public acts during the present excited session. Let us turn to the inner man, and view him seated by his solitary fireside, communing with almost the only friend to whom he felt at liberty to unveil the secret workings of his heart. Friday, January 6, 1826, he writes to Dr Brockenbrough :

Your letter, addressed to Petersburg, has just hove in sight; I should like “to have a word with *you* touching a certain subject.” When I first heard of it I was thunderstruck. For that was the only person who had (repeatedly) urged this matter upon me, by the strongest expressions that our language affords. At first it revived very strongly the recollection of the “ratting” (as the English phrase it) among the “minority-men,” some twelve or fourteen years ago; when this very person (and long before his seceding from us) wrote to me somewhat in this strain—“Let Monroe go over to the ministry, if he will—as for us,” &c., &c. Well, what of all this; I have seen and conversed with the party, in the most familiar manner, without one bitter feeling. The event was too recent to be forgotten, but it did not tinge, in the slightest degree, the kindly intercourse between us. Am I to blame a man for being what nature and education made him? In this case, I am persuaded that all the blame lies at the door of the latter. What could be expected from such an example (to say nothing of the precepts) as this poor fellow had always before him. And again, is it not more than an even wager, that I have defects at least as great, although not of the same character? My horse Mark Anthony is fleetier than Janus, but Janus is the better horse. Why should I curse twenty poor devils that I could name, because they are mean? They can't help it. The leopard cannot change his spots.

Now, after all this philosophy, if it may be called such, do not suppose that I mean to compromise with fraud, and falsehood, and villany, in any shape. I only mean not to run a tilt against wind-mills or flocks of sheep. Yesterday I took a good long ride of eight or nine miles, and am now going to do likewise. J. R. or R.

To the same.

Saturday, January 14th, 1826.

Your letter of Thursday gives me very great relief: continue, I pray you, to write, if it be but a line. I noted Giles's "discovery;" but, this absurdity notwithstanding, it is a stinging piece. If he were not himself "particeps criminis," he would touch upon the libel against the whole West, in the case of John Smith, of Ohio; and above all, the suspension of the habeas corpus.

On the whole, I am firmly persuaded that nothing but a paper, such as he would manage (and the vocation is as creditable as school-keeping), can arrest (if it can) the present current of affairs.

Your questions relating to the Senate I cannot (agreeably to our rule) answer. As to Mr. M——, I did not know, until I heard it from you, that he had been in the lachrymatory mood at all.

Poor Gilmer! He is another of the countless victims of calomel. I had indulged a hope that he would at least live to finish his life of Fabricius. He told me some years ago, that if he survived me he meant to write a biography of me. But what he would have found to say that is not in the newspapers, I cannot conjecture.

You are right to like the Ch. J.'s Madeira, or any body's, if it be old and good. I ride every day from six to ten miles. A friend has just told me that M.'s passion excited great laughter in the House.

J. R. or R.

To the same.

WASHINGTON, January 30th, 1826.

Your letter of the 28th—*Jam satis terris nivis*. It began to snow about an hour before day, and continues to fall fast and furious, reminding me of schoolboy and snow-bird days, "departed, never to return." I rode out yesterday some six or eight miles, and the day before as far (when I paid my devoirs to Madame la Presidente, I could do no less). I have even attended two days in the Senate, but if ever man was dying, I am. It does not take more than one hour for food, &c., to pass from my esophagus through the rectum, unchanged. This I have proved with various substances. The coffee passes off (not by the bladder) without a change of hue or smell. The least mental fatigue, above all, the jabber of Congress, prostrates me. My old friend, Mr. M——, comes "to keep me company," with the most amiable disposition in the world, and leaves me exhausted and worn down. If some one would sit by and say nothing, I could bear it; but conversation—no, no, no.

I have always believed that St. Thomas of Cantingbury's jewels were Bristol stones—in other words, that he was insolvent. What else could be expected from his gimcracks and crack-brained notions and “improvements?” Ah! that La Fayette business. Do you remember my Cassandra voice from Paris, about the tirae of his embarkation for the U. S.? I am more and more set against all new things. I only wanted to know who C. G. was, because in the Enquirer, of October the 25th last, F. Key published an answer to him; I have seen neither. I am against all Colonization, &c., societies—I am for the good old plan of making the negroes *work*, and thereby enabling the master to feed and clothe them well, and take care of them in sickness and old age.

To the same.

Wednesday Morning, February . st, 1826.

Yesterday we had a very interesting debate in the Senate, in which I took part. I verily believe it assisted the determination of my disease to the surface, for I was never more animated. A *superficial* speech, you will say. Be that as it may, it drew upon me a great many handsome and flattering compliments; and from one quarter, my friend Benton (for I was on his side), I believe sincere. We differed from the presiding officer upon what Mr. J. would call a “speck” in the political horizon; but it turned out to be of vital consequence as we probed it. It was laid over for mature consideration. After the debate, and while some Indian treaties were being read, Mr. C. sent for me, and said, that the question had assumed a new and important aspect—required solemn consideration and decision—my views were strong and important, &c., &c. He then sent for B. and told him much the same. He electioneers with great assiduity. Although it has no influence on the marked attention that I have received from *him*, yet the civilities of the palace have produced an evident effect on the manner of some others towards your humble servant. Indeed, since my call on Mrs. A (in return for her civility while I was confined), M., of Massachusetts, who is the ear-trumpet and mouthpiece of the palace in our House, has changed his demeanor from (not “sweet”) “austere composure” to officious cordiality.

Your letter of Monday—my God! where will all this end? It will soon be disgraceful to be honest and pay one's debts. It is bitter cold, and I am suffering with it and erysipelas. Adieu!

To the same.

Monday Morning, February 6, 1826.

Your letters are my only comfort: that of the 4th was brought in just now on my breakfast tray. I can't help being sorry for that poor man to whom you were called the morning you wrote, although

he did, some twenty or thirty years ago (how time passes!) attempt by a deep-laid scheme of to beggar a family that I was much attached to; one, too, with which he was nearly connected, and that he kept upon the most friendly terms with—his debts have floored him. It is strange, passing strange—people will get in debt; and instead of working and starving out, they go on giving dinners, keeping carriages, and covering aching bosoms with smiling faces, go about greeting in the market-places, &c. I always think that I can see the anguish under the grin and grimace, like old mother Cole's dirty flannel peeping out beneath her Brussel's lace. This killed poor H. H., and is killing like a slow poison all persons so circumstanced, who possess principle or pride. I never see one of these martyrs to false pride writhing under their own reflections, that I am not in some degree reconciled to the physical fire that I carry in my bosom. The man whom H——'s fall will probably prostrate, would himself have been no better off than his principal, but for speculation and a lucky sale, just as the tide began to fall, a few years ago.

I send you the "Citizen." The schoolmaster writes better than his employer.

J. R. OF R.

To the same.

Monday, the 20th February, 1826.

For the first time during the last four or five days, I got a little ride yesterday, sick as I was and am. I called on the Ch. J., and told him what you said about L., and he joined me, in a hearty approbation of his refusal to become a candidate for the Assembly, or any thing else, until he shall have secured "a competence, however moderate, without which no man can be independent, and hardly honest." The words are Junius's to Woodfall, when he declined sharing any part of the profits of his celebrated letters.

I told him, also, of my firm and positive refusal to present to the Senate the petition of the Colonization Society, although earnestly entreated to do so, by F. Key. That I thought the tendency of it bad and mischievous; that a spirit of morbid sensibility, religious fanaticism, vanity, and the love of display, were the chief moving causes of that society.

That true humanity to the slave was to make him do a fair day's work, and to treat him with all the kindness compatible with due subordination. By that means, the master could afford to clothe and feed him well, and take care of him in sickness and old age; while the morbid sentimentalist could not do this. His slave was unprovided with necessaries, unless pilfered from his master's neighbors; because the owner could not furnish them out of the profits of the negro's labor—there being none. And at the master's death, the poor slaves were generally sold for debt (because the philanthropist

had to go to BANK, instead of drawing upon his crop), and were dispersed from Carolina to the Balize; so that in the end the superfine master turned out, like all other *ultras*, the worst that could be for the negroes.

This system of false indulgence, too, *educates* (I use the word in its strict and true meaning) all those pampered menials who, sooner or later, find their way to some Fulcher, the hand-cuffs, and the Alabama negro trader's slave-chain. How many such have I met within the different "coffles" (Mungo Park) of slaves that I had known living on the fat of the land, and drest as well as their masters and mistresses. I wished all the free negroes removed, with their own consent, out of the slave States especially; but that, from the institution of the Passover to the latest experience of man, it would be found, that no two distinct people could occupy the same territory, under one government, but in the relation of master and vassal.

The Exodus of the Jews was effected by the visible and miraculous interposition of the hand of God; and that without the same miraculous assistance, the Colonization Society would not remove the tithe of the increase of the free blacks, while their proceedings and talks disturbed the rest of the slaves. Enough; enough. Rain—sleet—drizzle.

J. R. OF R.

To the same.

Monday morning, February 27th, 1826.

Gaillard died yesterday, at 4 o'clock, P. M. Although, on this account, the Senate will transact no business to-day, yet, as I yesterday received from H. T. the sad news of his son's death, and have Tazewell to keep up with us, I can only acknowledge your letter of this morning (written on Saturday). Poor Gilmer! he is only gone a little while before all that he loved or cared for. I am proud that I was one of the number.

As Dr. says, "I take" what you say about V. B.'s "address." I do assure you he has not warmed himself into my good graces by flattery, to which, like all men, I am accessible, and perhaps more so than men generally are, although I begin to think, that if they go on much longer as they do at present, I shall, like Louis Quatorze, not know when I am flattered. As to V. B. and myself, we have been a little cool; it was under that state of things that I mentioned him. He has done our cause disservice by delay, in the hope of getting first Gaillard, then Tazewell (while he was sick here), and since, while absent at Norfolk, and some other aid. I was for action, knowing that delay would only give time for the poison of patronage to do its office. His extreme delicacy upon all matters of money (upon which he never bestows a thought), having (as Junius says) secured a competency however moderate, his scorn of debt or obligation, won him first my good opinion. But if he has not, others have poured "the

leprous distilment into the porches of mine ears." The V. P. has actually made love to me; and my old friend, Mr. Macon, reminds me daily of *the old major*, who verily believed that I was a nonesuch of living men. In short, Friday's affair has been praised on all hands, in a style that might have gorged the appetite of Cicero himself. Mr. M. returned on Saturday from Lloyd's (he gave a party on that day, and had invited Mr. M. three times before, who had excused himself), and asked me if my face did not burn. I really did not comprehend the question. It was a saying, when I was a boy, that when backbitten the ears burned. He went on in a way that I shall not repeat, as the sentiments of every man at table.

To the same.

March 4th, 1826; WASHINGTON, Saturday morn., four o'clock.

I have been up an hour and a half, trying to kindle a fire, and have at last succeeded. I cannot sleep. Death shakes his dart at me; but I do not, cannot fear him. He has already killed my friends—Gilmer—Tazewell. I fear that I shall never see the last again. The first is removed for ever. This February and these ides of March will live in future times, as the black year does yet in the North of Europe—in Iceland particularly; *that* it depopulated of its enlightened, virtuous, and pious inhabitants; poor indeed, but pious and good, and therefore happy; happy as mortality can be. And what is that?

This cold black plague has destroyed the only two men that Virginia has bred since the Revolution, who had real claims to learning; the rest are all shallow pretenders; *they* were scholars, and ripe and good ones, and the soil was better than the culture. Here the material surpassed the workmanship, tasteful and costly as it was.

I had read "Burns and Byron" before I received the Compiler. I am a passionate admirer of both. I shall not pretend to decide between them in point of genius. They were the most extraordinary men that England and Scotland have produced since the days of Milton and Napier of Merchiston, although there be no assignable relation between logarithms and poetry. They are incommensurable.

Write; but do not expect bulletins for some days. I have no phthisis, nor fear of it. My cough is symptomatic, or sympathetic, or some other "sym."

McNaught is not the only suicide, even in Richmond. Now, when too late, I am a confirmed toast-and-water man. My convivialities for fifteen years (1807–1822) are now telling upon me. If mankind had ever profited even by their own experience! Now that poor Frank is gone, and cannot execute his threat of writing my life, I would turn autobiographer. But he meant to dedicate to Tazewell! That word, that name seems to petrify me. If living, blind like

"Thamyris and blind Meonides," and like a greater than they—he who achieved "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

I am really ill; the whole machine is rotten; the nails and screws that I drive will not take hold, but draw out with the decayed wood.

J. R. OF R.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

EARLY in May, before the adjournment of Congress, Mr. Randolph sailed from the Delaware Bay on his third voyage to Europe. He arrived in Liverpool about the middle of June. "I have barely time to tell you," says he to a friend, "that I had a very disagreeable passage, finding B——n, the master of the *Alexander*, to be the most conceited and insufferable tyrant of the quarter-deck that I ever saw, and I have been to sea going on these three and forty years."

He remained in Liverpool for some time, enjoying the hospitalities of the place. "I am arrived in time for elections," says he. "You will see a lame report of an aquatic excursion, in which I bore a part, yesterday. Mr. Huskisson and Mr. John Bolton are just arrived to take me to the Mayor's to dinner." From Liverpool Mr. Randolph travelled extensively in England, Wales, and on the Continent. We are happy to have it in our power to allow him to speak of those travels in his own words.

To Dr. Brockenbrough.

HOLKHAM, Sunday, July 16th, 1826.

A month has now elapsed since I landed in England, during which time I have not received a line from any friend, except Benton, who wrote to me on the eve of his departure from Babylon the Great to Missouri. Missouri! and here am I writing in the parlor of the New Inn, at the gate of Mr. Coke's park, where art has mastered nature in one of her least amiable moods. To say the truth, he that would see this country to advantage must not end with the barren sands and flat infertile heaths (strike out the *l*, I meant to write heaths) of the east country, but must reserve the Vale of Severn and Wales for a *bonne bouche*. Although I was told at Norwich that Mr. Coke was at home (and by a particular friend of his too), yet I find that

he and Lady Anne are gone to the very extremity of this huge county to a wool fair, at Thetford, sixty-five miles off; and while my companion, Mr. Williams, of S. C. (son of David R. W.), is gone to the Hall, I am resolved to bestow, if not "all," a part at least of "my tediousness" upon you. Tediousness, indeed, for what have I to write about, unless to tell you that my health, so far from getting better, was hardly ever worse. Like the gallant General H., I am "pursued by a diarrhœa" that confines me to my quarters, and may deprive my native land of the "honor" of my sepulchre. The mischief is, that in this age of fools and motions in Congress, my ashes can have no security that some wiseacre may not get a vote (because no one will oppose him through mere *vis inertia* and ennui), that my "remains" too may be removed to their parent earth.

Mr. Williams has been very attentive and kind to me. I have been trying to persuade him to abandon me to the underwriters as a total loss, but he will not desert me; so that I meditate giving him the slip for his own sake. We saw Dudley Inn and a bad race at Newmarket on our way to Norwich. There we embarked on the river Yare, and proceeded to Yarmouth by the steam packet. We returned to Norwich by land, and by different routes; he by the direct road, and I by *Beccles*, fifteen miles further; and yet I arrived first. Through Lord Suffield's politeness, who gave me a most hearty invitation to Gunton, I was enabled to see the Castle (now the county jail) to the best advantage. His lordship is a great prison discipline financier, and was very polite to me when I was in England four years ago. I met him by mere accident at the inn at Norwich, where the coach from *Beccles* stopped.

At this distance of time and place, our last winter's squabbles, over Panama itself, seem somewhat diminished in importance. For my part if I can get rid of that constitutional disease, which certain circumstances brought on last winter with symptoms of great aggravation, I shall care very little about the game, and nothing about them that play it.

With some of these circumstances, you are unacquainted—the chief one was the long absence of my coadjutor, which flung upon my shoulders a load that Atlas could not have upheld.

I see that Ritchie has come out against me. I looked for nothing better. But why talk of such things. M. H. knows more than he cares to tell. I was detained in town to attend the funeral of Mrs. Marx of Croydon. She was a charming woman, and her attention to poor Tudor, on his death bed, laid me under heavier obligations than this (equivocal) mark of respect to her memory can repay. God willing, I shall return to the United States with De Cost, who leaves Liverpool on the 24th of October, in the York. It is possible that I may be taken with a fit of longing to see Roanoke,

(where I heartily wish that I now could be) that may accelerate my return. Meanwhile, you can have no conception of the pleasure that a long *gossiping* letter, from you, could give me. It would cheer my exile, which is no more voluntary than that of the Romans, who were forbidden the use of fire and water at Rome, and I was—but I can't write now, for my heart is heavy to sadness. It well may be so, for it has not been kindly treated. God bless you both—I hope that the experience of last year has not been thrown away upon you. Here the climate has been almost as bad as ours is in a favorable summer. The drought has been unparalleled and the distress impending over the land, tremendous. A failure of the potato crop, in Ireland, threatens to thicken the horrors of the picture. The ministers are not upon a “bed of roses.” Musquitoes abound here. I have just killed a “gallinipper.” Adieu! J. R. of R.

To the same.

THE HAGUE, Tuesday, August 8, 1826.

“The Portfolio reached me in safety.” So much had I written of a letter to you in London, but I was obliged to drop my pen in G. Marx's compting-house, and here I am, and at your service at the Hague. My dear friend, I wish you could see,—and why can't you? for I wear a window in my breast—what is passing in my bosom. You could find there, thoughts black as hell sometimes, but nothing of the sort towards any one of the few—the very few—who, like you, have clung to me, through good and evil reports. What an ill starred wretch have I been through life—a not uneventful life—and yet, how truly blest have I been in my friends; not one, no, not one has ever betrayed me, whom I have admitted into my *sanctum sanctorum*. Bryan, Benton, Rutledge—let me not forget him, whom I knew before either of the others, although for the last thirty years we have met but once. The last letter that I received on my departure from Washington, was from him. In the late election, he was the warm supporter of General J., whom he personally knew and esteems; and I confess that the testimony of one whom I have known intimately for more than six and thirty years, to be *sans peur et sans reproche*, and who is an observer and an excellent judge of mankind, weighs as it ought to weigh with me, in favor of the veteran. I know him (Genl. J.) to be a man of strong and vigorous mind, of dignified deportment, and is, I believe, *omni fœnore solatus*. I think this is no small matter. In the olden time, when credit existed, because there was real capital, a man in debt—I mean a landed man in debt—might be trusted. But not so now, for reasons that are curious and amusing; which (were I to state them) would cause this letter to run into an essay on the progress of society, that would require quires instead of pages.

In my passage from London I met with a serious accident, that might have been fatal. We broke our engine, and when the pilot boarded us, I was desirous to get on board of his boat; to do this, I had to cross the quarter-deck. The sky-light of the ladies' cabin was open, but (*pour bienséance*) the "orifice" was covered with our colors, and the grating being removed only about 18 inches, a complete pit-fall or trap was made, into which I fell, and my right side, immediately below the insertion of the false ribs into the spine, was "brought up by the combings of the sky-light." I lay for some minutes nearly senseless, and it was more than an hour before I could be moved from the deck. My whole side, kidney and liver, are very much affected. It has obliged me to suspend my course of Swain's Panacea, upon which I entered a few days before I left London.

I have not seen Mr. Gallatin. Mr. John A. King, *our chargé d'affaires*, was very polite to me. We met on neutral ground, at the Traveller's Club-House, in Pall Mall, No. 49.

I am pleased with Holland. Cleanliness here becomes a virtue. My companion's, Mr. Wm's passport wanting some formularies, and our *chargé* (Mr. C. Hughes! oh for some of Giles' notes of admiration!!!) not being present, Sir Charles Bagot has been good enough to do the needful. I waited upon him in Mr. Wm's behalf and was received by him with the greatest warmth, asked to dine *en famille*, (as I leave the Hague to-morrow for Leyden), and told that any letters brought to dinner would be forwarded by his courier to London. To him, therefore, I am obliged for a conveyance for this.

Apropos to Giles. I think I know him to the bottom, if he has any bottom. I know also the advantages that will be taken of me, the formidable array of enemies that I have to encounter. I might have neutralized some of them; but as Bonaparte said on another occasion, "it is not in my character." Whatever may be the decision of the Virginia Assembly on my case, I shall always say that a capricious change of her public agents has never been the vice of the Government or the people of Virginia, and that whenever a man is dismissed from the service of either, it is strong presumptive evidence (*prima facie*) of his unfitness for the place.

I hope, however, that no report of my speeches will be taken as evidence of what I have uttered, for I have never seen any thing further from a just representation than the report of one that G. and S. say I in part revised, and so I did, and if they had printed it by their own proof-sheet now in London, I should have been better satisfied with that part; the first, that I did not revise, is mangled and hardly intelligible even to me. The warning, which they make me give to my friend from Missouri, is to poor little Miles of Mass., and the whole affair is as much bedevilled as if they had at random picked out every other word. So much for that.—Neither Gales (whom I solicited) nor Seaton took down my speeches.

Your intelligence about the election, about W. S. A., and W. R. J., and W. B. G., was highly gratifying. I hope that my *initials* are intelligible to you, for your Miss S., upon whom you say Mr. M. D. was attending, is *une inconnue à moi*. I did not know that you had any Richmond Belles, of whom the Beaux could say, "I love my love with an S., because," &c., &c.

Poor Stephenson, I think, has no daughter, or child, even. Remember me kindly to him and the Lord Chief, and do not forget my *best* love and duty to madame. Tell her, and mark it yourself, that you at home may and can write long gossiping letters, but a man at the end of a journey, harassed by a *valet de place*, and *commissionnaire pour le passeport*, has no stomach but for his coffee and bed. Such is my case (this day excepted, and even to-day I am a good deal wearied by a jaunt to Scheveling, and Mr. Wm's business), and such has it been since I set my foot on the quay at Liverpool.

And so old Mr. Adams is dead; on the 4th of July, too, just half a century after our Declaration of Independence; and leaving his son on the throne. This is Euthenasia, indeed. They have killed Mr. Jefferson, too, on the same day, but I don't believe it.

Great news from Turkey. That country is either to be renovated as a great European power, or it is to be blotted from the list of nations, at least on this side the Hellespont. It is a horse medicine now in operation. It will kill or cure.

I am sensible that this letter is not worth sending across the Atlantic. But what am I to do; you expect me to write.

Pray, has the *Enquirer* come out against me. I see something that looks like it in the matter of Mr. D., of M——s. *Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*. There is a *dessous de cartes* there, that is not understood. But who does really understand any thing? The English know us only through the medium of New-York and Yankee newspapers, and which is worse, through the Yankees themselves. The only Virginia papers that I saw at the North and South American Coffee House, were the *Norfolk Beacon*, ditto *Herald*, and *Richmond Whig*. They don't take the *Enquirer*. What a pretty notion they must have of us in Virginia.

Adieu for the present.

To the same.

PALL MALL, Sept. 22, 1826. Friday.

I write because you request me to do so; but really, my dear friend, I have nothing to tell you, that you may not find in the newspapers; and they are as dull and as empty as the town. They who can take pleasure in the records of crime, may indeed find amusement in Bow Street and other criminal reports. It is now agreed on all hands, that misery, crime and profligacy are in a state of rapid and alarming increase. The Pitt and paper system (for although he

did not begin it, yet he brought it to its last stage of im-perfection), is now developing features that "fright the isle from its propriety."

Your letter reached me in Paris, where I was in a measure compelled to go, in consequence of my having incautiously set my foot in that huge man-trap, France. I had there neither time nor opportunity to answer it, and now I have not power to do it. The dinner to M. does, I confess, not a little surprise me. I know not what to think of these times, and of the state of things in our country. The vulgarity and calumny of the press I could put up with, if I could see any tokens of that manly straight-forward spirit and manner that once distinguished Virginia. Sincerity and truth are so far out of fashion that nobody now-a-days seems to expect them in the intercourse of life. But I am becoming censorious—and how can I help it, in this canting and speaking age, where the very children are made to cry or laugh as a well-drilled recruit shoulders or grounds his fire-lock.

I dined yesterday with Mr. Marx. It was a private party—and took additional cold. This morning my expectoration is quite bloody, but I do not apprehend that it comes from the lungs. It is disagreeable, however, not only in itself, but because I have promised my Lord Chief Justice Best to visit him at his seat in Kent, and another gentleman, also, in the same county; "*invicta*," "unconquered Kent."

Mr. Marx has shipped my winter clothing to his brother. By this time you will be thinking of a return to Richmond; and before this reaches you, I hope that you and madame will be restored to the comforts of your own fireside, where I mean to come and tell you of my travels. God bless you both.

J. R. OF R.

To the same.

PALL MALL, October 13, 1826.

Another packet has arrived, and no letter for me. The last that I received from you was (in Paris) dated July. How is this, my good friend? you, who know how I yearn for intelligence from the other side of the Atlantic, and that I have no one to give it to me but yourself.

Mr. W. J. Barksdale writes his father, that a *run* will be made at me by G—s, this winter. On this subject, I can only repeat what I have said before—that when the Commonwealth of Virginia dismisses a servant, it is strong presumptive evidence of his unfitness for the station. If it shall apply to my own case, I cannot help it. But I should have nothing to wish on this subject, if the Assembly could be put in possession of a tolerably faithful account of what I have said and done. I have been systematically and industriously misrepresented. I had determined to devote this last summer to a revision of my speeches, but my life would have paid the forfeit, had I persisted in that determination. Many of the misrepre-

sentations proceed from the "ineffable stupidity" of the reporters, but some must, I think, be intentional. Be that as it may, the mangled limbs of Medæa's children, were as much like the living creations as the *disjecta membra* of my speeches resemble what I really did say. In most instances my meaning has been mistaken. In some it has been reversed. If I live, I will set this matter right. So much for *Ego*.

I see that Peyton R. advertises his land on — River. This was the last of my name and race left whom I would go and see. The ruin is no doubt complete. Dr. Archer has "resumed the practice of the bar;" and poor Mrs. Tabb, by the death of Mrs. Coupland, is saddled with two more helpless grand-children. She is the best and noblest creature living; and I pray God that I may live once more to see her—a true specimen of the old Virginia matron.

On the 24th, God willing, I depart with DeCost, in the York. My health is by no means so good as it has been since my arrival on this side the Atlantic; but I have made up my mind to endure life to the last.

My best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Rootes. I exerted myself to see her protégés, Jane and Marianna Bell, but they were at Ramsgate, out of my reach. Mr. Barksdale talks of returning to Virginia next autumn. I fear that he will put it off till it is too late.

Town is empty, and I live a complete hermit, in London. If you see the English newspapers, you will see what a horrible state of society exists in this strange country, where one class is dying of hunger and another with surfeit. The amount of crime is fearful; and cases of extreme atrocity are not wanting. The ministry will not find themselves upon a bed of roses when Parliament meets.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HIS DEFEAT FOR THE SENATE.

AT the opening of Congress, in December, 1826, Mr. Randolph took up his winter quarters at his old lodgings, Dowson's, No. 2, on Capitol Hill. His health was extremely bad during the winter. Almost his only companion, was his old and tried friend, Mr. Macon, of North Carolina—a man whose matured wisdom, simplicity of manners, and integrity of character, distinguished him as the admired relict of a purer age, and the venerable patriarch of a new genera-

tion. How pleasant it is to look into the quiet parlor of those two remarkable men! While the busy and anxious politicians were holding their secret conclaves, and plotting the means of self-advancement, they sat, whole hours together, in the long winter nights, keeping each other company. In silence they sat and mused, as the fire burned. Each had his own private sorrows and domestic cares to brood over; both felt the weight of years pressing upon them, and still more, the wasting hand of disease. They had long since learned to look upon the honors of the world as empty shadows, and to value the good opinion of the wise and good more than the applause of a multitude. Nothing but the purest patriotism, an ardent devotion to their country and her noble institutions, could hold them to the discharge of their unpleasant duties, while every admonition of nature warned them to lay aside the harness of battle, and be at rest.

What eventful scenes had they passed through! Side by side they stood and beheld the young eagle plume himself for flight, and mount into the sky, with liberty and universal emancipation inscribed on his star-spangled banner. With anxious eye they saw him plunge into the dark clouds, and battle with the storms, and hailed him with delight as he emerged from the perils that encompassed his path, and glanced his outspread wing in the sunbeams of returning day, and wafted himself higher and still higher in his ethereal flight.

But now, behold! in mid-career a mortal foe encounters him in fiercest battle—"An eagle and a serpent wreathed in fight!"—and like the maiden on the sea-shore did they watch, with suppressed heart, "the event of that portentous fight."

"Around, around, in ceaseless circles wheeling,
With clang of wings and screams, the Eagle sailed
Incessantly—sometimes on high, concealing
Its lessening orbs—sometimes, as if it failed,
Dropp'd through the air; and still it shrieked and wailed,
And casting back its eager head, with beak
And talon unremittingly assailed
The wreathed Serpent, who did ever seek
Upon his enemy's heart a mortal wound to wreak.

"What life, what power, was kindled and arose
Within the sphere of that appalling fray!

* * * * *

Swift changes in that combat—many a check,
And many a change, a dark and wild turmoil;
Sometimes the Snake around his enemy's neck
Lock'd in stiff rings his adamantine coil,
Until the Eagle, faint with pain and toil,
Remitted his strong flight, and near the sea
Languidly flutter'd, hopeless so to foil
His adversary, who then rear'd on high
His red and burning crest, radiant with victory.

“Then on the white edge of the bursting surge,
Where they had sunk together, would the Snake
Relax his suffocating grasp, and scourge
The wind with his wild writhings; for to break
That chain of torment, the vast bird would shake
The strength of his unconquerable wings,
As in despair, and with his sinewy neck,
Dissolve in sudden shock those linked rings,
Then soar, as swift as smoke from a volcano springs.”

So may our country, like her noble symbol, triumph over every enemy! So may she shake the strength of her unconquerable wings, and dissolve, in sudden shock, the adamantine coil of that wretched serpent that now seeks upon her heart a mortal wound to wreak!

After this manner, we may suppose that those venerable sages, seated by their solitary fireside, looked back on the rapid career of their country—its dangers and triumphs of past years, in which they had participated—and meditated with awe and trembling on the many difficulties that now beset her path. What a treasure of wisdom, could those meditations have been embodied in words, and handed down for our instruction! But a faint glimmering of what passed in the mind of one of those men, may be found in the letters at the close of this chapter.

Mr. Randolph continued faithful in the discharge of his duties in the Senate. He rarely opened his mouth during the session, but made it a point never to miss a vote. He suffered martyrdom during many a tedious and protracted debate; but, however painful, he never abandoned his post when action was required.

But his enemies would not allow the old Commonwealth of Virginia long to be honored by the services, and adorned by the illustrious character, of her most devoted and faithful son. Too faithful in his devotion, she again was made to deal out to him his accustomed reward—“a step-son's portion.”

Mr. Randolph's doctrine was too stern, abstemious, and unpalatable to the lovers and the parasites of power. His restrictive system had grown obsolete. Lulled in the lap of prosperity, the people had ceased to listen to his warning voice. Too often had he repeated to unwilling ears, "that the inevitable tendency of this system, by even a fair exercise of the powers of the Federal Government, has a centripetal force—the centrifugal force not being sufficient to overcome it; and at every periodic revolution, we are drawing nearer and nearer to the final extinguishment that awaits us." They ceased to listen to him, or returned such answer as was given to the prophets of old: Are not things now as they were before, and have always been? then hush your babblings, and disturb not the people with your idle prophecies.

Even in his native State, that had been the standard-bearer of the doctrine of State-rights, he now found, to his mortification, a woful degeneracy. In the days of Hamilton and the elder Adams, when the centripetal force of the Federal Government, by an intense overaction, was rapidly hurrying the system to its final catastrophe, the counterpoise of Virginia, almost alone, restored the rightful balance, and gave it once more an onward and harmonious movement. But now, in these latter days, when the legitimate successors of old federalism, under a new name, were in the ascendent, the position of Virginia in regard to them was not merely doubtful, but she was about to throw her whole weight on the side of centralism, by rejecting from her councils the only man that could arrest the rapid tendencies of the Government in that direction. From 1800 to the present time, there had been scarcely a show of opposition in Virginia to the conservative States-rights doctrine of George Mason and Thomas Jefferson. But during the "era of good feelings," and the undisturbed repose of Mr. Monroe's administration, the pernicious doctrines of a contrary school had been widely disseminated. And now that the elements of party strife were again set in motion, mainly through the exertions of Mr. Randolph himself; now that the great fountains of the political deep were broken up, and men were struggling to re-form themselves around some fixed principles, according to their natural affinities, without regard to former associations, which had long since been obliterated, it was discovered that the old federalism of John Adams, newly baptized, had numerous and powerful friends in a land

where it could never have flourished under its original name. Many who were the followers of Mr. Jefferson, and still professed his doctrine when applied to the alien and sedition law, adopted the American system in all its parts. Bank, protective tariff, internal improvement by the Federal Government, and political alliances with foreign republics—which system could only be supported by the same doctrine that justified those obnoxious laws.

Mr. Randolph did not spare those men. Neither age nor station could escape his burning indignation. He knew them all—their history, both public and private—his denunciations were often bitter, personal, and sometimes insulting.

This drew upon him not only a political, but a rancorous and unrelenting personal opposition. Old reminiscences were revived, and many sought to wreak their vengeance upon him for wounds inflicted in days long gone by; instead of yielding their private feelings to the public good, they preferred the unholy incense of personal revenge to the rich oblation of a self-sacrifice on the altar of their country.

But Mr. Randolph, after all, could not be defeated without taking some man from his own ranks, who could carry off some personal friends to his support. Mr. Floyd, Mr. Giles, and others of the Republican party, were spoken of as his competitors. During all this excited canvass, in which so much personal and bitter feeling was permitted to enter, Mr. Randolph remained calm and unmoved. New Year's day he writes to his friend, Dr. Brockenbrough:

“I am greatly obliged to Mr. May and my other friends and supporters; but no occasion has yet presented itself, on which I could, with propriety, have said any thing; and to be making one, would, I think, be unworthy of my character and station. The fabrications of my enemies, I cannot help. I can only say that there exists not the slightest foundation for them. I feel, perhaps, too keenly for the state of the country. I have (as who has not?) my own private sorrows; and I have participated in the deep affliction of my poor brother. If it be any crime to be *grave*, I plead guilty to the charge, but, at the same time, thank heaven! I feel myself to be calm, composed and self-possessed. To pretend indifference to the approaching election, would be the height of affectation and falsehood—but, go how it may, I trust that I shall bear myself under success or defeat, in a manner that my friends will not disapprove. I have ever looked up to Virginia, as to a mother. whose rebukes I was bound to receive

with filial submission; and no instance of her displeasure, however severe, shall ever cause me to lose sight of my duty to her."

At length an available candidate was found in the person of Mr. Tyler, then Governor of the State.

When the friends of Mr. Randolph learned that he was to be opposed by that gentleman, they addressed him a note, the 18th January, 1827, in which they say—"We understand that the friends of the Administration and others will support you for the Senate in opposition to Mr. Randolph. We desire to understand distinctly, whether they have your consent or not."

Mr. Tyler replied—"My political opinions on the fundamental principles of the Government, are the same as those espoused by Mr. Randolph, and I admire him most highly, for his undeviating attachment to the Constitution, manifested at all times, and through all the events of a long political life; and if any man votes for me under a different persuasion, he most grievously deceives himself. You ask me whether I have yielded my consent to oppose him. On the contrary, I have constantly opposed myself to all solicitations." Mr. Tyler, however, was run against Mr. Randolph, and was successful in defeating him. With what magnanimity Mr. Randolph bore this defeat, and how cheerfully he submitted to the rebuke, coming from his native State—venerated and beloved, with all her unkindness, may be seen from the following letters, addressed to Dr. Brockenbrough, that range from the first of January, to the close of Congress.

Wednesday, Jan. 3, 1827.

Yesterday I had the gratification of seeing my old friend Mr. Macon elected to the Presidency of the Senate. He had not a single vote to spare. I apprehend that he owed his election chiefly to the absence of Chambers of Maryland, who had gone to the eastern shore, and who arrived from Baltimore not ten minutes after Mr. M. had taken the chair. Mr. Silsbee of Massachusetts voted for him. So did Mr. Noble of Indiana, and H. of Ohio. The other vote, I conjecture, was given by Mr. Mills, for one of our side (King) was also absent, although it was not generally known. This is the greatest and almost the only gratification that I have received here. It was altogether unexpected.

Friday, Jan. 5, 1827.

I write, although I have nothing in the world to say. Yesterday letters were received stating that P. P. B. would receive the vote of the administration men, notwithstanding his refusal to be nomina-

ted by them. I wish with all my heart the thing was decided one way or other ; although I am sensible that the precipitation of one of my friends on a former occasion did mischief. I have neither the right nor the will to dictate, but to you (who are not a member) I can say that my present situation is far from being agreeable. General Smythe has not at all disappointed me—he has acted magnanimously and like a patriot. I looked for such a course from him—I never had a feeling of enmity against him—nothing ever passed between us, beyond a single spar.

Sunday morning, Jan. 7, 1827.

Mr. Macon is highly gratified at your mention of him. I could not resist the inclination to show him that part of your letter. He is to me, at this time, a treasure above all price ; but that consideration apart, he richly deserves every sentiment of respect and veneration that can be felt for his character.

The news *here* is that the administration folks are chuckling at the prospect of my discomfiture. They are, or affect to be, in high spirits upon that subject. It must be confessed that my situation is awkward enough.

Monday morning, Jan. 8, 1827.

Your letters and Mr. Macon's society are my greatest resources against the miserable life we lead here. Tazewell tells me that he is well convinced that the article in question was written here. Mr. Macon, who reads the paper to his daughter, flung it into the fire with great indignation. I cannot understand Mr. R.'s reasons, and therefore they cannot be satisfactory to me, although no doubt they are perfectly so to himself.

Poor old S. will, I think, be re-elected. His masters have shaken the whip over him to secure his future unconditional obedience.

This morning was ushered in by a salute of cannon. A great dinner is to be eaten in honor of the day. Mr. M. and I foreswore public dinners ever since one that we gave Monroe in 1803, on his departure for France. Consequently, neither of us go. The day is wet and dirty, if there be such a word, and we shall lose nothing by staying at home.

I should like very well to see the antique you mention. It ought to be preserved with care. How little, in fact, do we know of our early history. Perhaps there was nothing to tell ; but all the plantations seem to have been considered as a *terra incognita* by the mother country. I am sorry for what you mention respecting Mr. M., of F'k. But it can't be helped.

Friday morning, Jan. 12, 1827.

Another mail, and no letter from you. I can't help feeling anxious and uneasy.

My old friend is a good deal better; but I, after many days of premonition, from pains in the right side, &c., have had a very smart attack. My constitution is so worn out that it can resist nothing, and cannot recover itself as it once could. It seems to be the prevailing opinion here that the friends of the powers that be are somewhat despondent. Pennsylvania they say has given the most decisive indications of her adherence to Jackson. The dinner, although the military men slunk away from it, was attended by a formidable array of adversaries.

The weather is excessively gloomy, and sheds its malign influence upon my spirits. I can't read, and my old friend's cough is excited by talking; so we sit, and look at the fire together, and once in half an hour some remark is made by one or the other.

Saturday, Jan. 13, 1827.

Your letter of Thursday gives me much relief, although it contains intelligence of a very unpleasant nature. I allude to the publication you mention. I know that such things—to one especially not at all inured to them—are most unpleasant; but I trust that the impudent excuse of the printer will not be entirely thrown away, for it is as true as it is shameless. My good friend, I have long been of the opinion, that we are fast sinking into a state of society the most loathsome that can be presented to the imagination of an honorable man. Things, bad as they are, have not yet reached the lowest deep. If I had health and strength, I think that I would employ a portion of them in an inquiry into the causes that propel us to this wretched state. Why is it that our system has a uniform tendency to bring forward low and little men, to the exclusion of the more worthy? I have seen the operation of this machine from the beginning. The character of every branch of the Government has degenerated. In point of education and manners, as well as integrity, there has been a frightful deterioration every where. In this opinion I am supported by the experience of one of the most sagacious and observing men, himself contemporary with the present system from the commencement. My dear friend, I cannot express to you the thousandth part of the disgust and chagrin that devour me. When I landed at New-York the complexion of the public journals made me blush for the country. There was a respectable foreigner, my fellow-passenger, and I thought I could see the dismay which he attempted to conceal, at certain matters that passed, as things of course, in one of the first boarding-houses in that city. To me, the prospect is as cheerless and desolate as Greenland. Yourself, and one or two others, separated by vast distances and execrable roads, form here and there, as it were, an oasis in the Sahara. My soul is "out of taste," as people say of their mouths after a fever. I dream of the snow-capped Alps, and azure lakes and waterfalls, and villages, and spires of

Switzerland, and I awake to a scene of desolation such as one might look to find in Barbary or upper Asia. But the *morale*, as the French would say, is worse than the *physique* and the *materiel*. I remember well when a member of Congress was respected by others and by himself. But I cannot pursue this theme.

The Government is as you describe it to be. They have nearly monopolized the press; and if the opposition prints lend themselves to their views the cause is hopeless. However, such is the growing conviction of their depravity, that I believe the people will throw them off at the next election. I shall expect your letters, of course, with eagerness.

Yours truly, J. R. OF R.

Sunday morning, January 14, 1827.

Your letter of Friday is just received. The artifices resorted to are worthy of the tools of such an administration as ours. By this time to-morrow I shall know the result. Be it what it may, it will exercise a very decisive influence over what may remain of my life to come. Success I *know* cannot elate me, and I hope that defeat will not depress me: but I have taken a new view of life, of public life especially; and if I am not a wiser and a better man for my last year's experience, you may pronounce me an incorrigible, irreclaimable fool.

Yesterday Mr. Chief Justice paid me a very friendly visit. His manner said more than his words. I am not vain but proud of the distinguished marks of regard which I have received on many occasions from this truly good and great man. Our conversation was interrupted by the unexpected and undesired visit of another person.

Yours truly, J. R. OF R.

Friday, January 19, 1827.

Your most welcome letter of Wednesday is just now received. Every syllable in the way of anecdote is gratifying in a high degree.

My first impression was to resign. There were, notwithstanding, obvious and strong objections to this course; my duty to my friends, the giving of a handle to the charges of my enemies that I was the slave of spleen and passion, and many more that I need not specify. There was but one other course left, and that I have taken, not without the decided approbation of my colleague, and many other friends here. I find, too, that it was heartily desired by my enemies that I should throw up my seat. They even propagated a report on Monday, that I had done so in a rage, and left the city. Numerous concurring opinions of men of sense and judgment, who have had no opportunity of consulting together, have reached me, that fortify me in the line of conduct that I have taken. Nothing, then, remains but a calm and dignified submission to the disgrace that has been put upon me [his ejection from the Senate]. It is the best evidence that I can give my friends of the sense which I feel, and will for ever cherish, of their kind and generous support.

J. R. OF R.

Saturday, January 20, 1827.

"Bore me?" Your letter has become more necessary to me than my breakfast; and it is almost as indispensable for me to say a few words to you upon paper, as soon as I have finished it. It consists of a cup of tea and a cracker, without butter, which I never touch. My constitution is shaken; nerves gone, and digestive powers almost extinct. I look forward to hopeless misery. As to a "firm and dignified" discharge of my duty, I hope that I shall be equal to it, so far as attendance and voting goes. I can't go farther, because I am unable. What I shall do with myself I am at a loss to conjecture. I have already found the solitude of Roanoke insupportable. With worse health, and no better spirits, how can I endure it? But too much of this egotism.

I would give not a little to know the reply of Mrs. B. to the member in question. The tear shed by her eyes for my defeat is more precious in my own than the pearl of Cleopatra. I beseech you not to omit writing whenever you can. I require all the time that you can bestow upon me. Except Mr. M., I am desolate.

Sunday morning, February 11, 1827.

I have not written as usual, because I almost made it a matter of conscience to oppress you with my gloom. I have never been more entirely overwhelmed with bad health and spirits. I look forward without hope, and almost without a wish, to recover. What can be more cheerless and desolate than the latter days that are left to me? I am, however, relieved from one apprehension—the fear of surviving all who may care for me. I feel that this can hardly be, for without some almost miraculous change in a worn-out constitution, I shall hardly get through the year. The thoughts of returning here torment and harass me by day and by night. Little do you even know of the character and composition of the House. If I were even able to exert myself, I should never obtain the floor. The speech which I made on the tariff was owing to a waiving of the right of another to speak. I feel that my public life ought to terminate with this session of Congress. These thoughts are for you, and you alone. I have risen from a sleepless bed to give utterance to them.

I saw the V. P. yesterday. He is in good spirits; he is sustained by a powerful passion. For my part, I am far from thinking a seat in the S. very desirable, although, certainly, to be preferred to any other position in this Government. If I could have done it with propriety, I should not have hesitated to retire voluntarily from mine.

Wednesday, Feb. 14, 1827.

Yesterday the Senate gave no equivocal evidence on behalf of the woollen bill from the other House. My colleague is, I think, more disgusted and wounded than I am. We are bound hand and foot, and the knife is at our throat. There is no help but from the

people through the State Legislatures. We are sold before our faces in open market.

Thursday, Feb. 15, 1827.

The V. P. has pressed me very warmly to take a seat in his carriage, which will travel the direct road by Carter's Ferry. This temptation is a very strong one in my present feeble condition. A pleasant companion, easy stages, and exemption from all the cares of a journey that will bring me to my own door. But then I shall not see you. This consideration would determine me to forego his invitation if I could see you and one or two others without bustle in a quiet way. But I take it that the close of a session of Assembly is (like one in Congress) as the last days of a long voyage.

Among my afflictions and privations, I cannot read. I have absolutely lost all taste for reading of every sort, except the letters of my friends. Books, once a necessary of life, have no longer a single charm for me. How this has happened I know not; but it is so. I should not talk so eternally of myself if I felt at liberty to speak of other people: I do not mean in the way of censure, but in any way. I think I see a great deal more than meets the usual eye; but then I may be mistaken. Of one thing I am certain, that nothing can surpass the disgust of my colleague. His countenance speaks volumes. Indeed I cannot blame him. I know that there is nothing in this thing that, from its length, seems a letter; but I can't help it. Adieu to you both.

Saturday, February 17, 1827.

Your last was dated this day week. Yesterday we had no mail in consequence of the storm of Thursday. That storm nearly demolished me. I took a violent cold at the door of the Senate waiting until two hackney coaches could disengage themselves from a *jam*. I have since been much worse. I hope to get a line from you to-day.

I mentioned to you the V. P.'s invitation to accompany him. You will think me a strange, inconsistent creature, when I tell you that I am at a loss what to do. Home I must go; and yet for me home has no charms. I think of its solitude, which I can no longer relieve by field-sports, or books, and my heart dies within me. Stretched on a sick-bed, alone, desolate, cheerless. I must devise some other plan, and I want to see you and consult you about it. You see what little mercy my querulous selfishness has upon you.

The prospect here is far from brightening. I know others, and abler men than myself, who think differently; but they take counsel of their hopes and wishes. I, who have neither to bias me, can see more plainly, with weaker vision. Not that I am at all indifferent (far from it) to the question of change of the bad and corrupt men at the head of our affairs. I allude to wishes of a different sort.

What you say about the spirit of the times and the state of soci-

ety, has "often and over" occurred to me. I want to be at rest; with Gray's prophethess, I cry out "leave me, leave me to repose!" I am almost as well convinced that I shall not live twelve months, as twelve times twelve, and I wish to die in peace. My best love to Mrs. B. God bless you both, my dear friends.

Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1827.

I have omitted for some days to bore you with my querulous notes, because I knew that you had better use for your time than to read them. And now, that I have taken up my pen, what shall I say? Still harp upon the old string? My good friend, you will, I am sure, bear with my foolishness. I am incapable of business. I have not been so sensible of the failure of my bodily powers since 1817, when you saw me at Mr. Cunningham's; and in my dreary and desolate condition I naturally turn to you.

My view of things in Richmond coincided with your own, before I knew what your impressions were. I think that I shall make my escape, with the V. P., via Cartersville. It is the very road that I travelled here, and is the obvious way back again.

I shall have again to attend a six hours' sitting to-day. It absolutely murders me. The H. of R. sat late last night. Mr. Rives gained great, and I believe deserved praise. Mr. Archer passed a severe rebuke upon one of his colleagues from beyond the Blue Ridge, who spoke very irreverently, 'tis said, of his native State.

I fear that when we do meet, I shall tease you to death with my egotism. A man with a tooth-ache thinks only of his fang. I am become the most inert and indolent of creatures. I want to get into port. Nothing would suit me so well as an annuity, and nothing to do. You see how selfish I am. But all my selfishness vanishes when I think of you. God bless you both. Adieu.

Thursday, Feb. 22, 1827.

General S. Smith, of Maryland, made a very strong speech yesterday on the colonial trade bill and the report accompanying it. He exposed, without reserve, the ignorance and incapacity of our cabinet, and particularly of the Secretary of State; and pointed out many manifest errors in the bill and report, between which he showed more than one instance of discrepancy. His speech was so much approved that a subscription for its publication was immediately set on foot and filled. I think it will have great effect on the public opinion. I listened to it with great attention, and after he had concluded, the old gentleman came and thanked me for it. He said that my occasional nods of assent to what he said was a great support to him, and enabled him to get through with what he had to say with more animation and effect than he had anticipated. The applause bestowed upon him by very many members of the Senate, seemed to warm the old man's heart.

Friday, Feb. 23, 1827.

Yesterday we adjourned much earlier than usual, on the motion of Mr. Johnson, of Louisiana, who means to inflict upon us a speech of unconscionable length, if I am to judge from the apparatus of notes and books which he has collected. It will, no doubt, receive contribution from the S. of S. It is strange that the administration should be reduced to rely upon so feeble and confused an understanding as that of J., whom no one can listen to, and who is unanswerable because he is unintelligible. His friend and patron passes my window every morning, arm in arm with M. C.'s, whom he appears to be vainly engaged in drilling. My good friend, politics remind me of Goldsmith's character of a schoolmaster—any other employment seems "genteel" in comparison to it.

Saturday, Feb. 24, 1827.

Your letter of Thursday and the Enquirer of the same date are just now brought in. I am truly sensible of the kind partiality of my friends, but I feel that my career is drawing to a close. My system is undermined and gone, and a few months must, I should think (and almost hope) put an end to my sufferings. God only knows what they have been. I think it probable that I shall take the steamboat to Richmond; in which case I shall have the pleasure to see you once more. I don't like to hear of your being "unwell," and hope that the approaching adjournment of the Assembly will relieve you from your harassing employment at the Bank.

I have lain all night listening to the rain. I have not passed one quite so bad this winter. I shall, nevertheless, go to the Senate, for I have made it a point not to miss a vote. I tasked myself beyond my strength in retaining my seat, and am by ~~no~~ means quite satisfied that I took the right course in that matter. It is not now, however, to be remedied.

Many thanks for your news of my niece. God bless her! I wrote to her the day before yesterday.

We had yesterday a confused jumble of two and a half hours from J., of L. But I have no doubt that the best face that the administration can put on the matter will appear in *print*. The chairman of foreign relations has been weighed and found wanting. The man has not a shadow of pretension to ability or information. Adieu.

Sunday, Feb. 25, 1827.

My lamentations must, I am sure, weary you, and not a little. Like Dogberry, I bestow all my tediousness upon you. I have had another bad night. Not so bad however as the preceding one. But I am in a state of utter atony. I think that you medical men have such a term. I have lost all relish for every thing, and would willingly purchase exemption from all exertion of body and mind at

almost any price. My old friend, Mr. M., remarks my faint and languid aspect, but even he little knows of what is passing within. If change of scene brings no relief, and I have little hope that it will, I cannot long hold out under it; and why do I reiterate this to you? Because I have no one else to tell it to, and out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. I can no longer imagine any state of things under which I should not be wretched. I mean a possible state. I am unable to enter into the conceptions and views of those around me. They talk to me of grave matters, and I see children blowing bubbles.

Monday morning, Feb. 26, 1827.

Your letter of Friday, which ought to have arrived yesterday morning, came in with the northern mail. No two instruments of music ever accorded more exactly than our opinions do, concerning public men and measures. I am heartily sick of both, and only wish to find some resting-place, where I may die in peace. I saw a letter from Crawford to Mr. M., a day or two ago, that affected me most deeply. Nothing can be more simple and touching than the manner in which he speaks of himself and his affairs. What a fate his has been!

I agree with you, about the great man of Richmond. His antagonist I know well. He is a frog at the utmost degree of distention. How I shall get home I can't yet tell. My helplessness is inconceivable. I want a dry nurse—somebody to pick me up and take me away. I have passed another horrid night. Garnett writes me that he obtained relief from Dr. Watson, during his late visit to Richmond. There is some talk of a fight in the other House, but I conjecture that it will end in smoke. I listen, but say nothing.

Your letter of Saturday, and the Enquirer of Wednesday, are just now put into my hands. "Old Prince Edward has come out manfully" indeed; and if any thing could exhilarate me, it would be such a manifestation of the confidence of those who know me best; but to the dead fibre all applications are vain.

SENATE, Thursday, March 1, 1827.

I can only thank you for your letter of Tuesday. We meet at ten; and yesterday we adjourned at the same hour. It almost killed me, and has worsted my old friend, Mr. M., a good deal. In common with all the honest and sagacious men here, he partakes of the general disgust; and I think it not at all unlikely that he will throw up his commission before the next winter. S. of S. C., one of the most sterling characters, and of untiring zeal and labor hitherto, begins also to despond, seeing, as he does, that the administration is more effectually served by its professed opponents than by its friends. They are utterly insufficient. This is for you only.

This is probably the last note that you will receive from me until

we meet. You must be prepared for a great change in me—greater in temper, &c., than in health. You *both*, I know, will put up with my tediousness. I feel that I am becoming a burthen to others, as well as to myself, and the thought depresses me not a little. “Time and the hour run through the longest day.” What a fate ours would have been if we had been condemned to immortality here.

Saturday, March 3, 1827.

We sat until after two this morning. The House of Representatives, by a very thin vote, adhered to their amendment to the Colonial Bill. Had it been put off until to-day, it would not have been done. We shall, I take it for granted, also adhere, and so the bill will be lost. I have made my arrangements to go in the Potomac to-morrow, at 9 o'clock. When I consider, that at this session the Bankrupt Bill, the Woollen Bill, the Naval School, and two Dry Docks, and the Colonial Bill, have all failed, I am of opinion that (as we say in Virginia) we have made a “great break.” In fact, the administration have succeeded in no one measure.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ELECTION TO THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

So soon as it was known in Washington that Mr. Randolph had been defeated for the Senate, Dr. George W. Crump, who represented his district, published a letter to his constituents, declining a re-election, and united with Mr. Randolph's other friends, in announcing him as a candidate for Congress.

The legislature was still in session, as he passed through Richmond. His friends in that body invited him, as a token of their respect, to partake of a public dinner. He said, in reply:—“The feebleness of my health admonishes me of the imprudence I commit in accepting your very kind and flattering invitation, but I am unable to practise the self-denial which prudence would impose. I have only to offer my profound acknowledgment, for an honor to which I am sensible of no claim on my part, except the singleness of purpose with which I have endeavored to uphold our common principles, never more insidiously and vigorously assailed than now, and never more

resolutely defended and asserted." To a complimentary toast, calling him "the constant defender of the principles of the Constitution, the fearless opponent of a mischievous administration," he made a very brief but appropriate answer—"He knew that of late years it had become a practice, that the person thus selected as the object of distinction and hospitality, should make his acknowledgments in a set speech; but as a plain and old-fashioned Virginian, it was, he must be permitted to say, a custom more honored in the breach than the observance. He felt assured that no declaration of his principles was called for on the occasion. It would, indeed, be too severe a tax upon the courtesy of that intelligent auditory, for him to attempt to gloss over what he had done or omitted to do. He did not expect them to judge of those principles from any declarations that he might see fit to make, instead of inferring them from the acts of his public life, which had commenced in the last century, and had terminated but a few days ago." Mr. Randolph received several similar invitations from his old constituents, but he was constrained to decline them all. He expressed his regret at being unable to partake of the hospitality and festivity of his friends, "to whom," says he, "I am bound by every tie that can unite me to the kindest and most indulgent constituents that ever man had."

It is almost needless to say, that at the April elections he was returned to Congress by his old constituents, without opposition. The summer was spent in his accustomed solitude at Roanoke; and as to the thoughts and feelings that occupied and harassed him during that monotonous period, we leave him to speak for himself, in the following letters to his friend, Dr. Brockenbrough:

ROANOKE, March 30, 1827; Friday.

MY DEAR FRIEND—My worst anticipations have been realized. I got home on the 22d (Thursday), and since then I have scarcely been off my bed except when I was in it. My cough has increased very much, and my fever never intermits; with this, pain in the breast and all the attendant ills. Meanwhile I am, with the exception of my servants, as if on a desert island. I feel that my doom is sealed, as it regards this life at least. I do not want to distress you, or to make you gloomy; but you had a right to know the truth, and I have told it to you.

My best regards to Mrs. B. Write to me when you have nothing better to do. I shall be detained here all the summer, if I last as long. Like other spendthrifts, I have squandered my resources, and am penniless.

ROANOKE, May 15th, 1827; Tuesday.

Your letter gives me much concern. These sudden and repeated attacks alarm me. Pray do not fail to write and let me know how you are. I would readily embrace Mrs. B.'s kind invitation (God bless her for it); but, my good friend, I am unfit for society. My health is better—more so in appearance than in reality; but my spirits are (if any thing) worse. In other words, a total change has been effected in my views and feelings, and nothing can ever restore the slightest relish for the world and its affairs. If property in this country gave its possessor the command of money, I would go abroad immediately. But I feel that I am fixed here for life. I am sensibly touched by the kind interest expressed for my welfare by the Wickhams (and others). Make my best acknowledgments to them. Yesterday I received a present of fish from a man whom I hardly know, who sent it eight miles. On Saturday, for the first time, I made an essay towards riding, and got as far as Mrs. Daniel's, who, I heard, was very unwell. I repeated the experiment on Sunday; but yesterday was cold and cloudy, and the rain, I am persuaded, saved us last night from another frost.

By this time, I conjecture that my niece is in Richmond. Give her my best love, and Mrs. B. and Mary also. Remember me most kindly to Leigh, Stevenson, and all who ask after me.

Reading over what I have written, I find that I have expressed myself unhappily, not to say ungraciously, on the subject of Mrs. B.'s invitation. What I meant was, that I could not be in Richmond without being thrown into society. It is inexpressibly fatiguing and irksome to me to keep up those forms of intercourse which usage has rendered indispensable. He who violates them deserves to be kicked out of company. This is one among many reasons why I like to go abroad. You may ask

patria qui exsul
Sequoque fugit?

but I have no such vain expectation.

Five, P. M.—Since writing the above I have felt so peculiarly desolate and forlorn, that I would be glad to transport myself any where from this place. For some days this feeling has been gaining the mastery over me. What wouldn't I give to be with you at this moment, or to see you drive up to my door! The pain in my right side and shoulder has increased, and that, no doubt, occasions, in part at least, my wretched sensations. To-morrow will bring but the same joyless repetition of the same dull scene.

ROANOKE, May 22, 1827; Tuesday.

Your last (14th) gives me considerable relief on the subject of your health. Now that you have hit upon the remedy, I hope to hear no more of your spasmodic paroxysms. I have followed your

advice with sensible benefit; but nothing seems to relieve the anxiety, distress, and languor to which I am by turns subjected, or the pains, rheumatic or gouty, that are continually flying about me.

I have passed a wretched week since my last. Why my letters are so long getting to hand, I cannot tell—perhaps it would be well for you if they should miscarry altogether, for they are little else besides lamentations. I cannot express to you the horror I feel at the idea of a winter in Washington. I have used a very improper word, for it is a feeling of loathing, of unutterable disgust. I am (of course) obliged to “every body” for their inquiries and “apparent concern” respecting my health; but there are some individuals towards whom I entertain a warmer feeling, and I beg you to express it for me to Leigh, the Wickhams, and others whom I need not name, although I will name Mr. and Mrs. T. Taylor.

Whichever way I look around me, I see no cheering object in view. All is dark, and comfortless, and hopeless: for I cannot disguise from myself, that the state of society and manners is daily and not slowly changing for the worse. After making every allowance for the gloom of age and disease, there are indications not to be mistaken of general deterioration. If I survive this winter I must try and hit upon some plan of relief, for I would not spend another year 1827 for any imaginable earthly consideration. This is not a bull, although it may look like one.

I have some conveniences here (not to say comforts) that I cannot always meet with from home; and this consideration, and the *vis inertiae* which grows daily stronger, have detained me here, where I vegetate like the trees around me. Give my best love to Mrs. B., and Mary. I most heartily wish that I could see you all.

ROANOKE, Tuesday, June 12, 1827.

Your letter of the 5th was received last night. When I wrote that to which you refer, I had not received Mr. Chiles's and Mr. Allen's, with your P. S. They came about a week afterwards. I wrote you a few hardly legible lines on Friday evening. The next morning I got into my chair and drove to W. Leigh's, whence I returned yesterday. I would have stayed longer, but there were young people in the house, and I felt as if I was a damper upon their cheerfulness. Luckily I had a cool morning for my return home.

I have had a visit from a *Stouliburg*—old Mr. Archibald B. It almost made me resolve never to leave my own plantation again. I hardly think that I shall go to the Springs. I have a decided aversion to mixing with mankind, especially where I am known. I have been obliged to give up riding on horseback altogether. It crucified me, and I did not get over a ride of two miles in the course of the whole day. I will stay at home, and take your prescription. I wish I could see your Dr. Johnston's book. There are other rea-

sons why I should stay at home: I have no clothes, and no money. In fact, I never was in so abject a state of misery and poverty since I was born. They who complain are never pitied. But I have so true a judgment of the value of this world and its contents, that I would not give the strength and health of one of my negro men for the wisdom of Solomon, and the wealth of Cræsus, and the power of Cæsar.

"Though Solomon, with a thousand wives,
To get a wise successor strives,
But one, and he a fool, survives."

So much for the pleasure of offspring.

My best love to Mrs. B. and Mary, and to my niece, who is with you, I hope. Tell her that I got her two last letters a great while after they were written; and that I should have written in return, but that I was never in a frame of mind for it. My life is spent in pain and sorrow. "We passed in maddening pain life's feverish dream," was said of poor Collins. It is almost true of me. I have a thousand things to attend to, many duties to perform, and all are neglected. I know and feel that I am incurring an awful responsibility, but that only serves to add to the miseries of the day and night.

ROANOKE, September 4, 1827.

I certainly took it for granted that you were at the Springs, or I should have written, although I have been particularly unwell of late, and have had a great deal of company, most of which I could have gladly dispensed with. Indeed, I have more than once regretted that *not at home* was inadmissible in the country. At this time I am laboring under a sharp attack of bile, and am hardly able to direct my pen. All those symptoms of anxiety, distress, &c., I need not recapitulate to you. I had anticipated your caution respecting wine, but am not the less thankful for it. Kidder R. was here, and had no one to join him in a glass of claret, so that, as Burns says, I helped him to a slice of my constitution, although my potation was very moderate. If people would not harass me with their unmeaning visits I should do much better.

ROANOKE, NOV. 6, 1827; Tuesday.

I write because you request it. I got home on Friday evening (the 2d), and Sam and the wagons arrived here next night. This morning I received your letter of the 1st, Thursday. In answer to your inquiry, I am worse, decidedly worse than when I wrote from Amelia. I wrote you a long letter from thence, which I afterwards threw into the fire—and like it, I am withering, consuming away. I will try and see you if I can, on my way to W. Nothing but the circumstance attending my election, prevents an immediate resignation of my seat. My good friend, I can't convey to you—language can't express—the thousandth part of the misery I feel.

I found a long letter from you, at Charl. C. H. You say that

"without something of the sort (cotton spinning), Richmond is done over." My dear friend, she is "done over," and past recovery. She wears the *facies Hippocratica*. That is not the worst—the country is also ruined—past redemption, body and soul—soil and mind.

My friend, Mr. Barksdale, has resolved to sell out and leave Amelia. He is right, and would be so, were he to give his establishment there away. If I live through the coming year, I too, will break my fetters. He was almost my only resource. They have dried up, one by one, and I am left in the desert alone.

Mrs. B. "wants to see me"—God bless her. When I come, you must hide me. I can write no more, even of this nonsense. Farewell.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15, 1827; Saturday.

I confess that I have been disappointed, nay almost hurt, at not hearing from you. My good friend, I am sore and crippled, mind and body—and I might add estate. These, according to the Liturgy, embrace all the concerns of man, but there is another branch in which I am utterly bankrupt.

You say that you have nothing to communicate, and yet Stevenson tells me that *the* election made a great sensation with you.

Quant à moi. I am dying as decently as I can. For three days past, I have rode out, and people who would not care one groat, if I died to-night—are glad that I am so much better, &c., &c., with all that wretched grimace that grown-up makers of faces call, and believe to be, politeness, good-breeding, &c. I had rather see the children or monkeys mow and chatter.

My diet is strict. Flesh once a day (mutton, boiled or roasted), a cracker and cup of coffee, morning and night, no drink but toast water. But it will not do. For the first time in my life, I now begin to drink in the night, and copiously. I would give fifty pounds if no one would ask me again, "how I do?"

Mr. Macon, who was strictly neutral last year, is now decided for Jackson. Perhaps this may give some relief to our friend, Christopher Quandary. From some Fanquier and other symptoms, I fear that the Chief J. is quandaryish too.

Tazewell talks of going home, and has asked me to go with him. If I could bear the beastly abominations of a steamboat, I would do it, for here I cannot stay. Mr. M. recruited very much after his arrival, but within a few days he has been complaining, and in very bad spirits. The fact is, that his grand-children torture my old friend almost to death. I bless God that I have none. Of all the follies that man is prone to, that of thinking that he can regulate the conduct of others, is the most inveterate and preposterous. Mr. Macon has no such weakness; but the aberrations of his descendants crucify him. What has become of all the countless generations that have preceded us? Just what will become of us, and of our successors. Each will follow the

devices and desires of its own heart, and very reasonably expect that its descendants will not, but will do, like good boys and girls, as they are bid. And so the papas and mammas, and grand-papas and grand-mammas flatter themselves—utterly regardless of their own contumacy. If ever I undertake to educate, or regulate any thing, it shall be a thing that cannot talk. I have been a Quixotte in this matter, and well have I been rewarded—as well as the woful Knight in the Galley slaves in the Brown mountain.

WASHINGTON, Friday, Dec. 21, 1827.

At last I have a letter from you. Your epistles are like angels' visits, "short and far between." I have one too from the Chief Justice, whom Mrs. B. will smile to hear me describe as one of the best-bred men alive. I sent him the King's speech and documents, and here in return is a letter that I would not exchange for a Diploma from any one of our Universities.

Nothing was further from my intention than to touch any nerve in Watkins, &c., when I mentioned his having written a book. At that time, I thought C. Q. was ascribed to Garnett. I referred to his publications some years ago against Jackson. Do you remember that Dr. Johnson, who hardly rose to the dignity and polish of a bear, told Boswell that he thought himself a very well-bred man? Now, I thought that I rallied our friend that night, with playful good humor, incapable of wounding even as sensitive a person as he on that occasion seemed to be.

Although I rode out on Wednesday, I am no better. Yesterday the atmosphere was loaded with *rheum*, and to-day it is hardly better. The first good spell of weather that seems settled, I shall leave this place, *pour jamais*. I have yet some confidence left in mankind, and much in my constituents. Now, let me beg you not to mention this to any one. I have heard of my conversation with W. L. at your house with alterations, I can't say with emendations. How every idle word I utter flies abroad upon the wings of the wind, I know not. I could not help smiling at the version given of my retort, that "J. could not write because he had never been taught, and Adams because he was not teachable"—the two last words were changed into "a man of abilities." This is like the National Intelligencer's reports of me.

I am sensible that these effusions of querulous egotism can have no value in your eyes. I will therefore try something else.

Mr. Barbour's motion is, to say the least of it, ill-timed. I believe that he consulted no one about it. Our play is to win the game; to keep every thing quiet; to give no handle for alarm, real or pretended; to finish the indispensable public business, and to go home.

As you make no mention of Mrs. B. or of Mary, I conclude that they are both well. My love to them both. I have been not a little

amused with hearing a gentleman describe the artful and assiduous, and invidious court paid to a certain lady, the year before last, at the Springs, by a certain great, very great man. I now understand why she introduced the subject of General Jackson to *me* of all the people in the world, when I last saw her—the only instance of want of good taste that I ever remarked in that lady. *Quant à moi*, I was (as became me) mute as a fish.

I agree that it is a *serious* objection to any man that he has such a hanger-on as C. B. But when I am determined upon turning off a very bad overseer, I shall not be deterred, because I can't get exactly him whom I would prefer. This squeamishness does for girls, but with men, you must act as a man upon what is, and not upon what ought to be. I have seen no man but Genl. W., and there were strong objections to him, that I think fit for the office.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, Dec. 22, 1827.

My cough and pain in the breast are both much worse, owing to my being a few minutes in the House yesterday, from which I was speedily driven by the atmosphere. I cannot believe it possible that the Ch. J. can vote for the present incumbent. To say nothing of his denunciation of all the most respectable federalists; the implacable hatred and persecution of this man and his father of the memory of Alexander Hamilton (the best and ablest man of his party, who basely abandoned him for old Adams' loaves and fishes), would, I suppose, be an insuperable obstacle to the C. J.'s support of the younger A. When I say the best and ablest of his party, I must except the Ch. J. himself, who surpassed H. in moral worth, and although not his equal as a statesman, in point of capacity, is second to none. Hamilton has stood very high in my estimation ever since the contest between Burr and Jefferson; and I do not envy a certain Ex.-P. or your predecessor, the glory of watching his stolen visits to a courtesan, and disturbing the peace of his family by their informations. I have a fellow-feeling with H. He was the victim of rancorous enemies, who always prevail over lukewarm friends. He died because he preferred death to the slightest shade of imputation or disgrace. He was not suited to the country, or the times; and if he lived now, might be admired by a few, but would be thrust aside to make room for any fat-headed demagogue, or dextrous intriguer. His conduct, too, on the acquisition of Louisiana, proved how superior he was to the Otises and Quineys, and the whole run of Yankee federalists.

Yours are the only letters that I receive from Richmond—the one mentioned yesterday, from the Ch. J., excepted. Indeed I have had but three others; one from Mr. Leigh, and two from Barksdale. It is now snowing fast, and I fear that I shall be detained here much longer than I could wish. I left the House yesterday, after an

hour's stay in it, and, as I finished my ride, I saw the flag waving over the Hall of the Representatives. I thought what fools men were, to be there listening to jackanapes, and what fools we, the people, were, to submit to their rule. I must get away, or die outright.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Dec. 26, 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter, too, looks a little more like “past times” than those which I have received from you of late. I wonder that you should be at a loss for something to write about, for Mr. Speaker, whom I saw some days ago, for a single minute, related to me that you had given a splendid party; for so I interpreted the word *fandango*, used by him.

But for a visit last evening from Frank Key, who came and sat about three hours with me, yesterday would have been the dullest Christmas day that I can recollect. We want a synonym for the French *triste*. I was invited to dine, *en famille*, with Mr. Hamilton, of South Carolina, but the day was so particularly detestable, that I could not stir abroad. The Pennsylvania Avenue is a long lake of mud. I go nowhere, and see nobody but Mr. Macon. He is so deaf that he picks up none of the floating small trash in the Senate, and I am hard put to it to make him hear my hoarse whispers.

I understood the whole matter of Mr. H., of Kentucky, and the “very great man,” and I readily comprehended the lady's scruples; one, especially, that was to be looked for in a female of delicacy and right feeling; for I have felt, and I do feel the same, myself. But there is no alternative.

You say that “all the world are amazed *how the devil I know every thing before any body else*.” I got that piece of information from Lynchburg, a long while ago, through my silent, discreet friend, W. L., who, I verily believe, never mentioned it to any body else, but, as the Waverly man says, “kept a calm sough.” I have paid more money of my own for intelligence than, I believe, any other public man living; but this came *gratis*. Apropos to the Waverly man. His last work (*Canongate*) is beneath contempt. The mask is off, and he stands confessed a threadbare jester, repeating his worn-out stories. I wish that some one would take pen in hand, and abolish him quite. It might be easily done.

I pray you write to me as often and as fully as you can. I have no other epistolary aliment, except from Harry Tucker. God bless you *both*.

My most respectful and friendly regards to Mr. Wickham, whenever you see him. He has won upon my esteem. I made the very same remark upon the Ch. J——'s dignified and simple manners, that evening, that Mrs. B. did. Pray tell him that I hope soon to see him here.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION—A WISE AND MASTERLY
INACTIVITY.

MR. RANDOLPH's opposition commenced with the administration. His objection was not confined to the measures, but extended to the men—the principles they avowed—and the manner in which they came into power. In his judgment they were condemned in the beginning, and it was folly to wait to strike the first blow until they could safely intrench themselves behind the walls of patronage, and the well furnished batteries of a pensioned press. Like a skilful leader, he dashed at once on the foe, and gave him a stunning and fatal blow, ere he was aware of the near approach of an enemy. Two years ago, in the Senate, we observed his bold and vigorous onset; and now, in another field, his charges on the intrenchments of the enemy are still more fearless and effective. "I shall carry the war into Africa," said he, "*Delenda est Carthago!* I shall not be content with merely parrying. No, Sir, if I can—so help me God!—I will thrust also; because my right arm is nerved by the cause of the people and of my country."

It was conceded, on all hands, that he was the leader of the opposition in Congress.

A member from Ohio, in responding to a rhetorical inquiry propounded by himself—"Who is it that manifested this feeling of proscription towards us and our posterity?" answered, 'Sir, it is the man who is now at the head of the opposition to this administration; it is the man who was placed by you, Sir, at the head of the principal committee of this House. Yes, Sir, he was placed there by aid of the vote of the very people that he has derided and abused; and if ill health had not prevented, would have been in that exalted station. It is the man that is entitled to more credit—if it is right that this administration should go down—for his efficiency in effecting that object, than any three men in this nation. This is not a hasty opinion of mine; it is one long held, and often expressed. I have been an attentive observer of his course ever since the first organization of the party to which he belongs. From the moment he took his seat

in the other branch of the legislature, he became the great rallying officer of the South. Our southern brethren were made to believe that we, of the North, were political fiends, ready to oppress them with heavy and onerous duties, and even willing to destroy that property they held most sacred. Sir, these are not exaggerated statements relative to the course of this distinguished individual. He is certainly the ablest political recruiting sergeant that has been in this or any other country."

Another member "considered him the commanding general of the opposition force, and occupying the position of a commander, in the rear of his troops, controlling their movements; issuing his orders; directing one subaltern where and how to move his forces; admonishing another to due and proper caution, and to follow his leader; nodding approbation to a third, and prompting him to extraordinary exertion; examples of which he has given us in this debate."

Mr. Randolph was eminently fitted to be the leader of the republican party, at this time. The time-serving policy, and the "centripetal" tendency of the last twelve or fifteen years, had utterly obliterated all traces of its former existence. The old principles that constituted it, were effaced from the memory. He was the "Old Mortality," whose sharp chisel could retrace the lines on the whited sepulchres, and bring them out in bold relief, in all their original strength and freshness. His was the prophet's voice, to stir the dry bones in the valley.

In the first place, he was purely disinterested. He filled the station assigned him by his beloved constituents; his ambition extended not beyond. His age, his wretched health, and "church-yard cough," admonished him that he might not live to witness the triumph of his cause. None but the most uncharitable could suspect his motives, or doubt that his right arm was nerved by the cause of the people and of his country. The history of all nations, and of their governments, was well known to him; the causes of their rise, progress, and decline, were thoroughly studied and digested. He knew the Constitution of his own country—its strength, its weakness, and the dangers that beset it. Possessing a thorough acquaintance with human character, and a keen insight into the motives of individuals, he was familiar with the history, both public and private, of every prominent

man connected with the Government. Nothing escaped his observation. No "Senior Falconi" could work the wires in his presence, without being detected and exposed. He possessed a fearless spirit, that dared to look at the naked truth—to confront it boldly, and to speak to it.

He called things by their right names; he called a spade a spade, offend whom it might. His mind was untrammelled by professional habits: nor was it fettered to the narrow round of an inferior trade. His comprehensive genius, with a free and fearless spirit, travelled over every field of knowledge, and appropriated to itself the richest fruits of ancient and modern lore. While others were poring over their books, or plodding through a labored and methodical speech, striving by a slow inductive process to arrive at their conclusion, he, with a comprehensive glance surveyed the whole field, and by an intuitive perception leapt to the conclusion without an apparent effort. No man more completely fulfilled his own beautiful fable of the caterpillar and the huntsman. "A caterpillar comes to a fence; he crawls to the bottom of the ditch, and over the fence; some one of his hundred feet always in contact with the object upon which he moves: a gallant horseman, at a flying leap, clears both ditch and fence. 'Stop!' says the caterpillar, 'you are too flighty, you want connection and continuity; it took me an hour to get over; you can't be as sure as I am, who have never quitted the subject, that you have overcome the difficulty, and are fairly over the fence.' 'Thou miserable reptile,' replies our huntsman, 'if, like you, I crawled over the earth slowly and painfully, should I ever catch a fox, or be any thing more than a wretched caterpillar?'" With these qualities of head and of heart—a profound statesman, a ready debater, a resolute will, *possessing the spirit of command*—he was eminently fitted to be the leader of a great party. While others were bewildered, or timidly waited the coming of events, he was quick to perceive and prompt to act.

His policy during the present session was a *wise and masterly inactivity*. The administration was in a minority, and with a "sardonic sneer" had told the leaders of the opposition that they had become "responsible for the measures of the Government." But Mr. Randolph urged his friends to do nothing—stand still and observe a wise and masterly inactivity. He often used that expression: "We

ought," said he, "to observe that practice which is the hardest of all, especially for young physicians—we ought to throw in no medicine at all—to abstain—to observe a wise and masterly inactivity." That was not only his policy then, but at all times. We are indebted to him for a political maxim that embraces the whole duty of an American statesman. Let the Government abstain as much as possible from legislation; interfere not at all with individual interests; leave all they can to the States, and to the boundless energies of a free and enlightened people. In a word, the true constitutional spirit of the Federal Government would prompt it at all times (there are exceptions of course to all rules) to observe a wise and masterly inactivity; it would fulfil its whole duty in that. Whither would the contrary doctrine of the men then in power—that *Government must do every thing*—have carried us? to what a condition has it brought the nations of Europe? Let their enormous standing armies, bankrupt treasuries, irredeemable national debts, wretched and impoverished people, *answer the question!*

All of Mr. Randolph's speeches during the present session were interesting and instructive. Some of them are tolerably fair specimens of his style of thought and composition; especially the one in answer to Mr. Everett, of Massachusetts, on the first of February, which was revised by himself and dedicated to his constituents: "To my constituents, whose confidence and love have impelled and sustained me under the effort of making it, I dedicate this speech."

It is a great mistake to suppose that he had no method in his discourse. His was not a succession of loose thoughts and observations strung together by the commonplace rules of association, but the profound method of a mind of genius, that looked into the very heart of a subject, and drew forth the *law* of association by which its *ideas* are bound together in an adamant chain of cause and effect. Like the musician who draws from a simple ballad an infinite variety of harmonies, in all of which may be traced the elements of the original song—so, Randolph, in his speeches, expanded the original thought into a rich and copious variety; but every illustration was suggested by the subject; each episode tended to accomplish the purpose he had in view. Let the following extract from the speech now under consideration, suffice as a specimen of his large acquaintance with history; profound knowledge of human character; his copiousness

of illustration, and the rapidity, beauty, strength, and purity of his style. After reviewing the observations of other speakers that had gone before him, suggested by a former speech of his, he comes directly to the subject in hand—the unfitness of the present rulers: we wanted statesmen who could wisely direct the helm of State, and not orators to make speeches, or logicians to write books:

Sir, said he, I deny that there is any instance on record, in history, of a man not having military capacity, being at the head of any Government with advantage to that Government, and with credit to himself. There is a great mistake on this subject. It is not those talents which enable a man to write books and make speeches, that qualify him to preside over a Government. The wittiest of poets has told us that

“All a rhetorician’s rules
Teach only how to name his tools.”

We have seen professors of rhetoric, who could no doubt descant fluently upon the use of these said tools, yet sharpen them to so wiry an edge as to cut their own fingers with these implements of their trade. Thomas à Becket was as brave a man as Henry the Second, and, indeed, a braver man—less infirm of purpose. And who were the Hildebrands, and the rest of the papal freebooters, who achieved victory after victory over the proudest monarchs and States of Christendom? These men were brought up in a cloister, perhaps, but they were endowed with that highest of all gifts of Heaven, the capacity to lead men, whether in the Senate or in the field. Sir, it is one and the same faculty, and its successful display has always received, and always will receive, the highest honors that man can bestow: and this will be the case, do what you will, cant what you may about military chieftains and military domination. So long as man is man, the victorious defender of his country will, and ought to receive, that country’s suffrage for all that the forms of her government allow her to give.

A friend said to me not long since: “Why, General Jackson can’t write.” “Admitted.” (Pray, Sir, can you tell me of any one that can write? for, I protest, I know nobody that can.) Then, turning to my friend, I said: “It is most true that General Jackson cannot write,” (not that he can’t write his name or a letter, &c.,) “because he has never been taught; but his competitor cannot write, because he was not teachable;” for he has had every advantage of education and study. Sir, the Duke of Marlborough, the greatest captain and negotiator of his age, which was the age of Louis the Fourteenth, and who may rank with the greatest men of any age, whose irresistible manners and address triumphed over every obsta-

ele in council, as his military prowess and conduct did in the field—this great man could not spell, and was notoriously ignorant of all that an undergraduate must know, but which it is not necessary for a man at the head of affairs to know at all. Would you have superseded him by some Scotch schoolmaster? Gentlemen forget that it is an able helmsman we want for the ship of state, and not a professor of navigation or astronomy.

Sir, among the vulgar errors that ought to go into Sir Thomas Brown's book, this ought not to be omitted: that learning and wisdom are not synonymous, or at all equivalent. Knowledge and wisdom, as one of our most delightful poets sings—

“ Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection: Knowledge dwells
In hearts replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds the unthinking multitude enchained.”

And not books only, Sir. Speeches are not less deceptive. I not only consider the want of what is called learning, not to be a disqualification for the commander-in-chief in civil or military life; but I do consider the possession of too much learning to be of most mischievous consequence to such a character, who is to draw from the cabinet of his own sagacious mind, and to make the learning of others, or whatever other qualities they may possess, subservient to his more enlarged and vigorous views. Such a man was Cromwell; such a man was Washington: not learned, but wise. Their understandings were not clouded or cramped, but had fair play. Their errors were the errors of men, not of schoolboys and pedants. So far from the want of what is called education being a very strong objection to a man at the head of affairs, over-education constitutes a still stronger objection. (In the case of a lady it is fatal. Heaven defend me from an over-educated accomplished lady! Yes, accomplished indeed; for she is *finished* for all the duties of a wife, or mother, or mistress of a family.) We hear much of military usurpation, of military despotism, of the sword of a conqueror, of Cæsar, and Cromwell, and Bonaparte. What little I know of Roman history has been gathered chiefly from the surviving letters of the great men of that day, and of Cicero especially; and I freely confess that if I had then lived, and had been compelled to take sides, I must, though very reluctantly, have sided with Cæsar, rather than have taken Pompey for my master. It was the interest of the House of Stuart—and they were long enough in power to do it—to blacken the character of Cromwell, that great, and, I must add, bad man. But, Sir, the

devil himself is not so black as he is sometimes painted. And who would not rather have obeyed Cromwell than that self-styled Parliament, which obtained a title too indecent for me to name, but by which it is familiarly known and mentioned in all the historians from that day to this. Cromwell fell under a temptation, perhaps too strong for the nature of man to resist; but he was an angel of light to either of the Stuarts, the one whom he brought to the block, or his son, a yet worse man, the blackest and foulest of miscreants that ever polluted a throne. It has been the policy of the House of Stuart and their successors—it is the policy of kings—to villify and blacken the memory and character of Cromwell. But the cloud is rolling away. We no longer consider Hume as deserving of the slightest credit. Cromwell “was guiltless of his country’s blood;” his was a bloodless usurpation. To doubt his sincerity at the outset from his subsequent fall would be madness. Religious fervor was the prevailing temper and fashion of the times. Cromwell was no more of a fanatic than Charles the First, and not so much of a hypocrite. It was not in his nature to have signed the attainder of such a friend as Lord Strafford, whom Charles meanly, and selfishly, and basely, and cruelly, and cowardly repaid for his loyalty to him by an ignominious death—a death deserved indeed by Strafford for his treason to his country, but not at the hands of his faithless, perfidious master. Cromwell was an usurper—’tis granted; but he had scarcely any choice left him. His sway was every way preferable to that miserable corpse of a Parliament that he turned out, as a gentleman would turn off a drunken butler and his fellows; or the pensioned tyrant that succeeded him, a dissolute, depraved bigot and hypocrite, who was outwardly a Protestant and at heart a Papist. He lived and died one, while pretending to be a son of the Church of England—aye, and sworn to it—and died a perjured man. If I must have a master, give me one whom I can respect, rather than a knot of knavish attorneys. Bonaparte was a bad man; but I would rather have had Bonaparte than such a set of corrupt, intriguing, public plunderers as he turned adrift. The Senate of Rome, the Parliament of England, “the Council of Elders and Youngsters,” the Legislature of France—all made themselves first odious and then contemptible; and then comes an usurper; and this is the natural end of a corrupt civil government.

There is a class of men who possess great learning, combined with inveterate professional habits, and who, *ipso facto*, or perhaps I should rather say *ipsis factis*, for I must speak accurately, as I speak before a professor, are disqualified for any but secondary parts any where, even in the cabinet. Cardinal Richelieu was, what? A priest. Yes, but what a priest! Oxenstiern was a chancellor. He it was who sent his son abroad to see *quam parva sapientia regitur mundus*—with

how little wisdom this world is governed. This administration seemed to have thought that even less than that little would do for us. The gentleman called it a strong, an able cabinet—second to none but Washington's first cabinet. I could hardly look at him for blushing. What, Sir! is Gallatin at the head of the Treasury—Madison in the department of State? The mind of an accomplished and acute dialectician, of an able lawyer, or, if you please, of a great physician, may, by the long continuance of one pursuit—of one train of ideas—have its habits inveterately fixed, as effectually to disqualify the possessor for the command of the councils of a country. He may, nevertheless, make an admirable chief of a bureau—an excellent man of details, which the chief ought never to be. A man may be capable of making an able and ingenious argument on any subject within the sphere of his knowledge; but every now and then the master sophist will start, as I have seen him start, at the monstrous conclusions to which his own artificial reasoning had brought himself. But this was a man of more than ordinary natural candor and fairness of mind. Sir, by words and figures you may prove just what you please; but it often and most generally is the fact, that, in proportion as a proposition is logically or mathematically true, so it is politically and commonsensically (or rather nonsensically) false. The talent which enables a man to write a book, or make a speech, has no more relation to the leading of an army or a senate, than it has to the dressing of a dinner. The talent which fits a man for either office is the talent for the management of men: a mere dialectician never had, and never will have it; each requires the same degree of courage, though of different kinds. The very highest degree of moral courage is required for the duties of government. I have been amused when I have seen some dialecticians, after assorting their words—"the counters of wise men, the money of fools"—after they had laid down their premises, and drawn, step by step, their deductions, sit down completely satisfied, as if the conclusions to which they had brought themselves were really the truth—as if it were irrefragably true. But wait until another cause is called, or till another court sits—till the bystanders and jury have had time to forget both argument and conclusion, and they will make you just as good an argument on the other side, and arrive with the same complacency at a directly opposite conclusion, and triumphantly demand your assent to this new truth. Sir, it is their business—I do not blame them. I only say that such a habit of mind unfits men for action and for decision. They want a client to decide for them which side to take; and the really great man performs that office. This habit unfits them for government in the first degree. The talent for government lies in these two things—sagacity to perceive, and decision to act. Genuine statesmen were never made such by mere training; nas-

cuntur non fiunt: education will form good business men. The maxim, *nascitur non fit*, is as true of statesmen as it is of poets. Let a house be on fire, you will soon see in that confusion who has the talent to command. Let a ship be in danger at sea, and ordinary subordination destroyed, and you will immediately make the same discovery. The ascendancy of mind and of character rises and rises as naturally and as inevitably where there is fair play for it, as material bodies find their level by gravitation. Thus, a great logician, like a certain animal, oscillating between the hay on different sides of him, wants some power from without, before he can decide from which bundle to make trial. Who believes that Washington could write a good book or report as Jefferson, or make an able speech as Hamilton? Who is there that believes that Cromwell would have made as good a judge as Lord Hale? No, Sir; these learned and accomplished men find their proper place under those who are fitted to command, and to command them among the rest. Such a man as Washington will say to Jefferson, do you become my Secretary of State; to Hamilton, do you take charge of my purse, or that of the nation, which is the same thing; and to Knox, do you be my master of horse. All history shows this; but great logicians and great scholars are, for that very reason, unfit to be rulers. Would Hannibal have crossed the Alps, when there were no roads—with elephants—in the face of the warlike and hardy mountaineers, and have carried terror to the very gates of Rome, if his youth had been spent in poring over books? Would he have been able to maintain himself on the resources of his own genius for sixteen years in Italy, in spite of faction and treachery in the Senate of Carthage, if he had been deep in conic sections and fluxions, and the differential calculus, to say nothing of botany and mineralogy, and chemistry? “Are you not ashamed,” said a philosopher to one who was born to rule; “are you not ashamed to play so well upon the flute?” Sir, it was well put. There is much which becomes a secondary man to know—much that it is necessary for him to know, that a first-rate man ought to be ashamed to know. No head was ever clear and sound that was stuffed with book learning. You might as well attempt to fatten and strengthen a man by stuffing him with every variety and the greatest quantity of food. After all, the chief must draw upon his subalterns, for much that he does not know and cannot perform himself. My friend, Wm. R. Johnson, has many a groom that can clean and dress a race-horse, and ride him too, better than he can. But what of that? Sir, we are, in the European sense of the term, not a military people. We have no business for an army; it hangs as a dead weight upon the nation, officers and all. All that we hear of it is through pamphlets—indicating a spirit that, if I was at the head of affairs, I should very speedily put down. A state of things that never could have

grown up under a man of decision of character at the head of the State, or the Department—a man possessing *the spirit of command*; that truest of all tests of a chief, whether military or civil. Who rescued Braddock when he was fighting, *secundem artem*, and his men were dropping around him on every side? It was a Virginia militia major. He asserted in that crisis, the place which properly belonged to him, and which he afterwards filled in a manner we all know.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LETTERS FROM ROANOKE.

WE again leave the reader to follow Mr. Randolph into his accustomed summer quarters, there to commune with him alone, and to commiserate his unhappy lot. With a heart most exquisitely attuned, as the reader has learned to know, to love and friendship, he had no wife nor children to share his home and fortune, and to fill that aching void, that none but domestic affection can fill. Wholly dependent on outward friendship, he found the world all too busy for that, and was desolate. The reader will not be at a loss to perceive that the following letters were addressed to Dr. Brockenbrough.

ROANOKE, Tuesday evening, May 27, 1828.

My dear friend, I hope to hear from you by Sam on Saturday night, and to receive Lord Byron in a coffin, where I shall very soon be. I daily grow worse; if that can be called "growth" which is diminution and not increase. My food passes from me unchanged. Liver, lungs, stomach (which I take to be the original seat of disease), bowels, and the whole carnal man are diseased to the last extent. Diarrhœa incessant—nerves broken—cramps—spasms—vertigo. Shall I go on?—no, I will not.

I have horses that I cannot ride—wine that I cannot drink—and friends too much occupied with their own affairs to throw away a day (not to say a week) upon me. Of these, except Mr. Macon, yourself and Barksdale, who has entangled himself with Mrs. Tabb's estates, are all that I care to see *here*. Meanwhile, my dear friend, I am not without my comforts, such as they be. I have a new passion arising within me, which occupies me incessantly—the improvement of my estate. But for three men:—A. B. V. (your old master), Creed Taylor, and Patrick Henry, I should have commenced thirty years ago, what now I can hardly begin—finish, never. Don't you smile at my array of names? "*Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisem-*

blable." Perhaps I might say, without hazarding more than public speakers (of whom I have been one) often do, "*jamais*" for "*toujours*"

My cough is tremendous. The expectoration from mucus has become purulent. My dear friend, you and I know that the cough and diarrhœa, and pain in the side and shoulder, are the last stage of my disorder, whether of lungs in the first instance, or of liver.

I send you the measure of my thigh at the thickest part. Calves I have none, except those that suck their dams; but then I have ankles that will out-measure yours or any other man's as far as you beat me in *thighs*.

I am super-saturated with politics; care nothing about convention or no convention, or any thing but the P. election, and no great deal about that. The country is ruined, thanks to Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Ritchie, who, I suppose, is ashamed of sending me the *Enquirer*, for I never get it. It is a temporizing, time-serving print, which I heartily despise, and should not care to have it, except that it is the *Moniteur* of the poor old, ruined and degraded Dominion. Nevertheless, ask *somebody* (for Ritchie is too much of a Godwinian to attend to facts) to send it to me.

ROANOKE, Friday, May 30, 1828.

Although I wrote to you so short a time ago by Sam, as well as by the post, yet as my frank has not expired (at one time indeed I expected not to live out my 60 days' leave), I write again to tell you that extremity of suffering has driven me to the use of what I have had a horror of all my life—I mean opium; and I have derived more relief from it than I could have anticipated. I took it to mitigate severe pain, and to check the diarrhœa. It has done both; but to my surprise it has had an equally good effect upon my cough, which now does not disturb me in the night, and the diarrhœa seldom, until towards daybreak, and then not over two or three times before breakfast, instead of two or three and thirty times. Yet I can't ride—but I hobble with a stick, and scold and threaten my lazy negroes who are building a house between my well and kitchen, and two (a stable boy and under gardener) mending the road against you come—or Barksdale. I want to see nobody else, that will come, except Leigh and Mr. Wickham, and they won't. Yes, let me except W. M. Watkins, who has been twice to see me; once spent the day from early breakfast, until after dinner—and seemed to feel a degree of interest in my life, that I thought no one took, except my "woman kind," and my friend Wm. Leigh.

Disgusted to loathing with politics, I have acquired a sudden taste for improving my estate, and my overseers are already aghast at my inspection of their doings. My servants here had been corrupted, by dealing with a very bad woman, that keeps an ordinary near me.

Twenty odd years ago, I saw her, then about 16, come into Charlotte court to choose a very handsome young fellow of two and twenty, for her guardian, whom she married that night. She was then as beautiful a creature as ever I saw (some remains yet survive). They reminded me of Annette and Lubin, but alas! Lubin became a whisky sot, and Annette a *double you*. Her daughters are following the same vocation, and her house is a public nuisance. I have been obliged to go there and lecture her—at first she was fierce, but I reminded her of the time when she chose her guardian, extolled her beauty—told her that I could not make war upon a woman—and that with a widow—that if she wanted any thing, she might command much more from me as a gentleman, by a request, than she could make by trafficking with my slaves. She burst into tears, promised to do so no more, and that I might, in case of a repetition of her offence, “*do with her as I pleased.*” Her tears disarmed me, and I withdrew my threat of depriving her of her license, &c., &c.: *Voilà un roman.*

ROANOKE, Aug. 10, 1828.

Your brother Tom, who dined here and lay here last Tuesday, tells me that you say “you believe that I have forgot you.” I told the colonel to reply in jockey phrase, that “the boot was on the other leg.” Until I saw him, I took it for granted that you had gone on from Charlottesville to the Springs, and I should as soon think of addressing a letter to Tombuctoo, as to our watering places. Moreover, he tells me that “he does not think that you will go at all.” Now all the circumstances of the case taken together, I think I have some right to complain; but as that is a right which I had much rather waive than exercise, I shall content myself with laughing at you most heartily, for the part you had in the accouchment of Carter’s mountain, which, after violent throes, has not produced even a mouse. My good friend, you and your compeers, Ex-P—s, Ch. J—s, and learned counsellors (to say nothing of the little tumbler), remind me of my childhood, when we used to play at “ladies and gentlemen,” and make visits from the different corners of the room, and cut our bread or cake into dishes of beef, mutton, &c. What is all this for?—a menace? Then it must be treated with contempt; a persuasive, or argument? then I should treat it *likewise*. Against all self-created associations, taking upon themselves the functions of government, I set my face; and I should disregard the propositions of the convention, however reasonable or just, because of the manner in which they had been got up. Richardson and Gaines and Joe Wyatt are my political attorneys; in fact, and by them only, I mean to be bound—one set is enough, and I am vain enough to believe that my opinion and wishes are entitled to as much respect from the assembly (*ceteris paribus*) as that of any member of the Charlottesville convention. In truth

we are a fussical and fudgical people. We do stand in need of "Internal Improvement"—beginning in our own bosoms, extending to our families and plantations, or whatever our occupation may be; and the man that stays at home and minds his business, is the one that is doing all that can be done (*rebus existentibus*) to mitigate the evils of the times.

"Well, after all this expectoration, how is your cough?" Steadily getting worse; *d'allieurs*, I am better—I mean as to the alimentary canal. Why can't you and madam come and see me? We are burnt to a cinder; although I had beautiful verdure this summer, until late in July. But if you could but see my colt Topaz, out of Ebony; my filly Sylph, out of Witch; or my puppy Ebony, you would admit that the wonders of the world were ten, and these three of them. Adieu!

J. R. OF R.

P. S. My frank being out, I subject you to double postage, to tell you that I clearly see in the C. C. a sort of tariffical log rolling between Ja. R. and the "mounting men," to tax the rest of the State and spend the money among themselves. I expect to live to see the upper end of Charlotte combine to oppress and plunder the lower end; or vice versa. The *cui bono* Mr. Mercer can tell, so can such contractors as his friend J. G. G. &c.

Did you read Mr. J.'s letter? I could not get through with it. Who does these things? It is exhumation.

ROANOKE, Tuesday, September 30, 1828.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Your letter, which I received last night, was a complete surprise upon me. I had begun to think that I was never to hear from you again. I have been here five cheerless months. Two letters from you, and one from Barksdale, written early in May! Did you get one from me in reply to your penultimate, addressed to Philadelphia? Since my return home from W. I have not once slept out of my own bed; neither have I eaten from any other man's board, except when carried to Charlotte C. H. by business. With the exception of a few visitors, I have been solitary, or worse—being occasionally *bored* with company that I would have been glad to dispense with. There is a disease prevailing on Dan river, which they call the cold plague. It is very fatal and speedy; the patient dying on the second or third day. In Virginia we have a moral cold plague, that has extinguished every social and kindly feeling. I do not believe that there ever existed a state of society—no, not even in Paris—so selfish and heartless as ours; and then the pecuniary distress that stares you in the face, whichever way you turn! The like has never been seen and felt in this country before. If I had the means of insuring a mutton outlet and a bottle of wine in a foreign land, I would take shipping in the next packet.

My good friend, my health is very bad. My disease is eating me away, and for the last month I have been sensible of a dejection of mind that I can't shake off. Perhaps some interchange of the courtesies and civilities of life might alleviate it; but these are unknown in this region.

ROANOKE, Tuesday, October 28, 1828.

You are very good, but I cannot accept your kind invitation. I have lived here six solitary months in sickness and sorrow, until I find myself unfit for general converse with mankind. Mr. Barksdale presses me to go to How Branch, but I cannot. Sometimes, in a fit of sullen indignation, I almost resolve to abjure all intercourse with mankind; but the yearnings of my heart after those whom I have loved, but who, in the eagerness of their own pursuits, seem to have cast me aside, tell me better.

My good friend, I am sick, body and mind. I am without a single resource, except the workings of my own fancy. Fine as the weather is and has been all this month, I have not drawn a trigger. I often think of the visit you and madame made me three years ago just at this time. Although I never get a word from her, give her my best love. God bless you, may you never feel as I do. J. R. OF R.

CHARLOTTE C. H., November 4, 1828.

I got here to-day with some difficulty, and attempted to return home, but have been compelled to put back into port. Yesterday I was unable to attend. Indeed I have been much worse for the last five or six days.

Vote of the county at 4 P. M., Tuesday—Jackson 270; Adams 57.

The sun is more than an hour high, but I am obliged to go to bed. No letters from you for a long time. J. R. OF R.



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION—RETIREMENT FROM CONGRESS.

GENERAL JACKSON was elected, by a large majority, President of the United States. No man contributed more than Mr. Randolph to this result—none expected to profit less from the triumph of his cause. His sole object was to turn out men from office who had climbed up the wrong way, and whose principles were ruinous to the Constitution, and to the Union as a union of co-equal and independent States. Having accomplished this end, he had nothing more to desire. Whether the new men in office would fulfil his expectations

remained to be seen. One thing was certain, if they did not, they would find no support from him. The spoils of office had no charm to lull him into forgetfulness of his duty—the sop of Cerberus could not close his watchful eye, nor silence his warning voice. *Principles, not men*, were not empty sounds on his lips, but a rule of action from which he never deviated; friend or foe alike shared his indignation whenever they betrayed a perverseness in their opinions, or a selfishness in their motives. His course was understood from the beginning. “The gentleman from Massachusetts warns us,” says he, “that if the individual we now seek to elevate shall succeed, he will in his turn, become the object of public pursuit; and that the same pack will be unkenelled at his heels, that have run his rival down. It may be so. I have no hesitation to say, that if his conduct shall deserve it, and I live, I shall be one of that *pack*; because I maintain the interests of stockholders against presidents, directors, and cashiers.”

After the election Mr. Randolph, as he had always done, kept aloof from political intrigues; took no *personal* interest in the formation of the new cabinet; nor did he open his mouth during the session of Congress that closed the day General Jackson was inaugurated President of the United States.

He had nothing more to do; his work was finished. He announced his intention not to be a candidate for re-election, and to bid adieu for ever to public life. It was certainly the last time he ever appeared on the floor of Congress. The question has often been asked, where are the monuments of his usefulness? what important measure did he ever advocate? The answer to this inquiry can only be found in contrasting the results of his labor with those of his great rival. Mr. Clay exerted all his great faculties and commanding influence to build up his American system. Randolph labored with equal assiduity to prevent its being built up; and after it was established, was unremitting in his exertions to tear it down. It has been torn down; and none did more than he in the work of demolition. One prop after another was taken from beneath this magnificent structure, and it now lies a heap of ruins. The American system is a mouldering ruin—the very memory of it has grown obsolete; but the American people were never more prosperous, and the American Constitution was never more ardently cherished by their

grateful hearts. The American system, whatever might have been the design of the great projector, worked only for the benefit of the presidents, directors, and cashiers; the destruction of it has resulted to the infinite advantage of the stockholders. But this is a service the people do not appreciate—a negative virtue, in their estimation, for which there is no reward. He is more valued who invites them to a feast, than he who holds them from the poisoned chalice. We have labored, throughout the Life of Mr. Randolph, to show that there are principles of the Constitution behind all measures and all administrations, of infinitely more importance than the temporary advantage that might be obtained by an infringement of them. These principles he studied with unremitting assiduity, and drew from them the golden rule that a statesman must abstain from much legislation, and leave every thing to the unrestrained energies of the people. He taught, as the soundest maxim of philosophy, not only in the practice of the medical art, but of political science, *a wise and masterly inactivity.*

But these lessons of wisdom have fallen like seed by the wayside, and many are tempted to ask, Where are the fruits of the long life and labors of this man? If the doctrine of State-rights, engrafted on the Constitution by George Mason, and expounded by Jefferson and by Madison, be an essential element in our federative system, then what a debt of gratitude do we owe to John Randolph, who ever defended those principles through evil as well as through good report; never swerved from their practice; and finally, when the centripetal tendencies of the present administration were rapidly hastening their destruction, rescued them from ruin, and gave the federative system a new impulse, which we trust will restore it to its original balance, and a just and harmonious action.

The people are beginning to awake from their delusions. When they shall fully perceive and understand the fact that all those brilliant schemes that so much dazzled their fancy and made such potent appeals to their interests, were not only calculated to corrupt, oppress, and bankrupt the community, but to sweep away all the landmarks and barriers that stood in the way of lawless power, then will the name of John Randolph, whose prophetic voice had warned them of these consequences, be fondly cherished by them, and handed down

from generation to generation as one of the greatest benefactors a kind Providence had vouchsafed to their country.

The following letters were written by Mr. Randolph to his friend, Dr. Brockenbrough, during the session of Congress :

WASHINGTON, NOV. 29, 1828.

MY GOOD FRIEND—Your kind letter reached me yesterday, but too late to thank you for it by return mail. At Fredericksburg I received such representations of the Dumfries road, as to induce me to take the steamboat. As there was only one other passenger, the cabin was quite comfortable. The boat is a new one, and a very fine one, and always gets up to the wharf. Her deck is roofed. We got here at two o'clock, but I lay until eight. Found Dr. Hall (N. C.) here (at Dawson's), and this morning Colonel Benton and Mr. Gilmer have arrived.

My cough is very much worse, and the pain in my breast and side increased a good deal. God bless you both. Pray write as often as you conveniently can. Yours, ever.

J. R. OF R.

Dr. BROCKENBROUGH.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7, 1828.

You have no doubt heard that Mr. A. does not return to Quincy. *On dit*, that a very ungracious reception awaits him in Boston. A great deal has been said of the "philosophy" with which he bears his defeat, but a friend of mine, who saw him yesterday, tells me that he is emaciated to a great degree, and looks ten years older than he did last winter; that his features are sunken, and his coat, although buttoned, hanging about him like a man's coat upon a boy. In short, said my informant, your epithets "lank and lean," applied to the administration, were forcibly recalled to my mind by the personal appearance of the P. Clay, too, he added, endeavors to put a good face on the matter; but after working himself up into one of these humors, the collapse is dreadful. Such are the rewards of ambition.

"Ambition thus shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch on high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy."

You see I have nothing to write, when I send you stale poetry. My duty and love to Madame, and kind and respectful remembrance to Mr. Wickham. Yours, ever.

J. R. OF R.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11, 1828; Wednesday.

Your letter shows on the face of it how much you are straitened for time. I wish I could spare you some of mine, that hangs heavy on my hands. In addition to my other annoyances, I am laboring under a severe influenza, and might sit for the picture of a

weeping philosopher, although I have as few claims to philosophy as Mr. J. Q. A. himself. He rides or walks around the square in front of the Capitol, every day. I have not seen him, but Hall tells me that he does very often, and that the sight makes him feel very queerly. "*He* looks," says Hall, "as if he did not know me, and I look as if I did not know *him*." His appearance is wretched. An acquaintance of mine called on him a few days ago; he was much dejected, until some one made an allusion to Giles, when, in great wrath, he pronounced G.'s statements respecting him to be utterly false; said G.'s memory was inventive, &c.; and, on the whole, conducted himself very undignifiedly.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17, 1828.

Your letter, although dated four days ago, did not come to hand until this morning. It needed no excuse, for I am, now-a-day, glad to get a letter from you on any terms.

Yesterday I dined with our old acquaintance, Dennis A. Smith, at Gadsby's. He spoke with great interest and regard of you. He introduced me to a Dr. McAulay, who has married a lady of fortune, in Baltimore. He was formerly of Virginia, and I conjecture, a son of McAulay, of York. I am glad that you are pleased with your adopted daughter. I pray that she may realize your fondest expectations. I have long since done with forming any. If my "body" and "estate" would permit, my "mind" is bent on spending the rest of my life in travelling—not in search of happiness; that, I know, is not to be found—but of variety, which may be found; and in which I consider the chief pleasure of life to consist. Habit, I know, can reconcile the gin-horse to his lot; but I never could have made a gin-horse.

This place is exceedingly dull. As no purpose can now be answered, by giving entertainments, none are made. I am nearly as much alone as I was at Roanoke; and, with the exception of the daily mails, I am full as much at a loss for resources to break the monotony of the day; each day being, with the exception of the weather, exactly alike. If there be any news, I am in the dark. I only hear that some ladies of the heads of departments have, for the first time during the present reign, condescended to visit ladies of M. C., who have passed several winters here, unnoticed by those grand dignitaries. This was told me by my friend Benton, who sometimes knocks at my door, and sits a few minutes with me—but for whom, I should be utterly ignorant of what's going on.

As to G.'s "religion," I shall be sorry to pass upon it or him. My quondam neighbor, Peter J., has, I am certain, mistaken his wants, whatever may be the lady's case. My niece is now in Richmond, attending the wedding of some female friend. *She* is an admirable creature, susceptible of high and generous sentiments; but

I have a most pitiful opinion of the friendship of girls generally; marriage is a touch-stone that few of them can bear. Indeed, it is too much the case with our sex, also. By this time you must be tired of my prosing. Let me hear from you, when you can find leisure to write.

Yours truly,

J. R. or R.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22, 1828.

After a dreadful night, I am greeted by your letter of Saturday. I am truly concerned to hear of Mrs. B.'s afflicting indisposition. In this climate, as we advance in life, that disorder becomes more common and more formidable. Make my best respects to her.

My good friend, few persons of my age, have thought more on the subject of government, and my situation for the last forty years has been highly favorable for watching the operations of our own. The conclusions that I have come to, do not very widely differ from your own; they are any thing but cheering. What you say upon the authority of Mr. Short, of the condition of "a solitary itinerant," I know by some thousands of miles' experience, to be true; but bad as it is, it is better, far better, than the life I lead here or at home.

Mr. J. is again in the newspapers. I think this course very ill-advised; but perhaps I am wrong, and do not take into consideration the very low state into which our society has fallen.

The influenza has left my eyes weak and inflamed; but if there was any thing worth communicating, I would tax them to give it to you. I hear nothing and see nobody. I cannot work myself up to take any interest in what is going on, or said to be going on.

There is not, at this time, on the face of the earth, one spot where a man of sense, attached to the principles of free government, would wish to live. Governments have poisoned every thing.

Farewell! I can truly repeat after you, "Whether at home or abroad," God bless you.

J. R. or R.

January 6, 1829.

Mr. Bell, of the House of Representatives, from Tennessee, has received a letter from Nashville, informing him that Mrs. Jackson died on the 23d December; the day for the dinner and ball to Gen. J.

While awaiting his arrival at the festival, a messenger brought the news of Mrs. Jackson's death.

I shall probably not be in the Convention. I am sick of public affairs and public men, and have no opinions of constitutions ready made or made to order.

If it would do any good, I would wish most heartily that your connection with the B. of V. was dissolved. You have been a slave to that company; and after wearing yourself down, and devoting to it time and abilities and acquirements more than enough to amass an independent fortune (otherwise applied). where is your reward? I

tell you plainly and fairly that, in public opinion, a banking-house is a house of ill fame, and that all connection with it is discreditable. This, whether just or not, is the general sentiment of the country.

My sufferings, for the last three days especially, have been such that if it were lawful I would pray for death.

You are sadly misinformed as to the "heroism of our men in office here." Their affectation, like all other affectation, defeats its object. Mrs. A., who has been fuming and fretting all the year past, and who went to bed sick upon the catastrophe being announced, now "is glad that she is no longer the keeper of a great national hotel." Mr. A. is quite rejoiced, and Mr. Clay delighted at the result. A keen and close observer tells me that C. is, on the contrary, down, down, down; that he cannot support himself; that he sinks under the effort to bear up against his defeat.

WASHINGTON, January 12, 1829; Monday.

MY DEAR DOCTOR—It won't do for a man, who wishes to indulge in dreams of human dignity and worth, to pass thirty years in public life. Although I do believe that we are the meanest people in the world, I speak of this "court" and its retainers and followers. I am super-saturated with the world, as it calls itself, and have now but one object, which I shall keep steadily in view, and perhaps some turn of the dice may enable me to obtain it: it is, to convert my property into money, which will enable me to live, or rather to die, where I please; or rather where it may please God.

As to State politics I do not wish to speak about them. The country is ruined past redemption: it is ruined in the spirit and character of the people. The standard of merit and morals has been lowered far below "*proof*." There is an abjectness of spirit that appals and disgusts me. Where now could we find leaders of a revolution? The whole South will precipitate itself upon Louisiana and the adjoining deserts. Hares will hirdle in the Capitol. "*Sauve qui peut*" is my maxim. Congress will liberate our slaves in less than twenty years. Adieu.

Friday, February 6, 1829.

"This," you will say, "is nothing to you." You know better; it is a great deal to me, and I sit up in bed to tell you that when you wrote that you did know better. My dear friend, I can hardly write or breathe. I was attacked last Monday about noon. I am now better; that is, not in extremity. My best love and duty to madame. The itch to know and attach one's self to the great is an inherent vice of our nature. Have you seen Lockhart's *Life of Burns*? Adieu for the present.

WASHINGTON, February 9, 1829; Monday.

MY GOOD FRIEND—I scratched a few lines to you on Thursday (I think) or Friday, while lying in my bed. I am now out of it, and

somewhat better; but I still feel the barb ranking in my side. Whether, or not, it be owing to the debility brought on by disease, I can't contemplate the present and future condition of my country without dismay and utter hopelessness. I trust that I am not one of those who (as was said of a certain great man) are always of the opinion of the book last read. But I met with a passage in a Review (Edinburgh) of the works and life of Machiavelli that strikes me with great force as applicable to the whole country south of Potapscoc: "It is difficult to conceive any situation more painful than that of a great man condemned to watch the lingering agony of an exhausted country, to tend it during the alternate fits of stupefaction and raving which precede its dissolution, to see the symptoms of its vitality disappear one by one, till nothing is left but coldness, darkness, and corruption."

You see that whatever temporary amendment there may be in my health, there is none in my spirits. On the contrary, they were never worse. It is not, I assure you, for the want of such feeble effort as I can make against the foul fiend.

The operation of this present Government, like a debt at usurious interest, must destroy the whole South. It eats like a canker into our very core. South Carolina must become bankrupt and depopulated. She is now shut out of the English market for her rice, with all the premium of dearth in Europe. I am too old to move, or the end of this year should not find me a resident of Virginia, against whose misgovernment I have full as great cause of complaint as against that of the U. S. It has been one mass of *job* and abuse—schools, literary funds, internal improvements, Charlottesville conventions, and their spawn. I have as great horror of borrowing as you have; but a friend having made the offer of some money, on good security, I think I shall take up some on mortgage, and make one more trial for life. If you lived in the country, I would come and stay with you; but when I go to see you, you make dinners, and put yourself out of the way, and to unnecessary expenses, which I don't like to be the occasion of.

The snow is all gone, and the sun is seen once more. God bless you *both*.

Thursday, February 12, 1829.

MY GOOD FRIEND—Your letter of Monday came to hand yesterday, after I had written, and too late to thank you for it. Tom Miller writes this morning that the convention bill has passed, and that my friends expect me to be a candidate for a seat in that body. If any one can and will devise a plan by which abler and better men shall be necessarily brought into our councils, I will hail him as my *Magnus Apollo*! But as I have no faith in any such scheme, and a thorough detestation and contempt for political metaphysics, and for

an arithmetical and geometrical constitution, I shall wash my hands of all such business. The rest of my life, if not passed in peace, shall not be spent in legislative wrangling. I am determined, absolutely, not to expose myself to collision where victory could confer no honor. No, my dear friend, let political and religious fanatics rave about their dogmas, while the country is going to ruin under the one, and the others are daily becoming worse members of society. "I'll none of it." "By their fruits shall ye know them."

P. S. By the time you receive this, you will have seen the Boston correspondence of Mr. Adams. The reply is, I'm told, by Mr. Jackson. Meanness is the key-word that deciphers every thing in Mr. Adams' character.

Saturday, February 14, 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Your opinions concerning the operation of this incubus, miscalled Government, I confess surprise me. I have made every allowance for the dearth of slave labor, and the monstrous absurdities of our own State legislation. But I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that a community that is forbidden to buy, cannot sell. "The whole southern country will buy less, and make their own clothing, without making smaller crops." *Cui bono* this last operation, except to wear out their lands and slaves gratuitously? It is this very "buying less," that lies at the root of our mischief. If we bought more, we would sell more in proportion, and become rich by the transaction. To pursue a Chinese policy, which we did not want, this Government, by cutting us off from our best customer, England, inflicts a dead loss of \$15,000,000 this very year on one southern State alone (South Carolina); as returns cannot be made in her commodities, England, in time of dearth, refuses to receive her rice. Formerly she would not eat India rice. In like manner, she will soon become independent of us for her supply of cotton. She is also planting tobacco; so that the conflagration of the factories, at which I heartily rejoice, will take from us the mite received for their consumption. Again, all the expenditure of this machine of ours is made (Norfolk and Point Comfort excepted) north of the Chesapeake. All of the dividends of the debt of the bank are received there. No country can withstand such oppression and such a drain.

As to W. H., I should not pay the slightest regard to any thing that he can say. I am well acquainted with the West Indies, and I have been told by some of the principal proprietors, that with all their heavy charges for provisions, lumber, mules, &c., from which Louisiana is exempt, the sugar crop is clear of all expenses; these being defrayed by the molasses and rum. Moreover, you are to consider that the West Indies suffer under grievous commercial restrictions, and that Wilberforce and Co. have very much impaired the value of their slaves. (The same thing is at work here.) Nevertheless,

I was assured, by the most intelligent and opulent of the "West India Body," that the mortgages and embarrassments of Jamaica, &c., grew chiefly out of the proprietors residing in England, and trusting to agents; sometimes to colonial ostentation and extravagance; but that there was scarcely an instance of a judicious and active planter personally superintending his affairs, who did not amass a fortune in a very few years.

England was our best customer, because we were her best customers. This is the law of trade, and the basis of wealth; instead of which, we have the exploded "mercantile system," as it was ridiculously called, revived and fastened, like the Old Man of the Sea, around our necks.

Monday, February 16, 1829.

I abstained saying any thing about the convention, seeing no cause to change my first impression on that subject. I once told you that every man was of some importance to himself. I found out this too late—after I had poured myself out like water for others. From my earliest childhood, I have been toiling and wearing my heart out for other people, who took all I could do and suffer for them as no more than their just dues. My dear friend, I am super-saturated with disgust. My bodily infirmities do not contribute to relieve the feeling; and if I mix in affairs, I must be content to be set aside, with contemptuous pity, for a testy, obstinate old fool. To this I do not mean to subject myself. "Let the dead bury their dead." I shall not dig or throw one shovel full of earth. Adieu!

Thursday, February 19, 1829.

Your letter of Tuesday (17) is just received. I did not "mistake you very much," for I did not attribute to you opinions favorable to the tariff. The causes of disparity between the East and South, are to be found, among other things, in the former charging and being paid for every militia man in the field during the Revolutionary war, and for every bundle of hay and peck of oats furnished for public service; in the buying up the certificates of debt for a song, and funding them in the banks; in the bounty upon their navigation, and the monopoly of trade which the European wars gave them. If the militia services, losses, and supplies of the Carolinas had been brought into account, all New England would not have sold for as much as would have paid them. In regard to the West Indies, the great law of culture prevails—that the worst soils hardly reproduce the expense of cultivation. If even in Georgia, where the cane does not yield one-half the *strength* of syrup, sugar can be made to profit, what must be the yield of the rich, fresh lands of Jamaica, St. Kitts, or Juvinau? The syrup of New Orleans is, by the proof, 8—of the West Indies, 16.

I have not seen the picture. No steamboat can, I am persuaded, approach within fifty miles of this place.

From what I hear, public expectation will be much disappointed in regard to the composition and character of the new cabinet. This is for you alone. "As you have done with political economies," so am I with politics, and politicians too. I went yesterday to vote, ineffectually, against "the Gate Bill." I shall be agreeably disappointed if it does not pass the Senate.

Monday morning, February 23, 1829.

MY GOOD FRIEND—I don't know why I write to you, unless it be to assuage or divert the chagrin by which I am devoured. I have never witnessed so complete a discomfiture as is expressed in the faces of such of my friends as I see, and they tell me that there is not one exception among the eminent men who lately acted together. The countenances of the adverse party beam with triumph, as might be expected.

I am making my arrangements to get away, and yet, I am better off here than I shall probably ever be again. I have a comfortable apartment and receive the most kind attentions from all the gentlemen under this roof, particularly Major Hamilton, Col. Benton and D. Hall. I shall never again know the comforts of society. The Ch. Justice was good enough to sit an hour with me yesterday; and I had afterwards a visit from Mr. Quincy, my old fellow-laborer. He said that if Gen. J. had called to his councils *high* men, the East would be satisfied. He then asked who the present men were? adding, "They say that this is C——'s arrangement." It continues to be intensely cold. Have I lost ground in Madame's good graces? I shall be sorely mortified if it be so.

Thursday morning, Feb. 26, 1829.

My dear friend, I've been thinking of you all night, awake or asleep, and to-morrow, I hope to hear from you. You will see a most extraordinary announcement in this day's Telegraph. I am credibly informed by my friend H., that the V. P. is as much astounded by these results as any body, and is as indignant. This is most private and particular. Every body shocked, except Clay and Co. Strangers partake of these feelings.—My highest regards to Madame.

—•••—

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ELECTED TO THE CONVENTION.

ON his retirement from Congress, Mr. Randolph hoped to disconnect himself from public affairs, and to spend the remainder of his days

in travelling abroad. But his old constituents were not so willing to give up his services. They had lost him for ever on the floor of Congress, but they now wished him to represent them on another theatre. The people of Virginia had determined on a convention to amend the Constitution of the State. Mr. Randolph was called to serve them in that body.

The reader will perceive, from the following letters, addressed to Dr. Brockenbrough, that he was nominated as a candidate without his knowledge, and greatly against his wishes. He was much embarrassed by this procedure, but at length consented to the sacrifice, that he might save the feelings of one friend and aid in the election of another who was a candidate also for the convention.

The letters were written before the election. He was returned of course as a member of the convention, and took his seat in that body when it assembled, on the first Monday of October, in the Hall of Representatives, in the capitol at Richmond.

ROANOKE, Tuesday, April 21, 1829.

To my friend Wm. Leigh, who called at the P. O. yesterday after the stage had left it, I am indebted for your kind letter of the 15th. He was riding post haste from P. Edward election to Halifax Superior Court, for which place he set out this morning by day-light. Such is the life of those who are at the head of the liberal professions in this country.

Whilst I was expressing to him my surprise at that passage of your letter which referred to my having consented to serve in the convention, if elected; he told me, to my utter astonishment, that a proclamation to that effect had been made at the last Charlotte Court, and by a staunch friend of mine too, and a man of honor and truth. Now, I have held but one language on this subject from first to last, and you know what that is. To you, to B., W., L., and others, in writing and orally, I have explicitly avowed my determination to have nothing to do with this matter. The more I have reflected on my retirement from public life, the better satisfied I am of the propriety and wisdom of the step. Before I take any in reference to this last matter, I shall see the gentleman who made the declaration in my behalf. He will be here about the last of this week.

My dear friend, we shall not "meet in October." I am anchored for life. My disease every day assumes a more aggravated character. I have been obliged to renounce wine altogether. Coffee is my only cheerer. A high fever every night, which goes off about day break with a colliquative sweat; violent pain in the side and breast; incessant cough,—with all my tenacity of life this can't hold long. I have

rode once or twice a mile or two, but it exhausts me. The last three days have been warm, but last night we had a storm, and it was cold again. Luckily I have no appetite, for I have hardly any thing to eat except asparagus, which is very fine and nice. I tried spinach *à la Française*, but it disagrees with me. You see that, like Dogberry, "I bestow all my tediousness upon you." You know my maxim, "that every man is of great consequence to himself." The trees are budding and the forest begins to look gay, but when I cast my eyes upon the blossoms, the sad lines of poor Michael Bruce recur to my memory:—

"Now Spring returns, but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast, life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown."

Remove Mr. Manvy! You amaze me. What, the friend and school-fellow and class-mate of Jefferson, the first appointment to that consulate by Washington! Pray, what is the matter? And who is to be the successor?

ROANOKE, Tuesday, April 28, 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND—You and I, if I mistake not, have long ago agreed that there is no such thing as free agency. I am at this moment a striking example of the fact. In short, to save the feelings of a man of as much truth and honor as breathes, who believed himself to be doing right, and to avoid injuring certain friends and interests, which the withdrawal of my name would, it seems, occasion, I am fain even to let it stand, at the risk of incurring the imputation of fickleness (for the world will never know the true version), and at what I shrink from with unutterable disgust, the prospect of again becoming a member of a deliberative, i. e. spouting assembly.

ROANOKE, Friday, May 22, 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND—It is a long while since I heard from you, and I am in a condition that requires all the aid my friends can give. If I could have been permitted to remain in the privacy I thought I had found, my life might have been prolonged some months—possibly years: but the kindness of my friends has destroyed me. I have been in a manner, forced upon exertions to which my strength was utterly unequal, and at an expense of suffering, both body and mind, of which none but the unhappy victim can have a conception. I have not been so ill since this month last year.

As I have not the least prospect of attending Halifax election, I count upon being left out, a result which I by no means deprecate; having already attained the only two objects that I had at heart, and which prevented my withdrawing my name in the out set—the saving the feelings of one friend, who had "declared me," and promoting the

election of another (W. L.). I am an entire stranger in Halifax, and personal courtship is as necessary to success in Politics as in Love. They have four candidates of their own.

To be killed by kindness is, to be sure, better than to be murdered, and it is some consolation to know that you have done service to one friend, and gratified many: but I have been most keenly sensible of the cruelty of which I could not complain.

My kindest regards to Mrs. B. and to Mr. Wickham when you see him. Your much afflicted but sincere friend.



CHAPTER XL.

THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION—EVERY CHANGE IS NOT REFORM.

No body of men that ever assembled in Virginia, created more interest than this convention. The State had been agitated for many years, on the subject of constitutional reform. Most of the slave property, and other wealth, were in the eastern section, extending from the Alleghany to the sea shore, while a large free population were scattered over the western section, among the mountains. These people were almost unanimous in favor of an amendment of the Constitution, fixing the basis of representation on free white population. The result of such a measure, would be to change the balance of power, by giving the right of taxation to one portion, while the property to be taxed, for the most part, belonged to another portion of the Commonwealth; thus divorcing taxation and representation, which, according to American doctrine, should be inseparable. The eastern counties, who were to be the sufferers, strenuously opposed so radical a change in the fundamental law. It was not a mere question of reform, that might affect all parts alike, but it was one of power between two sections of the State, essentially different in feelings, habits, and interests; it was a question, too, that deeply involved that most difficult and delicate of all subjects, the right of slave representation. For these reasons, a deep and absorbing interest was felt in the deliberations of the convention now assembled in the capitol, at Richmond. Each section put forth its strength. The ablest men were selected, without

regard to locality. Gentlemen living in the lower part of the State, were elected by districts beyond the mountains, because of their coincidence of opinion with their distant constituents.

Perhaps no assembly of men ever convened in Virginia, displaying a larger amount of genius and talent—certainly none that contained a greater number of individuals whose reputation had extended beyond the borders of the State, and reached the farthest limits of the Union. There were many of less renown, who, in after years, acquired equal eminence in their professional and political career. Indeed, of the one hundred men that composed that Convention, much the larger portion were above the ordinary standard of talents, experience, and weight of character. The Editor of the "Proceedings and Debates" of the Convention, says, "that an assembly of men was drawn together, which has scarcely ever been surpassed in the United States."

What strange groups, and awkward meetings, took place on that occasion! Madison and Marshall side by side, in the same deliberative body! Giles and Monroe! Randolph, Tazewell, Garnett, Leigh, Johnson, Taylor, Mercer! Old Federalists, old Democrats, *Tertium Quids*, and modern National Republicans! What a crowd of recollections must have pressed on the mind of John Randolph, as he cast an eye around that assembly. For thirty years he had been on the political stage; for full one-third of that time, the whole of the political press, and two administrations—State and Federal, made war upon him! He was like an Ishmaelite; his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. Then a friend was a friend indeed! and an enemy was one to be remembered! Now, behold around him so many that were friends, so many that were enemies, and so many who, pretending to be friends, in his hour of need betrayed him!

Randolph's manner and bearing, on this extraordinary occasion, was in some respects peculiar, even for him; but before the Convention adjourned, his bland and conciliatory course exalted him in the estimation of the country, and gratified his devoted friends, even beyond their most sanguine expectations.

The first thing done in the Convention, was to divide out to committees different parts of the Constitution, for revision. The most important was the Legislative Committee, to whom was assigned the duty of revising the "Right of Suffrage," the basis of representation.

Randolph was a member of this committee. Mr. Madison was chairman. In the committee room (Senate chamber) he took his seat at the head of a long table, and the members arranged themselves promiscuously along down the sides. Mr. Randolph, on the contrary, took his seat at some distance, in a corner, where he could observe every thing and every body that was passing. Erect in his seat, and his arms folded across his breast, he sat almost motionless, while his keen eye might be observed watching like a cat. Now and then his shrill voice, as if coming from some unseen being, would startle those in the room, and the crowd around would press forward to see from what quarter so startling a sound had emanated.

Of all the men assembled there on that great occasion, he was certainly the observed of all observers. The multitude were soon satisfied with seeing Madison, Marshall, Monroe, and other distinguished men, but no gratification could abate their desire to watch every movement, and to catch every word that fell from the lips of John Randolph. They crowded around him whenever he emerged from the capitol; through the throng of eager admirers he passed, hat in hand, with an ease, and grace, and dignity of manner, that struck every beholder with admiration.

Few men escaped with the reputation they brought into that assembly. They found that professional attainments, however extensive, or political studies confined to the measures or the politics of the day, did not qualify them to discuss those great principles which lie at the foundation of all government. Quite other habits of thought than the professional, and a far different training were necessary for the discussion of those questions that involved all the interests of man, past, present, and to come. That, however, was the field for John Randolph to display, in a pre-eminent degree, his commanding genius. His profound knowledge of men, of history, of government; the causes of the growth and decay of nations; his patient attention and wonderful faculty of winnowing the chaff, and collecting together the substantial grains of a protracted debate; his concentrated, pointed, and forcible expressions, making bare in a few words the whole of a complicated subject; and his vast experience in parliamentary proceedings, gave him an unexpected and controlling influence over the proceedings of the Convention.

He watched those proceedings with unremitted attention, partook

largely in the debates, and before the close of the Convention, was the acknowledged leader of a powerful party, embracing the most distinguished men, who opposed all changes in the old Constitution, and actually prevented many that were contemplated by the reformers, and who, when they first assembled, supposed themselves in a decided majority. Mr. Randolph's speeches, with one exception (and that did not exceed two hours), were generally short, but to the purpose. They were well reported by Mr. Stansberry, the best stenographer of his time, and some of them are very fair specimens of his peculiar style.

The cardinal rule that governed his whole political life may be found in the following short speech :

“ Mr. Randolph said, he should vote against the amendment, and that on a principle which he had learned before he came into public life ; and by which he had been governed during the whole course of that life—that it was always unwise, yes, highly unwise, to disturb a thing that was at rest. This was a great cardinal principle, that should govern all statesmen—never, without the strongest necessity, to disturb that which was at rest. He should vote against the amendment on another, and an inferior consideration. Whatever opinion might have been expressed as to a multitude of counsellors, there was but one among considerate men as to a multiplicity of laws. The objection urged by the gentleman from Richmond, over the way (Mr. Nicholas), to the existing clause, was precisely one of the strongest motives with him for preferring the amendment. I am much opposed, said Mr. R., except in a great emergency—and then the legislative machine is always sure to work with sufficient rapidity—the steam is then up—I am much opposed to this ‘dispatch of business.’ The principles of free government in this country (and if they fail, if they should be cast away, here, they are lost for ever, I fear, to the world), have more to fear from over legislation than from any other cause. Yes, sir, they have more to fear from armies of legislators, and armies of judges, than from any other, or from all other causes. Besides the great manufactory at Washington, we have twenty-four laboratories more at work, all making laws. In Virginia, we have now two in operation—one engaged in ordinary legislation, and another *hammering* at the fundamental law. Among all these lawyers, judges, and legislators ; there is a great oppression on the people, who are neither lawyers, judges, nor legislators, nor ever expect to be ; an oppression barely more tolerable than any which is felt under the European governments. Sir, I never can forget, that in the great and good Book to which I look for all truth and all wisdom, the Book of Kings succeeds the Book of Judges.”

●

On a proposition being made to ingraft in the new Constitution a mode in which future amendments shall be made therein, Mr. Randolph addressed the Convention:

"Mr. President, I shall vote against this resolution: and I will state as succinctly as I can, my reasons for doing so. I believe that they will, in substance, be found in a very old book, and conveyed in these words: 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Sir, I have remarked since the commencement of our deliberations, and with no small surprise, a very great anxiety to provide for *futurity*. Gentlemen, for example, are not content with any present discussion of the Constitution, unless we will consent to prescribe for all time hereafter. I had always thought him the most skilful physician, who, when called to a patient, relieved him of the existing malady, without undertaking to prescribe for such as he might by possibility endure thereafter.

Sir, what is the amount of this provision? It is either mischievous, or it is nugatory. I do not know a greater calamity that can happen to any nation than having the foundations of its government unsettled.

Doctor Franklin, who, in shrewdness, especially in all that related to domestic life, was never excelled, used to say that two movings were equal to one fire. And gentlemen, as if they were afraid that this besetting sin of republican governments, this *rerum novarum libido* (to us a very homely phrase, but one that comes pat to the purpose), this *maggot* of innovation, would cease to bite, are here gravely making provision that this Constitution, which we should consider as a remedy for all the ills of the body politic, may itself be amended or modified at any future time. Sir, I am against any such provision. I should as soon think of introducing into a marriage contract a provision for divorce, and thus poisoning the greatest blessing of mankind at its very source—at its fountain head. He has seen little, and has reflected less, who does not know that "necessity" is the great, powerful, governing principle of affairs here. Sir, I am not going into that question, which puzzled Pandemonium—the question of liberty and necessity:

"Free will, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute;"

but I do contend that necessity is one principal instrument of all the good that man enjoys. The happiness of the connubial union itself depends greatly on necessity; and when you touch this, you touch the arch, the key-stone of the arch, on which the happiness and well-being of society is founded. Look at the relation of master and slave (that opprobrium, in the opinion of some gentlemen, to all civilized society and all free government). Sir, there are few situations in life where friendships so strong and so lasting are formed,

as in that very relation. The slave knows that he is bound indissolubly to his master, and must, from necessity, remain always under his control. The master knows that he is bound to maintain and provide for his slave so long as he retains him in his possession. And each party accommodates himself to his situation. I have seen the dissolution of many friendships—such, at least, as were so called; but I have seen that of master and slave endure so long as there remained a drop of the blood of the master to which the slave could cleave. Where is the necessity of this provision in the Constitution? Where is the use of it? Sir, what are we about? Have we not been undoing what the wiser heads—I must be permitted to say so—yes, sir, what the wiser heads of our ancestors did more than half a century ago? Can any one believe that we, by any amendments of ours, by any of our scribbling on that parchment, by any amulet, any legerdemain—charm—Abrecadabra—of ours can prevent our sons from doing the same thing—that is, from doing as they please, just as we are doing as we please? It is impossible. Who can bind posterity? When I hear of gentlemen talk of making a Constitution for “all time,” and introducing provisions into it for “all time,” and yet see men here that are older than the Constitution we are about to destroy—(I am older myself than the present Constitution—it was established when I was boy)—it reminds me of the truces and the peaces of Europe. They always begin: “In the name of the most holy and undivided Trinity,” and go on to declare, “there shall be perfect and perpetual peace and unity between the subjects of such and such potentates for all time to come;” and in less than seven years they are at war again.

Sir, I am not a prophet nor a seer; but I will venture to predict that your new Constitution, if it shall be adopted, does not last twenty years. And so confident am I in this opinion, that if it were a proper subject for betting, and I was a sporting character, I believe I would *take ten* against it. It would seem as if we were endeavoring (God forbid that I should insinuate that such was the intention of any here)—as if we were endeavoring to corrupt the people at the fountain head. Sir, the great opprobrium of popular government is its *instability*. It was this which made the people of our Anglo-Saxon stock cling with such pertinacity to an independent judiciary, as the only means they could find to resist this vice of popular governments. By such a provision as this, we are now inviting, and in a manner prompting, the people to be dissatisfied with their government. Sir, there is no need of this. Dissatisfaction will come soon enough. I foretell now, and with a confidence surpassed by none I ever felt on any occasion, that those who have been the most anxious to destroy the Constitution of Virginia, and to substitute in its place this *thing*, will not be more dissatisfied now with the result of our

labors, than this new Constitution will very shortly be opposed by all the people of the State. I speak not at random. I have high authority for what I say now in my eye. Though it was said that the people called for a new state of things, yet the gentleman from Brooke himself (Mr. Doddridge), who came into the Legislative Committee armed with an axe to lay at the root of the tree, told the Convention that he would sooner go home and live under the old Constitution than adopt some of the provisions which have received the sanction of this body. But I am wandering from the point.

Sir, I see no wisdom in making this provision for future changes. You must give governments time to operate on the people, and give the people time to become gradually assimilated to their institutions. Almost any thing is better than this state of perpetual uncertainty. A people may have the best form of government that the wit of man ever devised; and yet, from its uncertainty alone, may, in effect, live under the worst government in the world. Sir, how often must I repeat, that *change* is not *reform*. I am willing that this new Constitution shall stand as long as it is possible for it to stand, and that, believe me, is a very short time. Sir, it is vain to deny it. They may say what they please about the old Constitution. The defect is not there. It is not in the form of the old edifice, neither in the design nor the elevation—it is in the *material*—it is in the people of Virginia. To my knowledge that people are changed from what they have been. The four hundred men who went out to David, were *in debt*. The partisans of Cæsar were *in debt*. The fellow-laborers of Cataline were *in debt*. And I defy you to show me a desperately indebted people any where, who can bear a regular sober government. I throw the challenge to all who hear me. I say that the character of the good old Virginia planter—the man who owned from five to twenty slaves, or less, who lived by hard work, and who paid his debts, is passed away. A new order of things is come. The period has arrived of living by one's wits—of living by contracting debts that one cannot pay—and above all, of living by office-hunting. Sir, what do we see? Bankrupts—branded bankrupts, giving great dinners—sending their children to the most expensive schools—giving grand parties—and just as well received as any body in society. I say, that in such a state of things, the old Constitution was too good for them; they could not bear it. No, sir, they could not bear a freehold suffrage and a property representation. I have always endeavored to do the people justice, but I will not flatter them; I will not pander to their appetite for change. I will do nothing to provide for change, I will not agree to any rule of future apportionment, or to any provision for future changes, called amendments of the Constitution. They who love change—who delight in public confusion—who wish to feed the caldron and make it bubble, may vote, if they please, for

future changes. But by what spell—by what formula are you going to bind the people to all future time? *Quis custodiet custodes?* The days of Lycurgus are gone by, when we could swear the people not to alter the Constitution until he should return—*animo non revertendi*. You may make what entries on parchment you please. Give me a Constitution that will last for half a century—that is all I wish for. No Constitution that you can make will last the one-half of half a century. Sir, I will stake any thing short of my salvation, that those who are malcontent now, will be more malcontent three years hence, than they are at this day. I have no favor for this Constitution. I shall vote against its adoption, and I shall advise all the people of my district, to set their faces—aye, and their shoulders against it. But if we are to have it, let us not have it with its death warrant in its very face: with the *facies hypocratica*—the sardonic grin of death upon its countenance.”

The resolution was rejected by a large majority, and the Convention determined that the new Constitution should contain in itself no provision for future amendments.

As the most distinguished member on the floor, Mr. Randolph was assigned the duty of closing the business of the Convention.

“Mr. Chairman,” said he, “for the last time, I throw myself upon the indulgence and courtesy of this body. I have a proposition to submit, which, I flatter myself—which I trust—I believe, will be received with greater unanimity than any other which has been offered in the course of our past discussions, with perfect unanimity. You will perceive, sir, that I allude to your eminent colleague, who has presided over our deliberations. When I shall have heard him pronounce from that chair, the words—‘This Convention stands adjourned *sine die*,’ I shall be ready to sing my political *nunc dimittis*; for, it will have put a period to three months, the most anxious and painful of a political life, neither short nor uneventful. Having said thus much, I hope I may be permitted to add, that, notwithstanding any heat excited by the collision of debate, I part from every member here, with the most hearty good-will to all. But I cannot consent that we shall separate, without offering the tribute of my approbation, and inviting the House to add theirs—ininitely more valuable—to the conduct of the presiding officer of this Assembly. If it were a suitable occasion, I might embrace within the scope of my motion, and of my remarks, his public conduct and character elsewhere, with which I have been long and intimately acquainted; but this, as it would be misplaced, so would it be fulsome. I shall, therefore, restrict myself to the following motion:

“*Resolved*, That the impartiality and dignity with which Philip P. Barbour, Esq., hath presided over the deliberations of this House,

and the distinguished ability whereby he hath facilitated the dispatch of business, receive the best thanks of this Convention.' ”

At the time of this adjournment, no man stood higher than John Randolph in the estimation of the members or of the people. He had won greatly on their affections. A more familiar contact, and closer observation of the man, had served to remove many prejudices. They began to comprehend and appreciate one who had been so long the victim of wilful misrepresentation, and of calumny. Notwithstanding the boldness with which he spoke unpleasant truths in the Convention, his manner, on the whole, was so mild and conciliatory, his wisdom and his genius so conspicuous, that they won for him the esteem and the veneration of every body. His friends, delighted with this state of things, wrote to him from all quarters, congratulating him on this agreeable termination of his labors in the Convention. Here is one of his letters in answer to a friend who had written him on this subject :

“ How I have succeeded in gaining upon the good opinion of the public—as you and others of my friends tell me I have done—I cannot tell. I made no effort for it, nor did it enter into my imagination to court any man, or party, in or out of the Convention. It is most gratifying, nevertheless, to be told by yourself and others, in whose sincerity and truth I place the most unbounded reliance, that I have, by the part I took in the Convention, advanced myself in the estimation of my country. With politics I am now done; and it is well to be able to *quit winner*.”

CHAPTER XLI.

MISSION TO RUSSIA.

BEFORE Mr. Randolph took his seat in the Convention he had been offered the mission to the Court of St. Petersburg. The President's letter, making the offer, was highly flattering to him. It was in the following words :

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16, 1829.

DEAR SIR : The office of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia will soon become vacant, and I am anxious that the place should be filled by one of the most capable and distinguished of our fellow-citizens.

The great and rapidly increasing influence of Russia in the affairs of the world, renders it very important that our representative at that Court should be of the highest respectability; and the expediency of such a course at the present moment is greatly increased by circumstances of a special character. Among the number of our statesmen from whom the selection might with propriety be made, I do not know one better fitted for the station, on the score of talents and experience in public affairs, or possessing stronger claims upon the favorable consideration of his country, than yourself. Thus impressed, and entertaining a deep and grateful sense of your long and unceasing devotion to sound principles, and the interest of the people, I feel it a duty to offer the appointment to you.

In discharging this office I have the double satisfaction of seeking to promote the public interest, whilst performing an act most gratifying to myself, on account of the personal respect and esteem which I have always felt and cherished towards you.

It is not foreseen that any indulgence as to the period of your departure, which will be required by a due regard to your private affairs, will conflict with the interests of the mission: and I sincerely hope that no adverse circumstances may exist, sufficient to deprive the country of your services.

I have the honor to be, with great respect,

Your most ob't serv't,

ANDREW JACKSON.

The Hon. JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

This letter, as it must necessarily have been, was general, and diplomatic in its terms; but it was sufficiently explicit to show that Mr. Randolph was needed for a special service; that his great talents and experience rendered him, in the judgment of the President, peculiarly fitted for the service, and that no delay which might be required for his private affairs, would affect the interests of the mission.

The Secretary of State, Mr. Van Buren, who inclosed the above communication, stated in his letter that "the vacancy spoken of by the President will be effected by a recall which he feels it to be his duty to make, and the notice of which will be sent the moment your answer is received."

To the President's invitation Mr. Randolph replied:

ROANOKE, Sept. 24, 1829.

SIR: By the last mail I received, under Mr. Van Buren's cover, your letter, submitting to my acceptance the mission to Russia.

This honor, as unexpected as it was unsought for, is very much enhanced in my estimation, by the very kind and flattering terms in

which you have been pleased to couch the offer of the appointment. May I be pardoned for saying, that the manner in which it has been conveyed could alone have overcome the reluctance that I feel at the thoughts of leaving private life, and again embarking on the stormy sea of federal politics. This I hope I may do without any impeachment of my patriotism, since it shall in no wise diminish my exertions to serve our country in the station to which I have been called by her chief magistrate, and under those "circumstances of a special character" indicated by your letter. The personal good opinion and regard, which you kindly express towards me, merit and receive my warmest acknowledgments.

I have the honor to be, with the highest respect, sir, your most obedient and faithful servant,

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

To ANDREW JACKSON, Esq., President of the U. S.

Mr. Randolph was not called upon to assume the duties of his mission till the month of May, 1830, when the appointment was first made known to the public. This was not occasioned by any expressed wish on his part for a delay. It was caused by circumstances over which the President himself had no control; and which were to him the source of much vexation.

Every thing was done by the President and Mr. Van Buren to render the appointment agreeable. General Hamilton, and others, had solicited the post of Secretary of Legation for Mr. Cruger, of South Carolina. The reply was that the President had decided to leave that matter altogether to Mr. Randolph. In a letter to him, February 25, 1830, Mr. Van Buren says: "If he (Cruger) will accept, and you approve, no objections will be made from any quarter."

About a month afterwards he was informed that the friends of Mr. Cruger had declined for him, he not being yet returned from Europe; and was requested to look about him to suit himself.

What followed is thus explained by him in a letter to Dr. Brockenbrough, dated Friday, June 4, 1830:

"Thanks for your caution; but I was forearmed. This matter was left entirely to me. I had a full account of the late incumbent long ago. I waited as long as was practicable for Mr. Cruger, and this day sevensnight I sent off Clay, who received the appointment the morning of his arrival. He says: 'He (the P.) told me he wished you to sail by the 15th of June, as the vessel would be ready at Norfolk by that time. As I could not get an audience before eleven o'clock, I have no time to add more. The P. will write to

you to-day.' (I shall not receive this until Monday.) 'The commission for me will be made out to-morrow or next day, and your instructions as soon as possible. He told me, that although he would have liked very much to have shaken you by the hand, yet he would not put you to the inconvenience of coming to this place.'

· "This is vigorous proceeding. Last Friday I broached the subject of my appointment to this youth. After talking of my disappointment in regard to Mr. Cruger, I most unexpectedly offered it to him. It was an electric shock. That evening (in two hours after the mail arrived) he left me; and about the same time at the termination of the week I have his letter, which must have been mailed at twelve on the noon of his arrival in Washington."

About the latter part of the month of June Mr. Randolph sailed from Hampton Roads. His acceptance of this mission has been much condemned: many of his best friends disapproved of it; they thought it was inconsistent with his former professions. They seemed to wish that it might be always said of him—he never accepted office—lived and died in the service of the people—the great commoner. But this was taking a limited view of the subject. It must be remembered that Mr. Randolph had retired from public life; the session that closed the 4th of March, 1829, put an end to his legislative career; his health was feeble; and his only hope of a prolonged existence was in travelling and sojourning in a better climate than that of his native land. All his plans had a reference to that object; he looked for nothing, expected nothing, from the Government. In this state of things a distinguished and important appointment was offered him.

On whom could the President have more appropriately bestowed the most signal evidence of his approbation and confidence? He was by far the most illustrious man in the ranks of the administration, and had done more than any other individual to pull down the former, and to build up the present dynasty. As the President most happily expressed himself, he was moved to make the appointment from "a deep and grateful sense of Mr. Randolph's long and unceasing devotion to sound principles and the interest of the people." To have neglected bestowing some mark of distinguished honor on such a man, would have betrayed such a spirit of injustice and ingratitude as to arouse the indignation of the country.

What more appropriate office could have been assigned him? The departments at Washington. the missions to London and to

Paris, were too confining, laborious, and vexatious in their details for his feeble health. At the distant court of St. Petersburg he could not be much perplexed with business; while, at the same time, to give dignity and importance to his mission, he had assigned him a special duty, the results of which might greatly redound to the good of the country, while it required only occasional attention, and could not suffer by delay.

In accepting this appointment, he only carried out his original design of going abroad in search of health; while, at the same time, he served his country in a station she had pressed upon him as an evidence to foreigners of her distinguished regard. But he had said, office had no charms for him; in his condition, a cup of cold water would be more acceptable. All this was true. Had he sought a change of administration for the sake of office—had he retired from the service of the people “to drudge in the laboratories of the departments, or to be at the tail of the corps diplomatique in Europe,” he might have been charged with inconsistency. But no one could justly accuse him of seeking to overthrow the administration of Mr. Adams from personal considerations. “Sir,” said he, “my ‘church-yard cough’ gives me the solemn warning, that, whatever part I shall take in the chase, I may fail of being in at the death. I should think myself the basest and the meanest of men—I care not what the opinion of the world might be—I should know myself to be a scoundrel, and should not care who else knew it, if I could permit any motive connected with division of the spoil, to mingle in this matter with my poor, but best exertions for the welfare of my country.”

None but the most uncharitable, could doubt the truth and the sincerity of this declaration. But it so happened that Mr. Randolph did survive, and that the new administration called on him to leave his retirement, and to perform an important service for the country, in the diplomatic department. What answer could he give? I have no desire for office; its drudgery would be intolerable to me, in my feeble health. I am aware of that, says the President, but there is a special object to be accomplished at one of the most important courts in Europe. I can think of no one more able than yourself, or that will bring more weight of character into the service. I beg of you, for the sake of the country, to accept the office. What answer could he give, to this appeal to his patriotism? Sir, I am the champion of

the people, and will only serve them. I will not accept your bribe, to close my eyes and silence my tongue. Such an answer would have been worthy of Diogenes (whose part he was expected to play on this occasion), but not of a patriot and a statesman, who is willing to serve his country in any capacity; and who knows that a faithful discharge of his duties, in whatever station, is a good service performed for the benefit of the people. Mr. Randolph gave the only answer that was becoming in him to give—"May I be pardoned for saying that the manner in which it has been couched (the appointment) could alone have overcome the reluctance that I feel at the thoughts of leaving private life, and again embarking on the stormy sea of federal politics. This I hope I may do, without any impeachment of my patriotism, since it shall in no wise diminish my exertions to serve our country in the station to which I have been called by her Chief Magistrate." Had Mr. Randolph declined the office so warmly pressed upon him, it would have been a condemnation of the administration in the beginning. It would have been a declaration to the world that he had no faith, no confidence in the man he had been so instrumental in elevating to the presidency. As he did not thus feel, it would have been unpatriotic and unwise, to take a course that would manifest such distrust. Indeed, Mr. Randolph had no other alternative, without doing great violence to his true sentiments, but to accept the appointment, at whatever cost to his private interests; and it was a great sacrifice; "it has been my ruin," says he, "body and estate, this Baltic business."

Mr. Randolph arrived in St. Petersburg about the last of August. He writes to Dr. Brockenbrough, 4th September:

"My reception has been all that the most fastidious could wish. You know I always dreaded the *summer* climate, when my friends were killing me with the climate of Russia before my time. Nothing can be more detestable. It is a comet; and when I arrived it was in perihelion. I shall not stay out the aphelion. Heat, dust impalpable, pervading every part and pore, and actually sealing these last up, annoying the eyes especially, which are farther distressed by the glare of the white houses. Insects of all nauseous descriptions, bugs, fleas, mosquitos, flies innumerable, gigantic as the empire they inhabit; who will take no denial. Under cover of the spectacles, they do not suffer you to write two words, without a conflict with them. This is the land of Pharaoh and his plagues—Egypt, and its ophthalmia and vermin, without its fertility—Holland, without its wealth,

improvements, or cleanliness. Nevertheless, it is beyond all comparison, the most magnificent city I ever beheld. But you must not reckon upon being laid in earth; there is, properly speaking, no such thing here. It is rotten rubbish on a swamp; and at two feet you come to water. This last is detestable. The very ground has a bad odor, and the air is not vital. Two days before my presentation to the Emperor and Empress, I was taken with an ague. But my poor Juba lay at the point of death. His was a clear case of black vomit; and I feel assured that in the month of August, Havana or New Orleans would be as safe for a stranger as St. Petersburg. It is a Dutch town, with fresh-water-river canals, &c. To drink the water is to insure a dysentery of the worst type.

"In consequence of Juba's situation, I walked down one morning to the English boarding-house, where Clay had lodged, kept by a Mrs. Wilson, of whom I had heard a very high character as a nurse, and especially of servants. I prevailed upon her to take charge of the poor boy, which she readily agreed to do. I put Juba, on whom I had practised with more than Russian energy, into my carriage, got into it, brought him into the bedroom taken for myself, had a blazing fire kindled, so as to keep the thermometer at 65° morning, 70° afternoon; ventilated well the apartment; poured in the quinine, opium, and port wine; snake-root tea for drink, with a heavy hand (he had been previously purged with mercurials), and to that energy, under God, I owe the life of my dear faithful Juba."

Mr. Randolph very soon learnt, on his arrival, that the special object of his mission could not at that time be accomplished. "There has been," says he, "a game playing between my predecessor and a certain great man, in which M. has fairly beaten him, at his own weapons; most disgracefully 'tis true for M., but not less so for the other party. This is the secret of that delay so vexatious to General Jackson, so injurious to me, and so destructive to the success of my mission. The day before I left Hampton Roads, Count Nesselrode's star sunk temperately to the West, and Prince Lieven became the Lord of the ascendent. The waters of Carlsbad are only like young unmarried ladies' dropsical affections, for which they are sent down to their friends in the country, a decent cover for what all consider a virtual superseding of the minister."

Add to this change in the Ministry, the revolution in France, and in Belgium, the rebellion in Poland, and the cholera then raging through Europe, and it may readily be imagined that Russia was not in a condition to deliberate on such matters, as might without prejudice be postponed.

The Emperor had as much as he could do to attend to affairs at home. The *special subject* of Mr. Randolph's mission was delayed, and as he had no particular object connected with his public duties to detain him, he sought refuge in a more genial climate.

He writes from London, Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1830: "I write merely to tell you that after having been lifted on board the coach and steamboat at St. Petersburg on the 7th—19th instant, I landed this morning at 8 on the Custom-House Wharf, able to walk a few steps."

October 28, he writes: "I have letters from St. Petersburg, one a 'note' from Count Nesselrode, as late as the 6th of this month, and I am daily in expectation of others from the same quarter. On Sunday, if I have strength, we go to New Market, to attend the 3rd October or Houghton meeting. This will be a fine theme for the coalition presses. No matter. Let the curs bark since they cannot bite. I have been so often left for dead and rose again, that they may despair of victory over my feline political lives."

Many ridiculous stories were told in the United States about Mr. Randolph's conduct and reception in Russia. In allusion to this subject, he writes to his friend:

"The yearnings of my heart after home, have been stifled by the monstrous and malignant calumnies which have been heaped upon my unoffending head. To them I have but to oppose the honor of a gentleman, upon which I declare them to be utterly false and groundless.

"My official correspondence will flatly contradict the most mischievous of them, as regards the public interest.

"Nothing could be more cordial than my reception in Russia. It was but yesterday (Dec. 19, 1830) that I had my first interview with Prince Lieven since his return to this court, and my reception was like that of a brother.

"On my arrival at St. Petersburg I took up my abode at the principal Hotel, Demouth's, where I staid one week.

"Furnishing myself with a handsome equipage and four or five horses, I called promptly on every diplomatic character, whether Ambassador, Envoy, or Chargé, or even Secretary of Legation, from the highest to the lowest. Not content with sending round my carriage and servants, I called in person and left my cards.

"Count Athalin, the new representative of France, promptly called on me (being a later comer), and the next day, being ill a-bed, I sent my coach and Secretary of Legation to return his visit. I had previously called on the Chargé d'Affaires of France under Charles X.

"I had not, during my sojourn in St. Petersburg, the slightest difference with any one, except a British subject, and that was on the construction of a contract. This man (my landlord) and his niece were my fellow-passengers from Cronstadt, and we parted on the most civil and friendly terms.

"He is not the author of these slanders.

"Before I thought of cancelling the bargain with Smith, I had applied to Mrs. Wilson to receive and nurse my poor Juba. I removed to her house myself, not as a boarder, but a lodger, and took a room on the *ground floor*. Except Clay and Capt. Turner, of the ship *Fama* of Boston, to whom I intrusted my faithful Juba, I did not set eyes upon one of the inmates of the house. Capt. T. at my request was often in my apartment, and to him I fearlessly appeal for the falsehood of these calumnies, so far as I came under his observation. They are utterly false.

"*'The Court Tailor.'* A day or two after I got to Demouth's Hotel, a person very uncereemoniously opened my parlor door and advanced to my bed-room, where I was lying on a sofa. He was the *American Consul's Tailor*, and said, 'he had been sent for,' but seemed abashed at finding the Consul with me. I, seeing through the trick (it is universally practised there), told him he had been misinformed, and the man apologized and withdrew. He was sent for about ten days afterwards, and made some clothes for Mr. Clay.

"I did not refuse to land at Cronstadt. The authorities came on board to visit me, and when they returned, I entered the steamboat and proceeded up to St. Petersburg.

"My dress, on presentation to their Imperial Majesties, was a full suit of the finest black cloth that London could afford; and, with the exception of a steel-cap sword, was the dress of Mr. Madison during the late Convention. (I had indeed no diamond buckles.) In the same dress, never worn except upon those two occasions (with the exception of gold shoe and knee buckles, adopted out of pity to Mr. McLane, and laying aside, at his instance, the sword), I was presented at court here. On neither occasion did I think of my costume after I had put it on; nor did it attract observation; and I am well satisfied that the love of display on the part of some of our own foreign agents, and the pruriency of female frontlets for coronets and tiaras, have been at the bottom of our *court-dress abroad*. It is not expected or desired, that a foreign minister shall have exacted from him what is the duty of a subject. I saw Prince Talleyrand at the King's levee as plainly dressed as I was. But what satisfies me on the subject is, that Prince Lieven, on whose goodness I threw myself for instruction at St. Petersburg, and who saw me in the dress (chosen by Polonius's advice), never hinted any thing on the subject; but truly said that 'his Majesty the Emperor would receive me as one gentleman receives another;' and such was the fact."

Mr. Randolph afterwards described this interview to some of his friends. He said he went to the Palace, passed through a number of guards and officers splendidly dressed, and was introduced to the Emperor alone. He was a handsome young man, dressed in uniform. But a difficulty arose from Mr. Randolph's speaking French imperfectly, and the Emperor not speaking English. The Emperor sent for some one that could interpret for them; but after a little time they managed to understand each other—Mr. Randolph speaking French very slowly, and the Emperor answering in the same manner. At length, the Emperor asked him if he wished to see the Empress? Mr. R. replied that he did. The Emperor then bowed, and Mr. Randolph bowed himself out of the presence backwards, according to the etiquette of the court. He was then conducted to another part of the Palace, and introduced, among a large assemblage of ladies, where he was presented to the Empress, she being in advance of the rest. He described her as being very handsome. She questioned him whether he had ever been at court before. He said he had not; that it was the first time he had ever been in the presence of royalty. She asked him if he knew Mr. Monroe, who had been aide-de-camp to Prince Constantine, and afterwards to the Emperor? He said he did not. She said he was a very fine young man, and a great favorite with the Emperor; and asked if he was not the son of the Postmaster-General? He replied that he was not; but was the son of the postmaster at Washington. She asked him if he was not a relation of President Monroe? He told her he was not. After some further conversation, Mr. Randolph said something which made the Empress laugh "most vociferously." The audience soon ended, and Mr. Randolph had again to bow himself out backwards; "and it was lucky," said he, "that I happened to be near the door."

On the 22d of January, 1831, Mr. Randolph wrote to his friend, Mark Alexander, Esq., a late colleague from the Mecklenburgh District, then in Washington :

"I am daily and hourly in the hope of hearing from Russia. My absence from that country has not been of the slightest detriment to our affairs in that quarter. Before my departure, I had put the imperial ministry in full possession of our propositions and views, and have since been awaiting their answer, which the revolutions in France and Belgium and the insurrection of Poland (to say nothing of the cholera morbus) have retarded. The Russian government have been

too much engrossed by these events, and by the feverish state of Europe, to attend to subjects which may as well be settled next year as now, not being of pressing necessity, and Russia having but a secondary interest in them. If my health shall permit, and there be the most remote prospect of success in the objects we have in view (or any of them), I shall return as soon as the Baltic is open."

On the 19th of February he writes to Dr. Brockenbrough:

"Count Nesselrode, who says that 'Mr. Randolph has justly anticipated the cause of delay on the part of the Imperial Ministry,' promises me as speedy an answer as the present disturbed state of Europe will permit them to give. It commenced in July last, and the political atmosphere seems to thicken. I shall probably return to Russia in April or May, and I fear that I shall have to pass another winter in Europe—south of the Alps, of course. The barking of the curs against me in Congress I utterly despise. I think I can see how some of them, if I were present, would tuck their tails between their hind legs, and slink—aye, and stink too. Perhaps the time may come when I may see some of them, not face to face, for their eyes could not meet mine, I know by experience.

"I could give you a great deal of speculation upon the present state of Europe; for when I please, I can be as dull as another; but perhaps the next advices might overthrow all my conjectural estimates, and leave me, like other builders of theories, a laughing-stock, until some new folly took off attention from my case. It remains to be seen whether Philip Louis, who is no Philip Augustus, can arrest the march of the revolution of July, and chain France to the car of the Holy Alliance. Here I am in the focus of European intrigue, and watching like a cat. I think, however, it requires not the eyes of a lynx, or any other of the feline tribe, to see that this present 'government,' as 'tis the fashion to call it, have no stomach to reform or to *liberalism*, or to any thing but the emoluments and patronage of office. There are illustrious exceptions—Lord Althorp and Sir James Graham, for example—but my Lord Grey & Co. are of a very different temper."

May 2d, he writes: "The heroic resistance of the Poles has found ample occupation for the councils as well as the arms of Russia; but I fear that the contest cannot be prolonged beyond the present season. It makes one's heart sick to think of the catastrophe. My thoughts are shared between the Poles and my friends at home; a sinking of the heart comes over me when I think of either; a sensation inexplicable, but most painful."

June 4th, he speaks of the late political changes at home: "Yesterday, with your letter, I received the intelligence of the resignation of our cabinet. The course of events during the past year is enough to perplex and puzzle abler judgments than mine. I have read the

letters of V. B. and the P. more than once, and with intense interest. At this distance, and with my imperfect knowledge of the state of affairs, it may be presumptuous in me to give an opinion; but by such lights as I have, the step taken by V. B. seems manly and judicious—worthy of his character, and of his attachment to Gen'l Jackson, whose reply is worthy of all praise. I cannot help feeling the deepest concern for the old hero, thus, as it were, left to struggle alone against his foes; and I sincerely and devoutly pray, that he may form an administration that will contribute to his repose and glory, as well as the welfare of his country.

"Lord Palmerston entertained the corps diplomatique, in honor of the king's birth-day, and did me the honor to include me in his invitation. I went, because I did not feel at liberty to decline. It was, as you may suppose, very grand, but very dull. I was flattered by his lordship's polite attentions, and gratified by the cordial reception of P. Lieven, with whom I had a good deal of conversation."

"If I abstain," says he, June 16, "from saying any thing on politics, it is not because I feel indifferent to the state of public opinion at home. Far from it; and I hope, when you get to New-York, that your promised letter will enlighten me on that head. The events which have taken place during my absence, seem to have unhinged and unsettled every thing. It is a matter of self-gratulation to all who are unconnected with them."

In the autumn, Mr. Randolph returned to the United States, much reduced in health. When he landed in New-York, his old friend, Mr. Harvey, hastened to see him, and was greatly shocked at his emaciated appearance. "His eagle-eye," says he, "detected, by my countenance, what was passing in my mind, and he said, in a mournful tone of voice: 'Ah, Sir, I am going at last; the machine is worn out; nature is exhausted, and I have tried in vain to restore her.' 'Why,' replied I, forcing a smile, 'you told me the same thing some years ago, and yet here you are still.' 'True,' rejoined he, 'but I am seven years *nearer the grave*.'"

CHAPTER XLII.

OPIUM EATER.

ON his way home, October, 1831, Mr. Randolph spent a few days in Richmond. He was entirely prostrate—never left his bed-room—

rarely his bed; but his friends visited him frequently, and they speak in raptures of his brilliant and instructive conversation. None of them detected in his discourse any thing more than an occasional "flightiness," produced by fever—aggravated, perhaps, by the use of opium, to whose soothing qualities he had been compelled to resort, to quiet the pangs of that inexorable disease, which, like the vulture in the heart of Prometheus, had plunged its talons in his vitals, and consumed them with remorseless fangs, from the cradle to the grave.

Mr. Randolph made no secret of his use of opium at this time. "I live by, if not upon opium," said he to a friend. He had been driven to it as an alleviation of a pain to which few mortals were doomed. He could not now dispense with its use. "I am fast sinking," said he, "into an opium-eating sot, but, please God! I will shake off the incubus yet before I die; for whatever difference of opinion may exist on the subject of suicide, there can be none as to '*rushing into the presence of our Creator*' in a state of drunkenness, whether produced by opium or brandy." To the deleterious influence of that poisonous drug, may be traced many of the aberrations of mind and of conduct, so much regretted by his friends, during the ensuing winter and spring. But he was, by no means, under its constant influence. During this period, he wrote almost daily to his friend, Dr. Brockenbrough. Those letters furnish incontestable evidence that, when they were written at least, his feelings were calm, and his judgment as unclouded as it ever had been.

He hastened up from Richmond to Charlotte Court-house, to address the people on court day, the first Monday in November. The subject of his speech, among other things, was his conduct while minister to the Court of St. Petersburg. His anxiety to explain this matter, so unusual with him, and his coldness of manner towards his friends, caused many of them to suspect that he was not altogether himself at that time. The next Monday, he addressed the people of Buckingham. On his return next day, Nov. 15, he wrote from Charlotte Court-house to Dr. Brockenbrough:

"On my road to Buckingham, I passed a night in Farmville, in an apartment which in England they would not have thought fit for my servant; nor on the continent did he ever occupy so mean a one. Wherever I stop, it is the same—walls black and filthy—bed

and furniture sordid—furniture scanty and mean, generally broken—no mirror—no fire-irons—in short, dirt and discomfort, universally prevail, and in most private houses the matter is not mended. The cows milked half a mile off—or not got up, and no milk to be had at any distance—no jordan—in fact, the old gentry are gone and the *nouveaux riches*, where they have the inclination, do not know how to live. *Biscuit* not half *cuit*, every thing animal and vegetable, smeared with melted butter or lard. Poverty stalking through the land, while we are engaged in political metaphysics, and, amidst our filth and vermin, like the Spaniard and Portuguese, look down with contempt on other nations, England and France especially. We hug our lousy cloaks around us, take another *chaw* of *tribbaker*, float the room with nastiness, or ruin the grate and fire-irons, where they happen not to be rusty, and try conclusions upon constitutional points.”

The great degeneracy of the times, was the constant theme of his discourse. He could not shake the sad reflection from his mind. When he thought of what Virginia had been and what she was, he was stung to the quick. His late experience of the high cultivation, the comforts, and the refinements of English society, brought the contrast of the past and the present more vividly to his recollection. Many thought him mad on this subject. But little could they comprehend the depth of his feelings, or the anguish of his soul, when he so often exclaimed, “Poor old Virginia! poor old Virginia!” What they conceived to be the ebullitions of a diseased fancy, were the lamentations of a statesman and patriot over the ruins of his country, which his prophetic eye had long foreseen, and his warning voice had in vain foretold! *The old gentry are gone*; none knew better than he, the force of this truth. He saw what others could not see; he saw, from the sea-board to the mountains, nothing but desolation and poverty, where the fires of a noble and generous hospitality had burned on a thousand hearths. He remembered sires and grandsires, whose degenerate sons, like the Roman youth, pointed to the statues and the monuments of their noble ancestors, instead of achieving a monument for themselves by their own great deeds.

This was the theme of Mr. Randolph's discourse at Prince Edwards Court-house, where, on the third Monday in November, he addressed the people. He passed in review all the old families of Virginia, alluded to the fathers and grandfathers of many then standing around him; spoke of their energy, sagacity, and efficient usefulness

of character. Then, addressing himself to one individual in particular, as was his custom, he said : You, sir, "will be the first to admit the higher claims of your father on the country, for general utility and energy of character. I am too old (he sportively added) to know much of his sons personally, but I will venture to affirm, that placed in your father's shoes, and *having to keep off the calf whilst the wife milked the cow*, you never would have achieved what he has done in point of character and fortune. The young people, now-a-days, have too much done for them, for them to exert themselves as their fathers and grandfathers have done." He then spoke of many illustrious men, whose names adorn many pages of our earliest and brightest history. Henry, Mason, and others ; not one has left a son equal to their father. "In short," said he, "look at the Lees, Washingtons, Randolphs—what woful degeneracy !"

What had all this to do with the politics of the day ? on which he was expected to talk to the people. Was there ever such a scatter-brain speech ? Some turned away, shook their heads, and said, "the man is mad ;" others maliciously misrepresented what he said, and went about telling people that he had slandered his old friends and neighbors. He struck at the root of the disease, however—probed the wound to its core ; the *men of seventy-six* were gone ; their sons, if not degenerate, were not equal to their fathers !

It cannot be denied, that Mr. Randolph attributed this great change in the condition of Virginia, mainly to the policy of Mr. Jefferson. The destruction of the law of inheritance, followed by the embargo and the non-intercourse system, he conceived, gave the finishing stroke to her prosperity. "The embargo," he said, "was the Iliad of all our woes." The blind fidelity with which the people of Virginia followed Mr. Jefferson in all his schemes, is thus humorously described : "I cannot live (says he, March, 1832,) in this miserable, undone country, where, as the Turks follow their sacred standard, which is a pair of Mahomet's green breeches, we are governed by the old red breeches of that prince of projectors, St. Thomas, of *Cantingbury* ; and surely, Becket himself never had more pilgrims at his shrine, than the saint of Monticello."

Another source of great annoyance and excitement to Mr. Randolph, was the conduct of his negroes and overseers during his absence. He suspected that they had taken up a notion he would never

be able to return home again, and that they might do as they pleased, without the fear of his displeasure. His sudden appearance among them took them by surprise, and they were not prepared to give an account of their stewardship. Whether he had just cause of complaint, is not for us to determine. One thing is certain, he had to spend near two thousand dollars to buy provisions for their support. One would suppose that three hundred negroes, on the best lands in Virginia, might support themselves.

"I have been in a perpetual broil (says he, November 15th, 1831,) with overseers and *niggers*. My head man I detected stealing the wool that was to have clad his own and the other children; the receiver the very rascal (one of Mr. Mercer's 'housekeepers,') who flogged poor Juba, who had no wool except upon his head. I have punished the scoundrel exemplarily, and shall send him to Georgia or Louisiana, at Christmas. He has a wife and three fine children. Here is a description of his establishment: a log house, of the finest class, with two good rooms below, and lofts above; a barrel half-full of meal (but two days to a fresh supply); steel shovel and tongs, better than I have seen in any other house, my own excepted; a good bed, filled with hay; another, not so good, for his children; eight blankets; a large iron pot, and Dutch-oven; frying-pan; a large fat hog, finer than any in my pen; a stock of large pumpkins, cabbages, &c., secured for the winter. His house had a porch, or shed, to it, like my own."

Mr. Randolph had an old servant by the name of Essex, the father of John. "He was the most genteel servant I ever saw," says Mr. Marshall. Mr. Randolph called him familiarly, "Daddy Essex." Although the relation of master and servant was kept up between them, it was done with more cordiality and kindness in the manner of each, than had ever been witnessed between master and slave. It was the custom of Essex, when leaving his master's service at night, to give him the usual salutations, and this civility was returned by Mr. Randolph. But on the present occasion, whenever Essex came into his presence, he immediately flew into a passion, accused him of keeping a tavern in his absence, entertaining a pedler, and once or twice, even went so far as to strike him with a stick. Every body knows the inestimable value he set on John and Juba, but they now shared his wrath. "When I arrived in New-York," said he, "I would not have taken for John or Juba, or the smallest child either of them had, two thousand guineas; but now, I would as soon sell

them to a negro-trader as not." They were actually driven out of the house, into the corn-field, and other awkward fellows taken into their places. "Moses goes rooting about the house like a hog." Mr. Randolph's friends witnessed, during the winter, many ludicrous scenes between him and his servants. But his fits of excitement did not last long. His extreme irritability, occasioned by disease, and the stimulants he was compelled to use to alleviate pain, may have caused him to magnify the offences of his slaves. But he was prompt in making reparation. His favorite body-servants were soon restored to their proper station. About the first of February, he called on the overseer, and asked him to ride out with him: said he was going to make friends with his head man, Billy, whom he had put to work in the ditch. They rode to the ditch, and Mr. Randolph said, "Your servant, Billy." "Your servant, master," replied Billy. "Well, Billy," said he, "I have come to make friends with you." "Thank you, master," said Billy. "Billy," said Mr. Randolph, "you stole my wool, and sold it for fifty cents." "Yes, master." "But I think I am in debt to you, Billy, for I took your pumpkins and your house, and hog, turned you out of a comfortable house, and gave you three damned whippings. And now, I think I owe you something, and I have come up to settle with you." As the result of the settlement Billy was restored to his place and to his property.

Mr. Randolph's mind continued to be disordered, and his health to grow more and more feeble, till the month of April, when many of his friends expected he would die. About the twenty-fifth of that month, he was moved to the house of his friend, Mr. John Marshall, at Charlotte Court-house. He frequently sent for Mr. Marshall into his room: when that gentleman entered, he would say, "You are too late—it is all over." Sometimes he had a small bell in his hand, which he would ring slowly, saying, "It is all over." Sometimes he would make John ring the bell. He would sometimes ask Mr. Marshall, "Will you stand by me?" as if he was apprehensive of some personal conflict. He continued much in this condition till the middle of May, with this difference, that his memory gave way almost entirely, and he had sunk into a kind of stupor.

About the middle of May, after being reduced almost to a skeleton, his mind began to clear away, his memory returned, and his feelings were calm and kind towards every person of whom he spoke. In

a very short time he seemed to be perfectly himself. The first time Mr. Marshall saw him, when a change in his mind was distinctly marked, they were in the room alone. Mr. Randolph burst into tears, and said, "Bear with me, my friend; this is unmanly, but I am hard pressed." He seemed to be in great pain, and said, "It is impossible—I speak it reverently—that the Almighty himself, consistent with his holy counsel, can withhold this bitter cup. It is necessary to afflict me thus, to subdue my stubborn will." He then prayed a few words audibly, shut his eyes, and seemed to be praying in a low whisper. From this time his spirits were good; he uniformly appeared cheerful and in good temper, conversed handsomely, and spoke of men, whether his political enemies or others, in good humor; his appetite seemed to have improved, and he gradually gained flesh. From this time forth, with rare exceptions, his mind continued unclouded to the day of his death. But it is astonishing how one in his condition, could prolong for a twelve-month, an existence so attenuated, so feeble.

In August he writes—"My lungs made a noble resistance, but, like the Poles, they were over-powered. The disease is now phthisis, and the tubercles are softening for breaking out into open ulcers; liver, spleen, heart (I hope the pericardium), but above all, the *stomach*, diseased, and this last, I fear, incurable. My diet is water-gruel, for breakfast; tomatoes and crackers for dinner, and ~~no~~ no supper. Yet, these taken in the very smallest quantities that can sustain life, throw me into all the horrors of an indigestion; so that I put off eating as long as possible, and thereby make a dinner of my breakfast, and a sort of supper at five or six o'clock, of my dinner. Sleep I am nearly a stranger to. Many nights I pass bolt upright in my easy chair; for when propped up by pillows in bed, so as to be nearly erect from the hips upwards, I cough incessantly and am racked to death."

Some weeks after this, he says to Dr. Brockenbrough—"After I wrote to you on Sunday night, the next day I had a most violent fit of hysteria. I was so moved by the ingratitude of my servants, and my destitute and forlorn condition, that I 'lifted up my voice and wept;' wept most bitterly. Yet I am now inclined to think that I did the poor creatures some injustice, by ascribing to ingratitude, what was the insensibility of their condition in life. But every body, you only excepted, abandons me in my misery."

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE CONSUMMATION.

ANDREW JACKSON was elected by State-rights men. There were many others united under his banner, who agreed only in their sentiments of opposition to the ruling powers; but the political principles that transformed and harmonized the discordant elements into a consistent whole, were the doctrines of the old Republican party. The centripetal tendency of the administration of Adams and Clay, had awakened and alarmed the country. Mr. Clay, with a boldness and an energy peculiar to himself, had pressed forward his American system to its final and full consummation. The Bank was omnipotent; the principle of Protection for protection's sake, was distinctly recognized, and nothing remained to complete and to fasten the system on the country, but to carry out those magnificent plans of Improvement which had been projected.

Randolph, Van Buren, Tazewell, and other distinguished leaders of the old Republican party, sounded the alarm, and raised the standard of opposition. Andrew Jackson was the man selected as their leader. Whether he fully concurred with them in principles and in purposes, could not be known—his past life had not been in the line of politics—he was pledged to no system—the great object was to defeat the present dynasty, and to take the chances of directing his course by wise counsel, hereafter. Their object is explained by the familiar and homely illustration used by Mr. Randolph, to satisfy his own constituents. "When you have a faithless, worthless overseer," said he, "in whom you could place no confidence, and have resolved to dismiss him, did you ever change your mind, because, for no matter what reason, you could not get the man that you preferred, to every other? or have you been satisfied to turn him off, and employ the best man that you could get?"

Jackson well fulfilled the expectations of those who elevated him to the Presidency. The first great measure of his administration, was to put an end to a system of Internal Improvement, which had been commenced by the Federal Government, and was rapidly growing up into a magnificent scheme of fraud, speculation and expenditure, far

surpassing the South Sea or Mississippi scheme, that engulfed all Europe in bankruptcy and ruin. The veto to the Maysville Road bill, arrested this great evil, and did much to bring back the people to a just and sound interpretation of the Constitution.

All reflecting men, who have any regard to the words and the spirit of a written, limited, and well-defined grant of power to a Federative Union of States, are now satisfied that the construction of roads and canals, and other means of intercommunication, properly belongs to the States. To take it from them and to exercise jurisdiction within their borders, in the construction of highways, was so gross a violation of the Constitution, and so bold an assumption of the reserved rights of the States, as to render all other usurpations of minor consideration. Like Aaron's rod, it swallowed up every thing else. Besides, the States are better acquainted with their own resources, and can conduct the means of their development more economically, more judiciously, and more extensively. If they, in the prosecution of their plans, have involved themselves in so large a debt, suffered so much from fraudulent legislation, as to be driven, some to the necessity of repudiation, others to the verge of bankruptcy, what would have been the condition of the whole Union, had they continued those plans so zealously commenced, and entered on the prosecution of those magnificent surveys which their engineers had reported as practicable, necessary and proper? The States ceasing to be sovereign and independent—ceasing to act as a counterweight to the centralizing influence of the Federal Government, would have been clamorous suppliants for its bounty; fraudulent combinations would have carried every thing in the national legislature—some of the States would have had large improvements conducted through their borders, while others would have none; and all would have been loaded with a debt, only surpassed by the crushing burthen of England. Resorting to that tribunal power, intrusted to the Executive, not only for the preservation of its own independence and dignity, but for the protection of the rights reserved to the States and the people, Andrew Jackson, by the simple exercise of its authority, arrested the centralizing tendency of the Republic, restored the States to their proper equilibrium, rebuked the spirit of Federal usurpation, and saved his country from ruin.

When Jackson took in his hand the helm of State, the Bank of

the United States was in the plenitude of its power; its numerous branches, in close affiliation and absolute dependence on a central power, occupied the most important and commanding positions. Its influence over the currency and the commercial operations of the country, was unbounded. It could make or unmake, build up or destroy, at pleasure. Its directory, seated in their marble palace at Philadelphia, like the gods on Olympus, could make rain or sunshine, as it pleased their sovereign will. Even the Representatives of the people, sent to examine into the abominations and sorceries of this red harlot, were dazzled with her brightness. They bowed obsequiously before her golden altars, and returned rejoicing, and told the people that she was not only pure, but worthy of all trust and confidence. No greater combination of power ever existed under any government. The East India Company, that held an Empire under its sway, and burthened the seas with its treasures, could not boast of greater authority. To possess the money influence in a commercial country, is to control its movements, not only in the affairs of government, but in the remotest ramifications of society. It is holding Leviathan with a hook. This power, all pervading and absolute, was unquestionably held by the Bank of the United States. The time had come, not to supplicate, but to demand a renewal of her charter, and a continuation of her enormous power for another generation. Shall the demand be granted? was the question now submitted to the Representatives of the people, and to the President.

January 10th, 1832, Randolph says, "I know Jackson to be firm on the Bank of the United States; and I believe the tariff too. In United States Bank stock there will be a fall, for every thing is settled by the London prices; and *there* will be a panic. But the Bank will bribe through. I detest it, and shall do all I can to defeat it, even by coming into Congress next election *si le Roy (Peuple) le veut*. When the Union shall crumble to pieces, the Bank will stand. The courts and its debtors will sustain it, in each grain of our rope of sand." In one particular, this prediction has happily not been verified. The Bank is an "obsolete idea," while the Union still survives, we trust, to live for ever. But the other part of the prophecy was literally fulfilled; the Bank did create a panic, and did bribe through. While the bill was under discussion, Mr. Randolph wrote to his friends, urging them to resistance. Some of them from the South

were offended with Jackson, and he was afraid they would suffer their feelings to influence them on this occasion. To Mark Alexander, Esq., his old colleague, he says, "I have just received (June 26, 1832) your blank envelope, covering the *Telegraph* of the 21st. I write to entreat you to tell Warren R. Davis and his colleagues (alas! for poor Johnston), that if, by their votes, the United States Bank bill shall pass the House of Representatives, they will receive the curses, loud and deep, of every old school Republican of the South. To embarrass Jackson is a small game, compared with saddling the country with that worst and most flagrant of the usurpations of the Federal Government, and the most dangerous engine against the rights, and very existence of the States. I am warm and abrupt, but I am dying, and have not time to be more courtly and circumlocutory. The Tariff, the Internal Improvement jobs, and the Supreme Court, combined, are not to be put into the scale against this accursed thing. The man who supports the Bank and denounces the Tariff as unconstitutional, may take his choice between knave or fool, unless he admits that he is both.

"In one case, the power to lay duties, excises, &c., is granted; in the other, no such power is given. The true key is, that the *abuse, under pretence of exercise of any power* (midnight judiciary, &c.) is unconstitutional. This unlocks every difficulty. Killing a man may be justifiable homicide, chance-medley, manslaughter or murder, according to the motives and circumstances of the case. An unwise, but honest, exercise of a power, may be blamed, but it is not unconstitutional. But every usurped power (as the Bank) is so."

The Bank bill, however, passed both Houses of Congress, and was submitted to the President, for his approval. Randolph was not mistaken in his man. "I *know* Jackson to be firm on the Bank of the United States." Against that formidable institution, he stood up and battled alone. In his reading of the Constitution, there was no authority for it; to his observation and experience, the existence of such a power was dangerous to a free republic. Satisfied in his mind that the Bank of the United States was both unconstitutional and inexpedient, it was vain to remonstrate. It was idle to tell him that Washington had sanctioned it; he had as clear a judgment, as pure a patriotism, as Washington. It was useless to tell him, that good and wise men, yielding to the cry of distress, had, for the second

time, established a Bank ; and that Madison, surrendering his own judgment to precedence and authority, had approved it. No such distress existed now ; no such plea of necessity could be urged. Now was the time, in profound peace, to apply the knife and the cautery, to cut out and destroy the cancer that was threatening to consume the Constitution of the country. Deserted by all his friends, as he had been on many trying occasions before, while a military chieftain, he was left alone to rely on his own clear judgment and unshaken fortitude. When he vetoed the Bank bill, and caused the public money to be removed from the custody of that institution, his friends earnestly entreated him not to do it. But there was one that stood by him—a kindred spirit, that would perish with him in the ruins rather than have yielded.

Had Randolph been on the floor of Congress, the Bank bill would never have passed. He would have scourged the money-changers from the temple. But the veto saved the Republic, and he was rejoiced at it. "Tell Leigh (says he, August 2,) that the veto message, and some other things, have made a Jackson man of me, and that I shall be delivered of my vote without *forceps*, or the Cæsarean operation."

But another deed, still greater, if possible, had yet to be performed, before the Government could be rescued from its centripetal tendency, and those features of a federative republic that, in the vicissitudes of forty years, had well nigh been effaced, could be restored to their original distinctness and beauty. A tariff of duties, onerous to the agricultural interests, and laid solely for the protection of other interests, and as a bounty, had been imposed. The protective policy was distinctly recognized as a principle of legislation ; its friends regarded it as firmly established, and proclaimed it to be as *fixed as fate*. But this principle of protection, according to *States-right doctrine*, which was the basis and the essential element of the old Republican party, could only be looked upon as a violent interpolation. The most eminent statesmen of the strict-construction school denounced it as an unwarrantable abuse of power, if indeed it was not a plain infraction of the letter of the Constitution, which gave power to lay and collect duties, imports, and taxes, merely for the purposes of revenue. But one of the States of the Confederacy, believing that the right to impose a tax on one class of industry, as a

bounty to another, had not been granted, and hearing a stern majority assert the doctrine, and pronounce it as *fixed as fate*, proclaimed that the only safety of the Republic lay in State interposition.

Our fathers did not complain of the burthen of their taxes, but contended against the right of taxation without representation. But South Carolina contended that her grievances were even greater than those of our ancestors; she protested against the tariff system, as founded in usurpation and injustice, and at the same time complained of the onerous nature of the taxes imposed. She was heavily taxed for the benefit of others, and yet had no voice in the imposition. Feeling herself aggrieved, and having appealed, as she thought, in vain for redress, she took the remedy of her wrongs in her own hands. The only conservative power of this Confederate Republic is in the States. What matters it how nicely adjusted may be the balance of power between the executive, legislative, and judicial departments at Washington, when they have swallowed up all the powers that were reserved to the States and to the people. Take away the rights that belong to Virginia and the other States as *bodies politic*, and those that belong to their people, as citizens of each State respectively (strictly speaking, there is no such thing as an American citizen); take away these domestic guards, destroy these home securities that we hold in our own hands, and where is the guaranty for our liberties? We should no longer be a federative republic of equal and sovereign States, but the miserable, degraded provinces of a consolidated empire, where a sectional and selfish majority will rule the nation with a rod of iron. The States would be recreant to their trust, and unworthy the veneration of their sons, did they not stand by those rights so essential to their own existence, and so invaluable as the means of protecting and preserving the liberties of their people. This is what Massachusetts did in the days of the embargo; it is what South Carolina did on the present occasion. She asserted (and surely she was the best judge) that the tariff which had been forced upon her, was not only ruinous, but as unjust and as unwarrantable as the right claimed by the British parliament to tax the Colonies without their consent. She protested that the tax was forced upon her by those who had no common interest, and declared her resolution to refuse obedience to the law. Whether she acted wisely—whether she threw herself

upon those constitutional rights reserved to her as a State—or whether she resorted to the ultimate right of the oppressed under every form of government, is for the general historian and the political philosopher to determine. The biographer of John Randolph has only to say, that he sympathized with the State, and went with her, heart and soul, in the fearful struggle that ensued. He had battled with this tariff system from the beginning, and foresaw the dangerous consequences to which it would lead. When the subject was under discussion in 1824, he said, on the floor of the House of Representatives :

“And what, sir, are we now about to do? For what was the Constitution formed? To drive the people of any part of this Union from the plough to the distaff? Sir, the Constitution of the United States never would have been formed, and if formed, would have been scouted *una voce* by the people, if viewed as a means of effecting purposes like this. The Constitution was formed for external purposes, to raise armies and navies, and to lay uniform duties on imports, to raise a revenue to defray the expenditure of such objects. What are you going to do now? To turn the Constitution wrong-side out; to abandon foreign commerce and exterior relations—I am sorry to use this Frenchified word—the foreign affairs which it was established to regulate, and convert it into a municipal agent; to carry a system of espionage and excise into every log-house in the United States. * * * * But no *force*—no, sir, no force short of Russian despotism—shall induce me to purchase, or, knowing it, to use any article from the region of country which attempts to cram this bill down our throats. On this we of the South are as resolved, as were our fathers about the tea, which they refused to drink; for this is the same old question of the stamp act in a new shape, viz : whether they who have no common feeling with us shall impose on us not merely a burdensome but a ruinous tax, and that by way of experiment and sport. And, I say again, if we are to submit to such usurpations, give me George Grenville, give me Lord North, for a master. It is in this point of view that I most deprecate the bill. If from the language I have used, and gentlemen shall believe I am not as much attached to this Union as any one on this floor, he will labor under a great mistake. But there is no magic in this word *Union*; I value it as the means of preserving the liberty and happiness of the people. Marriage itself is a good thing; but the marriages of Mezentius were not so esteemed. The marriage of Sinbad, the Sailor, with the corpse of his deceased wife, was an union; and just such an union will this be, if, by a bare majority in both Houses, this bill shall become a law. And I ask, sir, whether it will redound to the honor of this

House, if this bill should pass, that the people should owe their escape to the act of any others, rather than to us? How will it answer for the people to have to look up for their escape from oppression, not to their immediate representatives, but to the representatives of the States, or, possibly, to the Executive? * * * * In case this bill should be, unhappily, presented to him (the President) for his signature, I hope, sir, he will scout it as contrary to the genius of our government, to the whole spirit and letter of our Confederation. I say of our Confederation. Blessed be God, it is a Confederation, and that it contains within itself the redeeming power, which has more than once been exercised, and that it contains within itself the seeds of preservation, if not of this Union, at least of the individual commonwealths of which it is composed."

In another part of the same speech (1824), Mr. Randolph declared:

"This is not the last tariff measure; for, in less than five years, I would, if I were a betting man, wager any odds that we have another tariff proposition, worse by far than that, amendments to which gentlemen had strangled yesterday by the bowstring of the previous question. * * * * When I recollect that the tariff of 1816 was followed by that of 1819-20, and that by this measure of 1823-4, I cannot believe that we are at any time hereafter long to be exempt from the demands of those sturdy beggars, who will take no denial. Every concession does but render every fresh demand and new concession more easy. It is like those dastard nations who vainly think to buy peace."

They did follow in rapid succession; the tariff of 1828 and of 1832, each based on the principle of protection, each more burthensome than those that had gone before, and proclaimed *as fixed as fate*. Mr. Randolph watched the crisis brought on by this unwise and oppressive legislation with intensest interest. South Carolina had taken her position, and he knew well she would maintain it. Though in retirement, he was in daily correspondence with the chief actors on the scene; he knew they were in earnest, that they had counted the costs, and would not lightly hazard the dangers of a rupture and a civil war. In March, 1832, before any decisive steps had been taken, he spoke freely to his friends on the subject of South Carolina nullification. He said that dreadful times were coming, the United States Bank would be broken, and troops would be marching through the country; he said that South Carolina would not yield—that she would fight; that General Jackson would be glad to

get Hamilton, Calhoun, McDuffie, and Hayne into his power ; that he had no doubt if a war came, as come he feared it must, General Jackson would hang those gentlemen, if he could get hold of them ; but that the whole South would unite, for it was their interest to do so, and there would be a bloody war of it. He read letters from gentlemen in South Carolina, and became highly excited on the subject. He said that if the war took place, he would have himself buckled on his horse, Radical, and would fight for the South to the last breath. These expressions, the reader is aware, were used by Mr. Randolph under peculiar circumstances, when he was not altogether himself. In his cooler moments no man looked more calmly or more judiciously on this momentous subject. On the 6th of December, before he knew of the ordinances of South Carolina, or the proclamation of the President, he writes :

“ A letter from my friend Hamilton indicates the most morbid state of excitement in South Carolina. The truth is, I have no doubt, that imprudent and rash declarations have been made on both sides, and have been carried from one to the other by the earwigs that, more or less, infest all political parties. This has put the leaders of the two hostile divisions into the worst state of mind imaginable for cordial and dignified reconciliation. But I have great faith in Jackson's magnanimity, and I trust that, as soon as he finds himself in a situation to recede without dishonor, he will make the preliminary advances with graceful cordiality.”

Had Randolph himself been on the floor of Congress, events might have been different. No man had more the confidence of both parties than he had ; but unfortunately there was no one of sufficient weight and influence, to give affairs this pacific direction, and they were consequently hurried on to their catastrophe.

South Carolina, by her ordinance, proclaimed that she would not obey a law of the United States. It was the duty of the President to see that the laws were faithfully executed. General Jackson, by his proclamation, pronounced his determination to see that the Tariff law was properly enforced in South Carolina. The Proclamation contains an elaborate argument in justification of his conduct. It cannot be denied that his duty required him to take some such course, but he sustained and justified it, by a resort to the exploded doctrines and reasonings of the old federal school ; if his arguments were true, then the principles of the Republican party, on which he had hitherto acted, were false.

It may have been a right action, but a wrong reason. All power emanates from the people, they are sovereign; but the general undefined mass of individuals, told by the head within the borders of the United States, are not the people known to our Institutions: the citizens of each State acting through the *body politic*, or a convention, or in their primary assemblies, are the people. Whatever they shall do in their sovereign capacity, as the people of a State, may be a revolution, but it can never be a rebellion; a sovereign cannot rebel against himself, nor against his coequal sovereigns; he may violate a compact with them, or they may commit a breach of faith towards him, so as to justify resistance and even war, a revolution if you please of all the relations existing between them, but no act of omission or aggression between coequal and independent parties can be construed into a rebellion.

Here was Jackson's great mistake; he did not have a clear perception of a federative union between coequal and independent States; he regarded the ordinance of the people of South Carolina, issuing from the highest authority known to a State—their sovereign will expressed in Convention—as an act of rebellion, and the men and officers appointed to execute their will as rebels that ought to be hung whenever taken.

So soon as Randolph heard of this fatal proclamation, so pregnant with pestilent heresies, his indignation knew no bounds. The Editor of the *Richmond Enquirer* endeavored to discriminate between the act itself and the reasoning in defence of it; but Randolph involved both perpetrator and defender in one common denunciation. The 16th of December he says:

“Your letter of the 12th was received late last night whilst I was under the influence of morphine and blue-pill, but such was the interest I took in it, and in the jesuitical comments of Mr. Enquirer Ritchie on the ferocious and blood-thirsty proclamation of our Djezzar Pacha, that I did not close an eye until daybreak. I am now just out of bed (1 o'clock, P. M.), and not more than half alive, indeed not so much.

“The apathy of our people is most alarming. If they do not rouse themselves to a sense of our condition and put down this wretched old man, the country is irretrievably ruined. The mercenary troops who have embarked for Charleston, have not disappointed me they are working in their vocation, poor devils! I trust that no quarter will be given to them.

"Pray tell William Leigh to write to me forthwith, and to give me his full, unreserved opinion upon the state of affairs. I sometimes distrust my own judgment in my present diseased condition.

"I am heartily glad that my brother refuses to go to the Senate of the U. S. I should not be sorry to see him in our Legislature, where, as 1798-9, the resistance must be made." January 4, 1833, he writes to Mr. Harvey: "My life is ebbing fast. What will the New-York Evening Post say to Ritchie's apology for the Proclamation, in his 'Enquirer' of the first instant? Never was there so impudent a thing. It seems, then, that the President did not know, good, easy man, what *his* Proclamation contained. Verily, I believe it. He is now all for law and the civil power, and shudders at blood. 'Save me from my friends' is a good old Spanish proverb. But his *soi-disant* friends are his bitterest enemies, and use him as a tool for their own unhallowed purposes of guilty ambition. They have first brought him into odium, and then sunk him into contempt. Alas! alas!" January 31st he says: "I am now much worse than when I wrote you last, and see no probability of my ever recovering sufficiently to leave this place. The springs of life are worn out. Indeed, in the abject state of the public mind, there is nothing worth living for. It is a merciful dispensation of Providence, that death can release the captive from the clutches of the tyrant. I was not born to endure a master. I could not brook military despotism in Europe, but *at home* it is not to be endured. I could not have believed that the people would so soon have shown themselves unfit for free government. I leave to General Jackson, and the Hartford men, and the ultra-federalists and tories, and the office-holders and office-seekers, *their triumph over the liberties of the country. They will stand damned to everlasting fame.*"

But the dying statesman resolved to make another effort to rouse the people, and to pluck the fallen liberties of the country from the grasp of military despotism. The veteran of a hundred fields harnessed himself for his last battle. The same cause that nerved his youthful arm, now shook the palsy from his aged limbs, and kindled in his bosom once more its slumbering fires. The sight of mercenary troops levied to uphold the usurpations of Government first called forth that bold and manly eloquence, that revealed to the people the future champion of their cause, and made John Thompson exclaim—*he will become an object of admiration and terror to the enemies of liberty.* True to the destiny thus foretold, for more than thirty years he had successfully contended against the minions of power. But now, behold the same appalling scenes re-enacted before him—the hirelings

of Government marching through the land to trample down the rights of the States and of the people—the same doctrines avowed—the same excuses offered for the interposition of military authority—while the people, sunk into a deep lethargy like that of sleep, are unconscious of the “leprous distilment” that has poisoned the fountains of truth, and are forgetful of the threatening dangers that surround them. “The apathy of our people is alarming!”

But there was no apathy in him: he saw, he felt, he acted. Lifted into his carriage like an infant, he went from county to county, and spoke with a power that effectually aroused the slumbering multitudes. Too weak to stand, he addressed them from his seat: but like Jupiter seated on Olympus, he shot forth his thunderbolts on every hand, blasting and withering whatever stood in the way. The sublime energies of a patriot soul were his; they could not be repressed, and all the faculties of a dying frame were summoned to this last effort. It was like a voice coming from beyond the tomb: there was the skeleton of a man before them, but the people saw the fires of an immortal spirit beaming forth from its blazing sockets; they heard the trembling accents of an expiring tongue, but felt the living words of an inspired prophet fall upon their tingling ears. Their fathers had heard that clear ringing voice in the days of his youth echo sweet music through their hearts, and had clasped him to their bosoms as their most cherished son: *they* now listened to his solemn tones, like the knell of a death-bell, with silence and awe; and received his warning admonitions with the duty and reverence of affectionate children.

He did not speak in vain. Throughout his old district, with scarcely a dissenting voice, they adopted his resolutions condemning the tone, the temper, and the doctrines of the Proclamation. In the course of his speech at Buckingham, Mr. Randolph is reported, on what seems to be good authority, to have said: “Gentlemen, I am filled with the most gloomy apprehensions for the fate of the Union. I cannot express to you how deeply I am penetrated with a sense of the danger which at this moment threatens its existence. If Madison filled the Executive chair, he might be bullied into some compromise. If Monroe was in power, he might be coaxed into some adjustment of this difficulty. But Jackson is obstinate, headstrong, and fond of fight. I fear matters must come to an open rupture. If so,

this Union is gone !" Then pausing for near a minute, raising his finger in that emphatic manner so peculiar to his action as a speaker, and seeming, as it were, to breathe more freely, he continued—"There is one man, and one man only, who can save this Union—that man is HENRY CLAY. I know he has the power, I believe he will be found to have the patriotism and firmness equal to the occasion."

Mr. Clay did not disappoint his expectations. Whatever may be said of him as a statesman, none can deny that he is a true-hearted patriot. With parental fondness he cherished his American system—with unyielding pertinacity contended for it to the last extremity—but when it became a question between that and the integrity of the Union, he did not hesitate; like Abraham, he was ready to sacrifice his own offspring on the altar of his country, and to see the fond idols he had cherished perish one by one before his lingering eyes. Mainly through his efforts the Compromise bill of 1833 was passed, the principle of protection abandoned, the duties reduced, South Carolina satisfied, her honor preserved, and the Union saved. But let not Jackson be too lightly condemned. He had a difficult task to perform; aside from the heresies of his Proclamation we have not condemned him. There were the laws on the statute book; he had labored to get them modified: but however much he might disapprove of their character, or sympathize with those on whose shoulders they fell as a grievous burthen, so long as they were laws, he was bound to see them enforced. He was not the man to shrink from his duty, and promptly declared that they should be enforced. This was an awful moment for the Republic.

The most important experiment in the history of government had to be tried. The trial had to be made, whether State sovereignty was of any avail, or the Federal Government absolute and omnipotent. Had Carolina failed, we should have gone down like the Roman Republic, into a consolidated empire, with all power concentrated in the capitol, and governed by venality and corruption. Had Jackson failed in his duty, and suffered the laws to be put at defiance with impunity, the fraternal bonds of this Union would have been dissolved, and we should have existed for a time as petty States, in perpetual warfare, until some master should arise to govern them, or they should fall, as exhausted provinces, into the hands of European power. In this awful moment, when disrapture and civil war seemed inevitable,

that magnanimous spirit of compromise, in which the Constitution was framed, again rescued it from destruction. And so will it ever be while the States have independence and courage to assert their rights, and patriot souls shall guide the helm of affairs.

This was the auspicious moment for John Randolph to depart. He died in the midst of the battle, but the victory had been won. The doctrine of State rights, ingrafted on the Constitution by George Mason, developed by Jefferson, expounded by Madison, and practised by himself, had once more triumphed—a strict construction of the Constitution, a total abstinence from the exercise of all powers not specifically granted, an abandonment to the States of the right to control all things affecting their internal and domestic affairs, was once again to become the rule of action to the Federal Government, and to be the means of developing a prosperity in the several States, unparalleled in the annals of history, and of exciting among them a generous spirit of emulation, causing each to strive with all the means of this inventive age, to excel the other in the various walks of industry, in the arts of peace, in the deeds of arms, and in noble acts of chivalry, that will cast a lustre over this great Republic, uneclipsed by the most brilliant achievements of ancient or modern times.

For this glorious consummation, we are indebted to John Randolph, more than to any other man. His bold and masterly efforts arrested that centripetal tendency which was rapidly destroying the counterbalance of the States, and making them, instead of what they are, proud independent sovereignties; jealous of their peculiar rights, and prompt to defend them, mere abject provinces, bowing patiently to encroachment so long as largesses were bestowed by the bountiful hand of an all-powerful and concentrated empire.

Let not the absurd notion then be repeated, that he was powerful to pull down, but feeble to build up. There it was, already built up, that beautiful system, unknown to the world before, *an imperium in imperio*; he had nothing to add to the design of those who projected it—leave it to its own beautiful and simple operations, and like the solar system, we should scarcely know of its existence save by the genial influence shed on the various planets that composed it; he taught *a wise and masterly inactivity*—add nothing to clog its motion—nothing to hurry it to rack and ruin, like an unbalanced ho-

rologue, and the States and the Union in perpetual harmony, will move,

“ Like a star that maketh not haste,
That taketh not rest;
— each one fulfilling
His God-given hest.”

CHAPTER XLIV.

“I HAVE BEEN SICK ALL MY LIFE.”—DEATH.

MR. RANDOLPH attempted to go to the different counties of his old district, in the month of April, and to address the people on the days of election, but he did not succeed. On the 14th of April, he writes to Dr. Brockenbrough. “Your letter of the 4th was received here (Charlotte Court-house) last night, on my return from Buckingham. I made an effort to attend that election, but was obliged to return *re infecta*, and reached this place so done up by fatigue, that I have not been able to get on to Roanoke. Exercise by *gestation* is indispensable to my existence; from *ten* to *twenty* miles are requisite to enable me to support life. I am now scuffling to get to England in the May packet. Whether I shall succeed or not, I propose being in Richmond immediately after the Cumberland election, if not sooner.” He was at Cumberland on the day of election, and started that evening for Richmond; but was compelled to turn in at Clay Hill, the residence of his friend Barksdale in Amelia. On the 23d, he says: “Although more than half dead when taken out of my carriage, and enduring excessive pain, I passed a better night than I have had for two months, and was in every respect far better this morning, than I had been within that period; and I feel satisfied that exercise by *gestation*, if I take enough of it, will greatly remit my exhausted system. However, while I was chuckling over my success, I suffered a fatal relapse, and the day has been spent in stupor and pain, which did not allow me to dispense with Johnny’s presence and services. *Deo volente*, he will set out to-morrow by day with this letter.” From George W. Johnson’s, near Moody’s, Chesterfield, Thursday, May 2d, he writes: “I am here very ill. I have little expectation of ever leaving this apartment, except on men’s shoul-

ders; an act of imprudence on the night of my arrival has nearly sealed my doom. Yet with my characteristic reaction, I may go to Petersburg to-morrow, and on Monday, to Richmond. Pray, secure me, if practicable, a parlor and bedroom adjoining, on a lower floor, and speak to Ball to reserve stalls for five horses and three servants.

"If my dear brother Harry be not gone, entreat him to come to me on the receipt of this. If I can, I will take the packet from the Delaware for London, avoiding the Irish Channel, which is the worst as the English S. Coast is the best of climates."

He did go on to Petersburg, attended the races, made a speech, passed through Richmond, and from the Merry Oaks, Friday, May 17, he writes:

"Arrived here last night, through torrents of rain that deluged the roads, and made them run like rivers, John and Juba, as wet as drowned rats, but it was an admirable *sedative* (you are an 'Embro' man, and possibly a disciple of Cullen) for John's over stimulant. *Quant à moi*, I came every foot of the way in torture, having been so lumbered by John, that I might as well have been in the pillory, and each jolt over stone, stump, or pole, or old fence rails left in the road, when the new one was made, or the old one 'upset' for the benefit of travelling carriages, those of gentlemen in *especial*, as the Waverly man has it.

"At Botts's gate, Half Sink, I was fain to call and ask the price of his land, and sponge upon him for the night, for I was in agony, but he was gone to the Baltimore races. So, after making some better arrangements, and watering the tits which were half choked with thirst, I proceeded on over the slashes and 'cross ways' with *peine forte et dure*, to the old oaks, ignorant until then that the stage road had been changed, or I would have taken the other, except on account of the house. If Botts's land lay in any other county, except Henrico, and especially if it were on the south side, I would buy it and take my chance for selling Spring Hill, which except in point of soil, has every advantage over Half Sink."

This was the last letter ever written by Mr. Randolph, to his most cherished and confidential friend. He had, in his last journey, passed rapidly by most of the scenes rendered dear to him by the recollections of youth, and by the fond associations of love and friendship; and it so happened that he saw most of the few friends that were left him this side of the grave. What recollections were called up, as he passed for the last time through Amelia—love! love! blighted love! deeply buried in his heart's inmost core! as he passed through Ches-

terfield, and looked for the last time on the tombs of his beloved father and mother, at old Matoax, where he had so long wished to lie down and be at rest—Petersburgh—Richmond—there were a few left that still cared for him, that loved him, and warmly pressed his fevered hand as he passed rapidly by, on his last journey. They were now all behind him, and he might exclaim, as he did on a former occasion, when he heard of the death of one endeared by early, though mournful recollections :

“Days of my cherished youth,
When all unfelt Time’s footsteps fell,
And all unheeded flew,
Dreams of the morn of life, farewell ! a long, a last farewell !”

Mr. Randolph reached the landing at Potomac creek, before the arrival of the steamboat, and considerably in advance of the Fredericksburg stage-coaches, which could not keep pace with his fleet horses.

When the approach of the boat was announced, he was brought out of the room by his servants, on a chair, and seated in the porch, where most of the stage passengers were assembled. His presence seemed to produce considerable restraint on the company ; and though he appeared to solicit it, none were willing to enter into conversation ; one gentleman only, who was a former acquaintance, passed a few words with him ; and so soon as the boat reached the landing, all hurried off, and left him nearly alone, with his awkward servants as his only attendants. An Irish porter, who seemed to be very careless and awkward in his movements, slung a trunk round and struck Mr. Randolph with considerable force against the knee. He uttered an exclamation of great suffering. The poor Irishman was much terrified, and made the most humble apology, but Mr. Randolph stormed at him—would listen to no excuse, and drove him from his presence. This incident increased the speed of the by-standers, and in a few minutes not one was left to assist the dying man.

Dr. Dunbar, an eminent physician, of Baltimore, witnessing what happened, and feeling his sympathies awakened towards a man so feeble, and apparently so near his end, walked up to the chair, as the servants were about to remove their master, and said, “Mr. Randolph, I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, but I have known your brother from my childhood ; and as I see you have no one with

you but your servants—you appear to require a friend, I will be happy to render you any assistance in my power, while we are together on the boat." He looked up, and fixed such a searching gaze on the doctor as he never encountered before. But having no other motive but kindness for a suffering fellow man, he returned the scrutinizing look with steadiness. As Mr. Randolph read the countenance of the stranger, who had thus unexpectedly proffered his friendship, his face suddenly cleared up; and with a most winning smile, and real politeness, and with a touching tone of voice, grasping the Doctor's hand, he said, "I am most thankful to you, sir, for your kindness, for I do, indeed, want a friend."

He was now, with the Doctor's assistance, carefully carried on board, and set down in the most eligible part of the cabin. He seemed to be gasping for breath, as he sat up in the chair; having recovered a little, he turned to the Doctor, and said, "Be so good, sir, if you please, as to give me your name." The Doctor gave him his name, his profession, and place of residence.

"Ah! Doctor," said he, "I am passed surgery—passed surgery!" "I hope not, sir," the Doctor replied. With a deeper and more pathetic tone, he repeated, "*I am passed surgery.*"

He was removed to a side berth, and laid in a position where he could get air; the Doctor also commenced fanning him. His face was wrinkled, and of a parched yellow, like a female of advanced age. He seemed to repose for a moment, but presently he roused up, throwing round an intense and searching gaze. The Doctor was reading a newspaper.

"What paper is that, Doctor?"

"The — *Gazette*, sir."

"A very scurrilous paper, sir—a very scurrilous paper."

After a short pause, he continued, "Be so good, sir, as to read the foreign news for me—the debates in Parliament, if you please."

"As the names of the speakers were mentioned, he commented on each; "Yes," said he, "I knew him when I was in England;" then went on to make characteristic remarks on each person.

In reading, the Doctor fell upon the word budget; he pronounced the letter *u* short, as in *bud*—bûdget. Mr. Randolph said quickly, but with great mildness and courtesy, "Permit me to interrupt you for a moment, Doctor; I would pronounce that word bûdget; like *oo* in

book." "Very well, sir," said the Doctor, pleasantly, and continued the reading, to which Mr. Randolph listened with great attention. Mr. Randolph now commenced a conversation about his horses, which he seemed to enjoy very much; Gracchus particularly, he spoke of with evident delight. As he lay in his berth, he showed his extremities to the Doctor, which were much emaciated. He looked at them mournfully, and expressed his opinion of the hopelessness of his condition. The Doctor endeavored to cheer him with more hopeful views. He listened politely, but evidently derived no consolation from the remarks. Supper was now announced; the captain and the steward were very attentive, in carrying such dishes to Mr. Randolph as they thought would be pleasing to him. He was plentifully supplied with fried clams, which he ate with a good deal of relish. The steward asked him if he would have some more clams. "I do not know," he replied; "Doctor, do you think I could take some more clams?" "No, Mr. Randolph; had you asked me earlier, I would have advised you against taking any, for they are very injurious; but I did not conceive it my right to advise you." "Yes you had, Doctor; and I would have been much obliged to you for doing so. Steward, I can't take any more; the Doctor thinks they are not good for me."

After the table was cleared off, one of the gentlemen—the one referred to as a former acquaintance of Mr. Randolph's, observed that he should like to get some information about the boats north of Baltimore. "I can get it for you, sir," replied Mr. Randolph. "Doctor, do me the favor to hand me a little wicker-basket, among my things in the berth below." The basket was handed to him; it was full of clippings from newspapers. He could not find the advertisement he sought for. The gentleman, with great politeness, said, "Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Randolph." Several times he repeated, "Don't trouble yourself, sir." At length Randolph became impatient, and looking up at him with an angry expression of countenance, said, "I do hate to be interrupted!" The gentleman, thus rebuked, immediately left him.

Mr. Randolph then showed another basket of the same kind, filled with similar scraps from newspapers, and observed that he was always in the habit, when any thing struck him in his reading, as likely to be useful for future reference, to cut it out and preserve it in books, which he had for that purpose; and that he had at home several volumes of that kind

He showed his arrangements for travelling in Europe; and after a while, seeing the Doctor writing, he said, "Doctor, I see you are writing; will you do me the favor to write a letter for me, to a friend in Richmond?" "Certainly, sir." "The gentleman," he continued, stands A. No. 1, among men—Dr. Brockenbrough, of Richmond." The letter gave directions about business matters, principally, but it contained some characteristic remarks about his horses. He exulted in their having beaten the stage; and concluded, "So much for blood. Now," said he, "sign it, Doctor."

"How shall I sign it, Mr. Randolph? sign it John Randolph of Roanoke?"

"No, sir, sign it Randolph of Roanoke."

It was done accordingly. "Now, Doctor," said he, "do me the favor to add a postscript." The postscript was added, "I have been so fortunate as to meet with Dr. ———, of ———, on board this boat, and to form his acquaintance, and I can never be sufficiently grateful for his kind attentions to me."

So soon as the letter was concluded, Mr. Randolph drew together the curtains of his berth; the Doctor frequently heard him groaning heavily, and breathing so laboriously, that several times he approached the side of the berth to listen if it were not the beginning of the death-struggle. He often heard him, also, exclaiming, in agonized tones, "Oh God! Oh Christ!" while he was engaged in ejaculatory prayer.

He now became very restless, was impatient and irascible with his servants, but continued to manifest the utmost kindness and courtesy towards Dr. Dunbar.

When the boat reached the wharf at Alexandria, where the Doctor was to leave, he approached the side of the berth, and said, "Mr. Randolph, I must now take leave of you." He begged the Doctor to come and see him, at Gadsby's, then, grasping his hand, he said, "God bless you, Doctor; I never can forget your kind attentions to me."

Next day he went into the Senate chamber, and took his seat in rear of Mr. Clay. That gentleman happened at the time to be on his feet, addressing the Senate. "Raise me up," said Randolph, "I want to hear that voice again." When Mr. Clay had concluded his remarks, which were very few, he turned round to see from what quarter that singular voice proceeded. Seeing Mr. Randolph, and

that he was in a dying condition, he left his place and went to speak to him; as he approached, Mr. Randolph said to the gentleman with him, "Raise me up." As Mr. Clay offered his hand, he said, "Mr. Randolph, I hope you are better, sir." "No, sir," replied Randolph, "I am a dying man, and I came here expressly to have this interview with you."

They grasped hands and parted, never to meet more.

Having accomplished the only thing that weighed on his mind, having satisfied Mr. Clay, and the world, that, notwithstanding a long life of political hostility, no personal animosity rankled in his heart, he was now ready to continue on his journey, or to meet, with a lighter conscience, any fate that might befall him.

He hurried on to Philadelphia, to be in time for the packet, that was about to sail from the Delaware. But he was too late; he was destined to take passage in a different boat, and to a land far different from that of his beloved England. It was Monday night when he reached the city, and the storm was very high. His friends found him on the deck of the steamboat, while Johnny was out hunting for a carriage. He was put into a wretched hack, the glasses all broken, and was driven from hotel to hotel in search of lodgings, and exposed all the time to the peltings of the storm. He at length drove to the City Hotel, kept by Mr. Edmund Badger. When Mr. Badger came out to meet him, he asked if he could have accommodations. Mr. Badger replied that he was crowded, but would do the best he could for him. On hearing this, he lifted up his hands, and exclaimed, "Great God! I thank thee; I shall be among friends, and be taken care of!"

Mr. Randolph was very ill. Dr. Joseph Parish, a Quaker physician, was sent for. As he entered the room, the patient said, "I am acquainted with you, sir, by character. I know you through Giles." He then told the Doctor that he had attended several courses of lectures on anatomy, and described his symptoms with medical accuracy, declaring he must die if he could not discharge the puriform matter.

"How long have you been sick, Mr. Randolph?"

"Don't ask me that question; I have been sick all my life. I have been affected with my present disease, however, for three years. It was greatly aggravated by my voyage to Russia. That killed me,

sir. This Russian expedition has been a Pultowa, a Beresina to me."

The Doctor now felt his pulse. "You can form no judgment by my pulse; it is so peculiar."

"You have been so long an invalid, Mr. Randolph, you must have acquired an accurate knowledge of the general course of practice adapted to your case."

"Certainly, sir; at forty, a fool or a physician, you know."

"There are idiosyncracies," said the Doctor, "in many constitutions. I wish to ascertain what is peculiar about you."

"I have been an idiosyncrasy all my life. All the preparations of camphor invariably injure me. As to ether, it will blow me up. Not so with opium; I can take opium like a Turk, and have been in the habitual use of it, in one shape or another, for some time."

Before the Doctor retired, Mr. Randolph's conversation became curiously diversified. He introduced the subject of the Quakers; complimented them in his peculiar manner for neatness, economy, order, comfort—in every thing. "Right," said he, "in every thing except politics—there always twistical." He then repeated a portion of the Litany of the Episcopal church, with apparent fervor. The following morning the Doctor was sent for very early. He was called from bed. Mr. Randolph apologized very handsomely for disturbing him. Something was proposed for his relief. He petulantly and positively refused compliance. The Doctor paused and addressed a few words to him. He apologized, and was as submissive as an infant. One evening a medical consultation was proposed; he promptly objected. "In a multitude of counsel," said he, "there is confusion; it leads to weakness and indecision; the patient may die while the doctors are staring at each other." Whenever Dr. Parish parted from him, especially at night, he would receive the kindest acknowledgments, in the most affectionate tones: "God bless you; he does bless you, and he will bless you."

The night preceding his death, the Doctor passed about two hours in his chamber. In a plaintive tone he said, "My poor John, sir; is worn down with fatigue, and has been compelled to go to bed. A most attentive substitute supplies his place, but neither he nor you, sir, are like John; he knows where to place his hand on any thing, in a large quantity of baggage prepared for a European voyage."

The patient was greatly distressed in breathing, in consequence of difficult expectoration. He requested the Doctor, at his next visit, to bring instruments for performing the operation of bronchotomy, for he could not live unless relieved. He then directed a certain newspaper to be brought to him. He put on his spectacles, as he sat propped up in bed, turned over the paper several times, and examined it carefully, then placing his finger on a part he had selected, handed it to the Doctor, with a request that he would read it. It was headed "Cherokee." In the course of reading, the Doctor came to the word "omnipotence," and pronounced it with a full sound on the penultimate—*omnipotence*. Mr. Randolph checked him, and pronounced the word according to Walker. The Doctor attempted to give a reason for his pronunciation. "Pass on," was the quick reply. The word *impetus* was then pronounced with the *e* long, "*impetus*." He was instantly corrected. The Doctor hesitated on the criticism. "There can be no doubt of it, sir." An immediate acknowledgment of the reader that he stood corrected, appeared to satisfy the critic, and the piece was concluded. The Doctor observed that there was a great deal of sublimity in the composition. He directly referred to the Mosaic account of creation, and repeated "'Let there be light, and there was light.' There is sublimity."

Next morning (the day on which he died), Dr. Parish received an early and an urgent message to visit him. Several persons were in the room, but soon left it, except his servant, John, who was much affected at the sight of his dying master. The Doctor remarked to him, "I have seen your master very low before, and he revived; and perhaps he will again." "John knows better than that, sir." He then looked at the Doctor with great intensity, and said in an earnest and distinct manner, "I confirm every disposition in my will, especially that respecting my slaves, whom I have manumitted, and for whom I have made provision."

"I am rejoiced to hear such a declaration from you, sir," replied the Doctor, and soon after, proposed to leave him for a short time, to attend to another patient. "You must not go," was the reply; "you cannot, you shall not leave me. *John!* take care that the Doctor does not leave the room." John soon locked the door, and reported, "Master, I have locked the door, and got the key in my pocket: the Doctor can't go now."

He seemed excited, and said "If you do go you need not return." The Doctor appealed to him as to the propriety of such an order, inasmuch as he was only desirous of discharging his duty to another patient. His manner instantly changed, and he said, "I retract that expression." Some time afterwards, turning an expressive look, he said again, "I retract that expression."

The Doctor now said that he understood the subject of his communication, and presumed the Will would explain itself fully. He replied in his peculiar way—"No, you don't understand it; I know you don't. Our laws are extremely particular on the subject of slaves—a Will may manumit them, but provision for their subsequent support, requires that a declaration be made in the presence of a white witness; and it is requisite that the witness, after hearing the declaration, should continue with the party, and never lose sight of him, until he is gone or dead. You are a good witness for John. You see the propriety and importance of your remaining with me; your patients must make allowance for your situation. John told me this morning—'master, you are dying.'"

The Doctor spoke with entire candor and replied, that it was rather a matter of surprise that he had lasted so long. He now made his preparations to die. He directed John to bring him his father's breast button; he then directed him to place it in the bosom of his shirt. It was an old fashioned, large-sized gold stud. John placed it in the button hole of the shirt bosom—but to fix it completely, required a hole on the opposite side. "Get a knife, said he, and cut one." A napkin was called for, and placed by John, over his breast. For a short time he lay perfectly quiet, with his eyes closed. He suddenly roused up and exclaimed—"Remorse! remorse!" It was thrice repeated—the last time, at the top of his voice, with great agitation. He cried out—"let me see the word. Get a Dictionary, let me see the word." "There is none in the room, sir." Write it down then—let me see the word." The Doctor picked up one of his cards, "Randolph of Roanoke"—"shall I write it on this card?" "Yes, nothing more proper." The word *remorse*, was then written in pencil. He took the card in a hurried manner, and fastened his eyes on it with great intensity. "Write it on the back," he exclaimed—it was so done and handed him again. He was extremely agitated—"Remorse! you have no idea what it is; you can form no idea

of it, whatever ; it has contributed to bring me to my present situation—but I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ, and hope I have obtained pardon. Now let John take your pencil and draw a line under the word," which was accordingly done. "What am I to do with the card?" inquired the Doctor. "Put it in your pocket—take care of it—when I am dead, look at it."

The doctor now introduced the subject of calling in some additional witnesses to his declarations, and suggested sending down stairs for Edmund Badger. He replied—"I have already communicated that to him." The doctor then said—"With your concurrence, sir, I will send for two young physicians, who shall remain and never lose sight of you until you are dead ; to whom you can make your declarations—my son, Dr. Isaac Parish, and my young friend and late pupil, Dr. Francis West, a brother of Capt. West."

He quickly asked—"Capt. West of the Packet?" "Yes, sir, the same." "Send for him—he is the man—I'll have him."

Before the door was unlocked, he pointed towards a bureau, and requested the Doctor to take from it a remuneration for his services. To this the Doctor promptly replied, that he would feel as though he were acting indelicately, to comply. He then waived the subject, by saying—"in England, it is always customary."

The witnesses were now sent for, and soon arrived. The dying man was propped up in the bed, with pillows, nearly erect. Being extremely sensitive to cold, he had a blanket over his head and shoulders ; and he directed John to place his hat on, over the blanket, which aided in keeping it close to his head. With a countenance full of sorrow, John stood close by the side of his dying master. The four witnesses—Edmund Badger, Francis West, Isaac Parish, and Joseph Parish, were placed in a semi-circle, in full view. He rallied all the expiring energies of mind and body, to this last effort. "His whole soul," says Dr. Parish, "seemed concentrated in the act. His eyes flashed feeling and intelligence. Pointing towards us, with his long index finger, he addressed us."

"I confirm all the directions in my Will, respecting my slaves, and direct them to be enforced, particularly in regard to a provision for their support." And then raising his arm as high as he could, he brought it down with his open hand, on the shoulder of his favorite John, and added these words—"especially for this man." He then

asked each of the witnesses whether they understood him. Dr. Joseph Parish explained to them, what Mr. Randolph had said in regard to the laws of Virginia, on the subject of manumission—and then appealed to the dying man to know whether he had stated it correctly. "Yes," said he, and gracefully waving his hand as a token of dismissal, he added—"the young gentlemen will remain with me."

The scene was now soon changed. Having disposed of that subject most deeply impressed on his heart, his keen penetrating eye lost its expression, his powerful mind gave way, and his fading imagination began to wander amid scenes and with friends that he had left behind. In two hours the spirit took its flight, and all that was mortal of John Randolph of Roanoke was hushed in death. At a quarter before twelve o'clock, on the 24th day of June, 1833, aged sixty years, he breathed his last, in a chamber of the City Hotel, No. 41 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

His remains were taken to Virginia, and buried at Roanoke, not far from the mansion in which he lived, and in the midst of that "boundless contiguity of shade," where he spent so many hours of anguish and of solitude. He sleeps quietly now; the squirrel may gambol in the boughs above, the partridge may whistle in the long grass that waves over that solitary grave, and none shall disturb or make them afraid.

That innumerable funeral bells were not tolled, and eulogies pronounced, and a monument was not erected to his memory in the capitol of his native State, is because Virginia has not yet learned to "understand" and to appreciate her wisest statesman, truest patriot, and most devoted son.

THE END.



ILLUSTRATED STANDARD POETS.

MALLECK'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Beautifully illustrated with fine Steel Engravings and a Portrait. 1 vol. 8vo., finest paper, cloth extra, gilt edges, \$3; morocco extra, \$5; morocco antique, \$6.

MYRON'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Illustrated with elegant Steel Engravings and Portrait. 1 vol. 8vo., fine paper, cloth, \$4; cloth, gilt leaves \$4 50; morocco extra, \$6 50.

Cheaper edition, with Portrait and Vignette, \$2 50

MOORE'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Illustrated with very fine Steel Engravings and Portrait. 1 vol. 8vo., fine paper, cloth, \$4; cloth, gilt edges, \$5; morocco extra, \$7.

Cheaper edition, with Portrait and Vignette, \$2 50.

SOUTHEY'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Illustrated with several beautiful Steel Engravings. 1 vol. 8vo., fine paper, cloth, \$3 50; cloth, gilt edges, \$4 50; morocco extra, \$6 50.

SACRED POETS (The) of England and America, for Three Centuries. Edited by Rufus W. Griswold. Illustrated with Steel Engravings. 1 vol. 8vo., cloth \$2 50; gilt edges, \$3; morocco, \$3 50; morocco extra, \$4.

POEMS BY AMELIA. New and enlarged edition, beautifully illustrated with original designs, by Weir, and Portrait of the Author. 1 vol. 8vo., cloth extra, gilt edges, \$3; morocco extra, \$4; morocco antique, \$5; 12mo., without Plates, \$1 25; gilt edges, \$1 50.

No expense has been spared in the mechanical execution of the above popular standard authors.

CABINET EDITIONS.

CAMPBELL'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Illustrated with Steel Engravings and a Portrait. 16mo., cloth, \$1 50; gilt edges, \$2 25; morocco extra, \$3.

AUTLER'S HUDIBRAS, with Notes by Nash. Illustrated with Portraits. 16mo., cloth, \$1 50; gilt edges, \$2 25; morocco extra, \$3.

DANTE'S POEMS. Translated by Cary. Illustrated with a fine Portrait and 12 Engravings. 16mo., cloth, \$1 50; gilt edges, \$2 25; morocco extra, \$3.

TASSO'S JERUSALEM DEL VERED. Translated by Wiffen. Illustrated with a Portrait and Steel Engravings. 1 vol. 16mo. Uniform with "Dante." Cloth \$1 50; gilt edges, \$2 25; morocco, \$3.

MYRON'S CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. 16mo. Illustrated, cloth, \$1 25; gilt edges, \$2; morocco extra, \$2 50.

BURNS' COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS, with Life, Glossary, &c. 16mo., cloth, illustrated, \$1 25; gilt edges, \$2; morocco extra, \$2 50.

SWIFTER'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS, with Life, &c. Moroccco extra 2 vols. in 1, \$3; cloth, \$1 50; gilt edges, \$2 50.

MILTON'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS, with Life, &c. 16mo., cloth, illustrated, \$1 25; gilt edges, \$2; morocco extra, \$2 50.

SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS, with Life, &c. Cloth, 16mo., illustrated, \$1 25; gilt edges, \$2; morocco extra, \$2 50.

HEMANS' COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Edited by her Sister. 2 vols., 16mo., with 10 Steel Plates, cloth, \$2 50; gilt edges, \$4; Turkey morocco, \$5.

POPE'S POETICAL WORKS. Illustrated with 24 Steel Engravings. 16mo., cloth, \$1 50; gilt edges, \$2 25; morocco, \$3.

D. Appleton & Co.'s Publications.

MISCELLANEOUS.	
ACTON, or the Circle of Life.	\$1 25
AGNELL'S Book of Chess. A Complete Guide to the Game. Steel Illustrations. 12mo.	1 50
APPLETONS' Library Manual; a valuable book of reference for the book buyer and seller. 500 pp., 8vo., paper cover, \$1; half roan	1 25
APPLETONS' New and Complete United States Traveller's Guide, including the Canadas, &c. Nearly 50 Maps. 16mo.	
APPLETONS' Southern & Western Guide, with Maps of the Routes and Plans of the Principal Cities. 16mo.	1 00
APPLETONS' Northern and Eastern Traveller's Guide, with 30 Maps of Routes, Plans of Cities, &c. 16mo.	1 25
ARNOLD'S Miscellaneous Works	2 00
BALLET GIRL, The Natural History of. By Albert Smith. With Illustrations. 18mo.	25
BLANCHARD'S Heads and Tales of Travellers. 18mo.	25
CHAPMAN'S Instructions on the Use of the American Rifle	25
DELEUZE'S Treatise on Animal Magnetism	1 00
ELLIS'S Mothers, Daughters, and Women of England. Each	50
FROST (Professor). Book of Good Examples. 12mo. Illustrated	1 00
FROST. Book of Anecdotes. 12mo. Illustrated	1 00
FROST. Book of Illustrious Mechanics. 12mo. Illustrated	1 00
GENT, (The Natural History of). By Albert Smith. Illustrated	25
GRANT'S Memoirs of an American Lady. 12mo	75
GUIZOT'S Democracy in France.	25
HOBSON. My Uncle Hobson & I.	50
KIP'S Christmas Holidays in Rome. 12mo.	1 00
LAMB'S Final Memorials. Edited by Talfourd. 12mo.	75
MANMAN'S Summer in the Wilderness. 12mo.	63
MILLER'S History of Animal Magnetism. 12mo.	1 25
POWELL'S Living Authors of England. 12mo.	1 00
REPUBLIC of the United States. Its Duties, &c. 12mo.	75
ROGET'S Economic Chess Board Companion, in Case	\$ 50
SAWYER'S Plea for Amusement	50
SELECT Italian Comedies. 12mo	1 00
SOMETHING FOR EVERY BODY. By Robert Carlton. 12mo.	75
SOUTHGATE (Bishop). Visit to Syrian Church	1 00
TUCKERMAN'S American Artist Life	75
WANDERINGS in the Western World; or, the European in America	75
WAYLAND'S Real Life in England	38
WHIPPLE'S Essays and Reviews. 2 vols. 12mo.	2 25
WARNER'S Rudimental Lessons in Music. 18mo.	
Primary Note Reader	
WOMAN'S WORTH; or Hints to Raise the Female Character. By a Lady. 18mo.	38
SCIENCE AND USEFUL ARTS.	
ANSTED'S Gold Seeker's Manual. 12mo.	25
ARNOT'S Gothic Architecture, applied to Modern Residences. Parts, each	25
BOURNE'S Catechism of the Steam Engine. 18mo.	75
BOUSSANGAULT'S Rural Economy	1 50
BYRNE'S New Method of Calculating Logarithms. 16mo.	1 00
Dictionary of Machine, Mechanic Engine Work. Publishing. In numbers, each	25
COOLEY'S Cyclopædia of 6000 Practical Receipts, in all branches of Arts, Manufactures, and Trades	2 25
FALKNER'S Farmer's Manual.	50
FARMER'S TREASURE. (The) A Manual of Agriculture	75
FRESENIUS' Qualitative Chemical Analysis	1 00
HODGE on the Steam Engine. 48 plates	10 00
HALLECK'S Elements of Military Art and Science. Illus.	1 50
LEFEVRE'S Beauties of Modern Architecture. 48 Plates	6 00
MARSHALL'S Farmer's Handbook	1 00
MILES on the Horse's Foot	25
PARNELL'S Chemistry applied to the Arts	1 00
STEWART'S Stable Economy	1 00
THOMSON on the Food of Animals and Man	50
URE'S Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, with Supplement. New edition. 1 vol.	5 00
WILSON on Healthy Skin. Illus.	00

RELIGIOUS WORKS.

ARNOLD'S Rugby School Sermons	50	MAGEE on Atonement and Sacrifice. 2 vols. 8vo.	60
ANTHON'S Catechism on the Homilies	06	MORELL'S Philosophy of Religion. 12mo.	27
ANTHON'S Easy Catechism for Young Children	06	MÖCHLER'S Symbolica. 8vo.	27
KEMPIS. Of the Imitation of Christ	75	NEWMAN'S Sermons on Subjects of the Day	1
BURNET'S History of the Reformation. Edited by Dr. Nares. 23 Portraits. 4 vols.	6 00	NEWMAN'S Essay on Christian Doctrine. 8vo. Paper cover, 25 cts.; cloth	5
Do. Cheap edition. 3 vols.	2 50	OGILBY'S Lectures on the Church. 16mo.	5
BURNET on the Thirty-nine Articles. Best edition	2 00	OGILBY on Lay Baptism. 12mo.	5
EAVERN'S Help to Catechising. Edited by Dr. Anthon	06	PAGET'S Tales of the Village. 3 vols. 16mo.	1 25
BRADLEY'S Parochial and Practical Sermons. 4 vols. in 1	2 00	PALMER on the Church. Edited by Bishop Whittingham. 5 vols.	5 00
CRUDEN'S Concordance to the New Testament	50	PEARSON on the Creed. Edited by Dr. Boswell. 8vo.	2 00
COTTER. The Romish Mass and Rubrics. Translated	38	PULPIN Cyclopædia and Minister's Companion. 8vo., 600 pp., \$2 50; sheep	2 75
CHRISTMAS Bells and other Poems	50	PSALTER. (The) or Psalms of David, pointed for chanting. Edited by Dr. Muhlenberg. 12mo., 38c.; sheep	50
COIT, Dr. Puritanism Reviewed	1 00	SOUTHARD, "The Mystery of Godliness." 8vo.	75
EVANS' Rectory of Valehead	50	SKETCHES and Skeletons of 500 Sermons. By the Author of "The Pulpit Cyclopædia." 8vo.	2 50
FABER on the Doctrine of Election	1 50	SPENCER'S Christian Instructed	1 00
FOUR GOSPELS, arranged as a Practical Family Commentary for Every Day in the Year. 8vo. Illustrated	2 00	SHERLOCK'S Practical Christian	71
FOSTER'S Essay on Christian Morals	50	SPINCKE'S Manual of Private Devotion	71
GRESLEY'S Portrait of an English Churchman	50	SUTTON'S Disce Vivere, Learn to Live. 16mo.	75
GRESLEY'S TREATISE on Preaching	1 25	SWARTZ. Letters to my God-child. 32mo.	38
HOOK. The Cross of Christ; Meditations on our Saviour	50	TRENCH'S Notes on the Miracles	1 75
HOOKE'S Complete Works. Edited by Keble. 2 vols.	4 50	TAYLOR'S Golden Grove	50
IVES, Bishop. Sermons. 16mo.	50	TAYLOR'S Holy Living and Dying	1 00
JARVIS Reply to Milner's End of Controversy. 12mo.	75	TAYLOR'S Episcopacy Asserted and Maintained	75
KEBLE'S Christian Year, handsomely printed	75	WILBERFORCE'S Manual for Communicants	28
KINGSLEY'S Sacred Choir	75	WILSON'S Lectures on Colonians. 12mo.	75
LAYMAN'S Lesson to a Lord Bishop on Sacerdotal Powers. 12mo.	25	WILSON'S Sacra Privata. 16mo.	75
LYRA Apostolica. 18mo.	50	WHISTON'S Constitution of the Holy Apostles, including the Canons. Translated by Doctor Chase. 8vo.	2
MARSHALL'S Notes on Episcopacy. Edited by Wainwright	1 00	WYATT'S Christian Altar	38
MANNING on the Unity of the Church. 16mo.	75		
BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. New Standard Edition. The Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, according to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, together with the Psalter or Psalms of David Illustrated with Steel Engravings by Overbeck, and a finely illuminated title-page, in various elegant bindings. Five different sizes.			

D. Appleton & Co.'s Publications.

SCIENCE AND ART.

JEFFERS'S Theory and Practice of Naval Gunnery. 8vo.	2 00
OTIS'S Easy Lessons on Landscape Drawing. 3 parts, each	37
KNAPEN'S Mechanic's Assistant. 12mo.	1 00
REYNOLD'S Treatise on Hand-railing. 8vo.	2 00
HOBLYN'S Dictionary of Scientific Terms. 12mo.	1 50

SCHOOL BOOKS.

PERKINS' Primary Arithmetic	21
PERKINS' Elementary do.	42
PERKINS' Higher do.	84
PERKINS' Elementary Geometry	1 00
PERKINS' do. Algebra	84
PERKINS' Treatise on do.	1 00
PUTZ'S Mediæval Geography and History. 12mo.	75
PUTZ'S Modern do. do. (in press.)	
RICHI'S Companion to the Latin Dictionary and Greek Lexicon, containing nearly 1000 plates. 8vo. (In press.)	
MEZZOFANTI'S System of Learning Languages applied to the Study of the French. By J. Roemer. 12mo.	
BURNHAM'S Primary Arithmetic	21
BURNHAM'S Elementary do.	50
COMPANION to Ollendorff's French Grammar. By G. W. Green. 12mo.	75
LATIN Reader. (Harkness.) 12mo. (In press.)	

JUVENILE.

FRIDAY CHRISTIAN; or, The First Born on Pitcairn's Island.	50
GUIZOT'S Young Student. 3 vols in 1	75
MARY HOWITT'S JUVENILE TALES. New edition, bound together, entitled:	
POPULAR MORAL TALES.	75
JUVENILE TALES AND STORIES. 16mo.	75
MY JUVENILE DAYS, and other Tales. 16mo.	75
TALES AND STORIES for Boys and Girls. 16mo.	75
PICTURE Story Books. By Great Authors and Great Painters. The four parts bound in 1 vol., cloth, 75 c.; gilt edges	1 00
WAYLAND'S Recollections of Real Life in England. 18mo.	31
LIVES AND ANECDOTES of Illustrious Men. 16mo.	75
MRS. ELLIS'S Fireside Stories.	75

MISCELLANEOUS.

KIP'S Early Conflicts of Christianity. 12mo.	75
SOYER'S Modern Domestic Cookery. 12mo.	1 00
EARL'S DAUGHTER, a Tale. By Miss Sewell. 12mo. Paper 50 cents; cloth	75
NORMAN LESLIE, a Tale. By S. C. H. 12mo. Paper 50 cents; cloth	75
BROOKS'S Four Months among the Gold-Finders in California. 8vo. Paper	25
BRYANT'S What I saw in California, with Maps. 12mo.	1 25
RICHARDSON on Dogs. Their history, treatment, etc. 12mo., cuts, paper cover, ...	25
GILFILLAN'S Gallery of Literary Portraits. Second Series. 12mo. paper, 75 cents; cloth	1 00
APPLETON'S New-York City and Vicinity Guide Maps.	38
JAMES MONTJOY; or, I've Been Thinking. By A. S. Roe. Two parts. Paper, 62 c.; cloth	75
WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP. By Grace Aguilar, Author of "Home Influence." 12mo. Paper 50 cents; cloth	75
VALE OF CEDARS; or, The Martyr. By Grace Aguilar. Paper, 50 cents; cloth	75
ZSCHOKKE. Incidents of Social Life. 12mo. cloth	1 00
CALIFORNIA GUIDE BOOK, embracing Fremont's and Emory's Travels in California. 8vo.	50
FURNISS'S Travels in the Old World. 12mo. map and plates	1 00
EMORY'S Notes of Travels in California. 8vo. paper	25
ELLIS'S Hearts and Homes; or, Social Distinctions. A Story. Two parts, 8vo, paper \$1; cloth	1 50
ELLIS'S Prevention Better than Cure. 12mo. paper 50 c.; cloth	75
HOBSON. My Uncle Hobson and I. 12mo.	75
POWELL'S Living Authors of England. 12mo.	1 00
McINTOSH'S Woman in America. 12mo. Paper 50 cents; cloth	62
MORTON MONTAGUE; or, a Young Christian's Choice. 12mo.	75
FROST'S Book of the Indians, illustrated	1 00
FROST'S Life of Gen. Z. Taylor. 12mo. illustrated	1 00
VILLAGE NOTARY, a Romance of Hungarian Life. 8vo. paper	25

D. Appleton & Co.'s Publications.

NOVELS AND TALES.

- CORBOULD'S** History and Adventures of Margaret Catchpole. 8vo. 2 Plates, 25 cts.
DON QUIXOTTE de la Mancha. Translated from the Spanish. Illustrated with 18 Steel Engravings. 16mo, cloth. \$1 50.
DUMAS' Marguerite de Valois. A Novel. 8vo. 25 cts.
ELLEN MIDDLETON. A Tale. By Lady Fullerton. 12mo. 75 cts.
FRIENDS AND FORTUNE. A Moral Tale. By Miss Dewey. 12mo. 75 ct
GOLDSMITH'S Vicar of Wakefield. Illustrated. 12mo. 75 cts.
RACE LESLIE. A Tale. 12mo. 75 cts.
RANTLEY MANOR. A Tale. By Lady Fullerton. 12mo. Paper, 50 cts. cloth, 75 cts.
LADY ALICE; or, The New Una. 8vo. Paper, 38 cts.
LAMARTINE'S Les Confidences et Raphael. 8vo. \$1.
LAMARTINE'S CONFIDENTIAL DISCLOSURES. 12mo. 3 cts.
LOVER'S (Samuel) Handy Andy. 8vo. Paper, 50 cts.
£ s. d. Treasure Trove. 8vo. Paper, 25 cts.
MACKINTOSH (M. J.) Two Lives, or, To Seem and To Be. 12mo. Paper 50 cts.; cloth, 75 cts.
Aunt Kitty's Tales. 12mo. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, 75 cts.
Charms and Counter Charms. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1
MAXWELL'S Way-side and Border Sketches. 8vo. 25 cts.
Fortunes of Hector O'Halloran. 8vo. 50 cts.
MANZONI. The Betrothed Lovers. 2 vols. 12mo. \$1 50.
MAIDEN AUNT (The). By S. M. 12mo. 75 cts.
SEWELL (Miss). Amy Herbert. A Tale. 12mo. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, 75 cts.
Gertrude. A Tale. 12mo. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, 75 cts.
Laneton Parsonage. 3 vols. 12mo. Paper, \$1 50; cloth, \$2 25.
Margaret Percival. 2 vols. Paper, \$1; cloth, \$1 50.
Walter Lorimer, and other Tales. 12mo. 75 cts.
TAYLOR, (General) Anecdote Book, Letters, &c. 8vo. 25 cts.
ZSCHOKKE. Incidents of Social Life. 12mo. \$1.

MINIATURE CLASSICAL LIBRARY.

Published in elegant form, with Frontispiece.

- POETICAL LACON;** or Aphorisms from the Poets. 38 cts.
BOND'S Golden Maxims. 31 cts.
CLARKE'S Scripture Promises. Complete. 38 cts.
ELIZABETH; or the Exiles of Siberia. 31 cts.
GOLDSMITH'S Vicar of Wakefield. 38 cts.
Essays. 38 cts.
GEMS from American Poets. 38 cts.
HANNAH MORE'S Private Devotions. 31 cts.
Practical Piety. 2 vols. 75 cts.
HEMANS' Domestic Affections. 31 cts.
HOFFMAN'S Lays of the Hudson, &c. 38 cts.
JOHNSON'S History of Rasselas. 38 cts.
MANUAL of Matrimony. 31 cts.
MOORE'S Lallah Rookh. 38 cts.
Melodies. Complete. 38 cts.
PAUL, and Virginia. 31 cts.
POLLOK'S Course of Time. 38 cts.
PURE Gold from the Rivers of Wisdom. 38 cts.
THOMSON'S Seasons. 38 cts.
TOKEN of the Heart.—Do. of Affection.—Do. of Remembrance.—Do. of Friendship.—Do. of Love; each, 31 cts.
USEFUL Letter Writer. 38 cts.
WILSON'S Sacra Privata. 31 cts.
Young's Night Thoughts. 38 cts.

D. Appleton & Co.'s Publications.

**NEW ILLUSTRATED
JUVENILES.**

- AUNT FANNY'S STORY BOOK.** Illustrated. 16mo. - \$ 50
THE CHILD'S PRESENT. Illustrated. 16mo.
HOWITT'S PICTURE AND VERSE BOOK. Illustrated with 100 plates. 75 cts.; gilt . . . 1 00
HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS. Illustrated. 4to., 25 cts.; cloth
STORY OF JOAN OF ARC. By R. M. Evans. With 23 illustrations. 16mo.
ROBINSON CRUSOE. Pictorial Edition. 300 plates. 8vo. . . 1 50
THE CARAVAN; A COLLECTION OF TALES AND STORIES FROM THE GERMAN. Translated by G. P. Quackenbush. Illustrated by Orr. 16mo.
INNOCENCE OF CHILDHOOD. By Mrs. Colman. Illustrated
HOME RECREATIONS, comprising Travels and Adventures, &c. Colored Illustrations. 16mo.
FIRESIDE FAIRIES. A New Story Book. My Miss Susan Pindar. Finely Illustrated. 16mo.
STORY OF LITTLE JOHN. Trans. from the French. Illus.
LIVES AND ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN. 16mo.
UNCLE JOHN'S PANORAMIC PICTURE BOOKS. Six kinds, 25 cts. each; half-cloth . . .
HOLIDAY HOUSE. Tales, by Catherine Sinclair. Illustrated
PUSS IN BOOTS. Finely illus. by O. Speckter. 50c.; ex. gilt.
TALES AND STORIES for Boys and Girls. By Mary Howitt
AMERICAN HISTORICAL TALES for Youth. 16mo. . .

**LIBRARY FOR MY YOUNG
COUNTRYMEN.**

- ADVENTURES of Captain John Smith.** By the Author of Uncle Philip
ADVENTURES of Daniel Boone. By do.
DAWNINGS of Genius. By Anne Pratt
LIFE and Adventures of Henry Hudson. By the Author of Uncle Philip
LIFE and Adventures of Hernan Cortez. By do.
PHILIP RANDOLPH. A Tale of Virginia. By Mary Gertrude.
ROWAN'S History of the French Revolution. 2 vols.
WOLFEY'S Life of Cromwell . . .

**TALES FOR THE PEOPLE
AND THEIR CHILDREN.**

- ALICE FRANKLIN.** By Mary Howitt 30
LOVE AND MONEY. By do. . . 30
HOPE ON, HOPE EVER! Do. . . 30
LITTLE COIN, MUCH CARE. By do. 30
MY OWN STORY. By do. . . 30
MY UNCLE, THE CLOCKMAKER. By do. 30
NO SENSE LIKE COMMON SENSE. By do. 30
SOWING AND REAPING. Do. . . 30
STRIVE AND THRIVE. By do. . 30
THE TWO APPRENTICES. By do. 30
WHICH IS THE WISER! DO WHO SHALL BE GREATEST! By do. 30
WORK AND WAGES. By do. . . 30
CROFTON BOYS, The. By Harriet Martineau 30
DANGERS OF DINING OUT. By Mrs. Ellis 30
FIRST IMPRESSIONS. By do. . 30
MINISTER'S FAMILY. By do. . 30
SOMMERVILLE HALL. By do. . 30
DOMESTIC TALES. By Hannah More. 2 vols. 75
EARLY FRIENDSHIP. By Mrs. Copley 30
FARMER'S DAUGHTER, The. By Mrs. Cameron 30
LOOKING-GLASS FOR THE MIND. Many plates 45
MASTERMAN READY. By Capt. Marryat. 3 vols. . . . 1
PEASANT AND THE PRINCE. By H. Martineau 30
POPLAR GROVE. By Mrs. Copley 30
SETTLERS in CANADA. By Capt. Marryat. 2 vols. . . . 75
TIRE OF HOUSEKEEPING. By T. S. Arthur 30
TWIN SISTERS, The. By Mrs. Sandham 30
YOUNG STUDENT. By Madame Guizot. 3 vols. . . . 1 12
- SECOND SERIES.**
CHANCES AND CHANGES. By Charles Burdett . . . 30
NEVER TOO LATE. By do. . . 30
GOLDMAKER'S VILLAGE. By H. Zschokke 30
OCEAN WORK, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By J. H. Wright 30
THE MISSION; or, Scenes in Africa. By Capt. Marryat. 2 vols. . 75
STORY OF A GENIUS 30

COLLEGE AND SCHOOL TEXT-BOOKS.

I. GREEK AND LATIN.	
ARNOLD'S First and Second Latin Book and Practical Grammar. 12mo.	75
ARNOLD'S Latin Prose Composition. 12mo.	1 00
ARNOLD'S Cornelius Nepos. With Notes. 12mo.	1 00
ARNOLD'S First Greek Book. 62	
ARNOLD'S Greek Prose Composition. 12mo.	75
ARNOLD'S Greek Reading Book. Edited by Spencer. 12mo.	1 50
BEZA'S Latin Testament. 12mo.	63
BOISE'S Exercises in Greek Prose Composition. 12mo.	75
CÆSAR'S Commentaries. Notes by Spencer. 12mo.	1 00
CICERO'S Select Orations. Notes by Johnson. 12mo.	
CICERO De Senectute and De Amicitia. Notes by Johnson. 12mo. (<i>In Press.</i>)	
CICERO De Officiis. Notes by Thatcher. 12mo.	
HORACE, with Notes by Lincoln. 12mo. (<i>In Press.</i>)	
LIVY, with Notes by Lincoln. 12mo.	1 00
SALLUST, with Notes by Butler. 12mo. (<i>In Press.</i>)	
ACITUS'S Histories. Notes by Tyler. 12mo.	1 25
Germania and Agricola. Notes by Tyler. 12mo.	62
II. HEBREW.	
ESSENIUS'S Hebrew Grammar. Edited by Rödiger. Translated from the best German edition, by Crant. 8vo.	2 00
III. ENGLISH.	
ARNOLD'S Lectures on Modern History. 12mo.	1 25
BOJESON and Arnold's Manual of Greek and Roman Antiquities. 12mo.	1 00
CROSBY'S First Lessons in Geometry. 1mo.	38
CHARNE'S Treatise on Algebra. 12mo.	1 00
EVERETT'S System of English Versification. 12mo.	7
GRAHAM'S English Synonymes. Edited by Professor Reed, of Pa. University. 12mo.	1
GUIZOT'S History of Civilization. Notes by Professor Henry, of N. Y. University. 12mo.	1 00
HOW'S Shaksper. Reader. 12mo.	1 25
JAGER'S Class Book of Zoology. 18mo.	42
KEIGHTLEY'S Mythology of Greece and Rome. 18mo.	42
MAGNALL'S Histor. Questions. With American additions. 12mo.	1 00
MARKHAM'S School History of England. Edited by Eliza Robins, author of "Popular Lessons." 12mo.	75
MANDEVILLE'S Series of School Readers :	
Part I.	10
Part II.	17
Part III.	24
Part IV.	32
Course of Reading for Common Schools and Lower Academies. 12mo.	75
Elements of Reading and Oratory. 8vo.	1 00
PUTZ and ARNOLD'S Manual of Ancient Geography and History. 12mo.	1 00
REID'S Dictionary of the English Language, with Derivations, &c. 12mo.	1 00
SEWELL'S First History of Rome. 16mo.	62
TAYLOR'S Manual of Modern and Ancient History. Edited by Professor Henry. 8vo., cloth or sheep	5 5
TAYLOR'S Ancient History. Separate	36
TAYLOR'S Modern ditto	50
WRIGHT'S Primary Lessons ; or Child's First Book	12
<i>In Press.</i>	
GREEN'S (Professor) Manual of the Geography and History of the Middle Ages. 12mo.	
BURNHAM'S New Mental and Written Arithmetic	

TEXT BOOKS

**FOR LEARNING THE FRENCH, GERMAN ITALIAN AND
SPANISH LANGUAGES.**

I. FRENCH.

- COLLOT'S** Dramatic French Reader. 12mo. \$1.
DE FIVA'S Elementary French Reader. 12mo. 50 cts.
DE FIVA'S Classic French Reader for Advanced Students. 12mo. \$1.
OLLENDORFF'S Elementary French Grammar. By Greene. 16mo. 38 cts.
with Key, 50 cts.
OLLENDORFF'S New Method of Learning French. Edited by J. L. Jewett
12mo. \$1.
KEY to ditto. 75 cts.
ROWAN'S Modern French Reader. 12mo. 75 cts.
SURRENNE'S French Pronouncing Dictionary. 12mo. \$1 50.
VALUE'S New and Easy System of Learning French. 12mo. (*In Press.*)
NEW and COMPLETE FRENCH and ENGLISH DICTIONARY. 1 vol. 8vo
To match Adler's German Lexicon. (*In Press.*)

II. GERMAN.

- ADLER'S** Progressive German Reader. 12mo. \$1.
GERMAN and English, and English and German Dictionary, compiled from the
best authorities. 1 vol. large 8vo. \$5.
EICHORN'S New Practical German Grammar. 12mo. \$1.
OLLENDORFF'S New Method of Learning German. Edited by G. J. Adler
12mo. \$1 50.

III. ITALIAN.

- FORESTI'S** Italian Reader. 12mo. \$1.
OLLENDORFF'S New Method of Learning Italian. Edited by F. Foresti
12mo. \$1 50.
KEY to ditto 75 cts.

IV. SPANISH.

- OLLENDORFF'S** New Method of Learning Spanish. By M. Velasquez and T.
Simonne 12mo. \$1 50.
KEY to ditto, 75 cts.
PALENZUELA'S new Grammar on the Ollendorff System, for Spaniards to
Learn English. (*In Press.*)
VELASQUEZ'S New Spanish Reader. With Lexicon. 12mo. \$1 25.
VELASQUEZ'S New Spanish Phrase Book; or Conversations in English and
Spanish. 16mo. 38 cts.
VELASQUEZ'S and **SEOANE'S** New Spanish and English, and English and
Spanish Dictionary. Large 8vo. To match "Adler's German Lexicon." (*In
Press.*)

SEP 23 1915